00087092

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hemendra Kothari
on 06 November, 2019

SHORT STUDIES

ON

GREAT SUBJECTS.

SECOND SERIES.

WORKS BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

The HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. crown 8vo. £2 2*s.*

The DIVORCE of CATHERINE of ARAGON: the Story as told by the Imperial Ambassadors resident at the Court of Henry VIII. 8vo. 16*s.*

The ENGLISH in IRELAND in the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 18*s.*

SHORT STUDIES on GREAT SUBJECTS.

CABINET EDITION, 4 vols. crown 8vo. 24*s.*

POPULAR EDITION, 4 vols. crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

VOL. 1.—*Contents.*

The Science of History.
Times of Erasmus and Luther (Three Lectures).
The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character.
The Philosophy of Catholicism.
A Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties.
Criticism and the Gospel History.
The Book of Job.
Spinoza.
The Dissolution of the Monasteries.
England's Forgotten Worthies.
Homer.

VOL. 2.—*Contents.*

Calvinism.
A Bishop of the Twelfth Century.
Father Newman on 'The Grammar of Assent.'
Condition and Prospects of Protestantism.
England and her Colonies.
A Fortnight in Kerry.
Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject.
The Merchant and his Wife.
On Progress.

VOL. 2.—*continued.*

The Colonies once more.
Education.
England's War.
Ireland since the Union.
Scientific Method applied to History.

VOL. 3.—*Contents.*

Annals of an English Abbey.
Revival of Romanism.
Sea Studies.
Society in Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Republic.
Lucian.
Divus Cæsar.
On the Uses of a Landed Gentry.
Party Politics.
Leaves from a South African Journal.

VOL. 4.—*Contents.*

Life and Times of Thomas Becket.
The Oxford Counter-Reformation.
Origen and Celsus.
A Cagliostro of the Second Century.
Cheney's and the House of Russell.
A Siding at a Railway Station.

The SPANISH STORY of the ARMADA, and other ESSAYS. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

CÆSAR: a Sketch. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

OCEANA; or, England and her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* boards; 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The ENGLISH in the WEST INDIES; or, the Bow of Ulysses. With 9 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 2*s.* boards; 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The TWO CHIEFS of DUNBOY; or, an Irish Romance of the Last Century. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

THOMAS CARLYLE: a History of his Life. With Three Portraits. Cr. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. 7*s.* Vols. III. and IV. 7*s.*

London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

SHORT STUDIES

ON

GREAT SUBJECTS.

87092

BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

New Edition.

VOL. II.

J 77- K- 7

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1893.

JA-1 C
042
F80/Sho
84092

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited
London & Bungay.

00087092

CONTENTS.

SECOND SERIES.

	PAGE
CALVINISM	1
A BISHOP OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY	60
FATHER NEWMAN ON 'THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT' ..	101
CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF PROTESTANTISM ..	146
ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES	180
A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY. PART I.	217
A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY. PART II. .. .	259
RECIPROCAL DUTIES OF STATE AND SUBJECT ..	308
THE MERCHANT AND HIS WIFE	348
ON PROGRESS	351
THE COLONIES ONCE MORE	397
EDUCATION	439
ENGLAND'S WAR	479
IRELAND SINCE THE UNION	515
SCIENTIFIC METHOD APPLIED TO HISTORY	563

CALVINISM:

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS AT ST ANDREW'S,

MARCH 17, 1871.

RELIGIOUS MEN, it is sometimes said, express themselves in all moods and all tenses except the present indicative. They tell us of things that were done in ancient times. They tell us of things which will be hereafter, or which might or would have been under certain conditions. Of the actual outward dispensation under which we live at present, we hear very little. The facts of experience are not sufficiently in harmony with the theories of different religious bodies to allow any sect or set of believers to appeal to them with confidence. The age of miracles is past. The world is supposed to go its own way, undisturbed by providential interferences, waiting for some final account to be taken with it hereafter; while the relations of the Creator with His creatures are confined to special and invisible processes by which individual souls are saved from perdition.

Acknowledgments of this kind are no more than a tacit confession of the inadequacy of our several opinions to explain the phenomena of our lives. Results which are unapparent may be unexistent except in imagination. There is no reason to believe that the methods by which the laws of physical nature have been discovered should be inapplicable in matters of larger moment, or that the observation of facts by which alone we arrive at scientific conclusions should lead us wrong, or should lead to nothing when we interrogate them on our moral condition. Piety, like wisdom, consists in the discovery of the rules under which we are actually placed, and in faithfully obeying them. Fidelity and insight in the one case are as likely to find their reward as in the other; infidelity and blindness as likely to be answered by failure; and, in other ages, systems of religion have been vigorous and effective precisely to the extent to which they have seen in the existing order of things the hand of a living ruler.

I may say at once that I am about to travel over serious ground. I shall not trespass on theology, though I must go near the frontiers of it. I shall give you the conclusions which I have been led to form upon a series of spiritual phenomena which have appeared successively in different ages of the world—which have exercised the most remarkable influence on the character and history of mankind, and have left their traces nowhere more distinctly than in this Scotland where we now stand.

Every one here present must have become familiar

in late years with the change of tone throughout Europe and America on the subject of Calvinism. After being accepted for two centuries in all Protestant countries as the final account of the relations between man and his Maker, it has come to be regarded by liberal thinkers as a system of belief incredible in itself, dishonouring to its object, and as intolerable as it has been itself intolerant. The Catholics whom it overthrew take courage from the philosophers, and assail it on the same ground. To represent man as sent into the world under a curse, as incurably wicked—wicked by the constitution of his flesh, and wicked by eternal decree—as doomed, unless exempted by special grace which he cannot merit, or by any effort of his own obtain, to live in sin while he remains on earth, and to be eternally miserable when he leaves it—to represent him as born unable to keep the commandments, yet as justly liable to everlasting punishment for breaking them, is alike repugnant to reason and to conscience, and turns existence into a hideous nightmare. To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible. To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair. To what purpose the effort to be virtuous when it is an effort which is foredoomed to fail —when those that are saved are saved by no effort of their own, and confess themselves the worst of sinners, even when rescued from the penalties of sin; and those that are lost are lost by an everlasting sentence decreed against them before they were born? How are we to call the Ruler who laid us under this iron code by the name

of Wise, or Just, or Merciful, when we ascribe principles of action to Him which in a human father we should call preposterous and monstrous?

The discussion of these strange questions has been pursued at all times with inevitable passion, and the issue uniformly has been a drawn battle. The Arminian has entangled the Calvinist, the Calvinist has entangled the Arminian, in a labyrinth of contradictions. The advocate of free will appeals to conscience and instinct—to an *à priori* sense of what ought in equity to be. The necessitarian falls back upon the experienced reality of facts. It is true, and no argument can gainsay it, that men are placed in the world unequally favoured, both in inward disposition and outward circumstances. Some children are born with temperaments which make a life of innocence and purity natural and easy to them; others are born with violent passions, or even with distinct tendencies to evil inherited from their ancestors, and seemingly unconquerable—some are constitutionally brave, others are constitutionally cowards—some are born in religious families, and are carefully educated and watched over; others draw their first breath in an atmosphere of crime, and cease to inhale it only when they pass into their graves. Only a fourth part of mankind are born Christians. The remainder never hear the name of Christ except as a reproach. The Chinese and the Japanese—we may almost say every weaker race with whom we have come in contact—connect it only with the forced intrusion of strangers whose behaviour among them has served ill

to recommend their creed. These are facts which no casuistry can explain away. And if we believe at all that the world is governed by a conscious and intelligent Being, we must believe also, however we can reconcile it with our own ideas, that these anomalies have not arisen by accident, but have been ordered of purpose and design.

No less noticeable is it that the materialistic and the metaphysical philosophers deny as completely as Calvinism what is popularly called Free Will. Every effect has its cause. In every action the will is determined by the motive which at the moment is operating most powerfully upon it. When we do wrong, we are led away by temptation. If we overcome our temptation, we overcome it either because we foresee inconvenient consequences, and the certainty of future pains is stronger than the present pleasure; or else because we prefer right to wrong, and our desire for good is greater than our desire for indulgence. It is impossible to conceive a man, when two courses are open to him, choosing that which he least desires. He may say that he can do what he dislikes because it is his duty. Precisely so. His desire to do his duty is a stronger motive with him than the attraction of present pleasure.

Spinoza, from entirely different premises, came to the same conclusion as Mr Mill or Mr Buckle, and can find no better account of the situation of man than in the illustration of St Paul, 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour?'

If Arminianism most commends itself to our feelings, Calvinism is nearer to the facts, however harsh and forbidding those facts may seem.

I have no intention, however, of entangling myself or you in these controversies. As little shall I consider whether men have done wisely in attempting a doctrinal solution of problems the conditions of which are so imperfectly known. The moral system of the universe is like a document written in alternate ciphers, which change from line to line. We read a sentence, but at the next our key fails us; we see that there is something written there, but if we guess at it we are guessing in the dark. It seems more faithful, more becoming, in beings such as we are, to rest in the conviction of our own inadequacy, and confine ourselves to those moral rules for our lives and actions on which, so far as they concern ourselves, we are left in no uncertainty at all.

At present, at any rate, we are concerned with an aspect of the matter entirely different. I am going to ask you to consider how it came to pass that if Calvinism is indeed the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived. And how—being, as we are told, fatal to morality, because it denies free will—the first symptom of its operation, wherever it established itself, was to obliterate the distinction between sins and crimes, and to make the moral law the rule of life for States as well as persons. I shall

ask you, again, why, if it be a creed of intellectual servitude, it was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. When all else has failed—when patriotism has covered its face and human courage has broken down—when intellect has yielded, as Gibbon says, 'with a smile or a sigh,' content to philosophize in the closet, and abroad worship with the vulgar—when emotion and sentiment and tender imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth—the slavish form of belief called Calvinism, in one or other of its many forms, has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence, or melt under enervating temptation.

It is enough to mention the name of William the Silent, of Luther—for on the points of which I am speaking Luther was one with Calvin—of your own Knox and Andrew Melville and the Regent Murray, of Coligny, of our English Cromwell, of Milton, of John Bunyan. These were men possessed of all the qualities which give nobility and grandeur to human nature—men whose life was as upright as their intellect was commanding and their public aims untainted with selfishness; unalterably just where duty required them to be stern, but with the tenderness of a woman in their hearts; frank, true, cheerful, humorous, as unlike sour fanatics as it is possible to imagine any

one, and able in some way to sound the keynote to which every brave and faithful heart in Europe instinctively vibrated

This is the problem. Grapes do not grow on bramble-bushes. Illustrious natures do not form themselves upon narrow and cruel theories. Spiritual life is full of apparent paradoxes. When St Patrick preached the Gospel on Tarah hill to Leoghaire, the Irish king, the Druids and the wise men of Ireland shook their heads. 'Why,' asked the king, 'does what the cleric preaches seem so dangerous to you?' 'Because,' was the remarkable answer, 'because he preaches repentance, and the law of repentance is such that a man shall say, "I may commit a thousand crimes, and if I repent I shall be forgiven, and it will be no worse with me: therefore I will continue to sin"' The Druids argued logically, but they drew a false inference notwithstanding. The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness. Where we find a heroic life appearing as the uniform fruit of a particular mode of opinion, it is childish to argue in the face of fact that the result ought to have been different.

The question which I have proposed, however, admits of a reasonable answer. I must ask you only to accompany me on a somewhat wide circuit in search of it.

There seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real

order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly without remedial purpose or retributive propriety — good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit— enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance when it comes falling not on the guilty, but the innocent—

> Desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimmed in jollity—

these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without an illogical but none the less a positive certainty that things are not as they seem—that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert somehow and somewhere its sovereign right and power, the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable. This is what the Greeks meant by the Ἀνάγκη or destiny, which at the bottom is no other than moral Providence. Prometheus chained on the rock is the counterpart of Job on his dunghill. Torn with unrelaxing agony, the vulture with beak and talons rending at his heart, the Titan still defies the tyrant at whose command he suffers, and, strong in conscious innocence, appeals to the eternal Μοῖρα which will do him right in the end. The Olympian gods were cruel, jealous, capricious, malignant; but beyond and above the Olympian gods lay the silent, brooding, everlasting fate of which

victim and tyrant were alike the instruments, and which at last, far off, after ages of misery it might be, but still before all was over, would vindicate the sovereignty of justice. Full as it may be of contradictions and perplexities, this obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature, and it is called fate or it is called predestination according as it is regarded pantheistically as a necessary condition of the universe, or as the decree of a self-conscious being.

Intimately connected with this belief, and perhaps the fact of which it is the inadequate expression, is the existence in nature of omnipresent organic laws, penetrating the material world, penetrating the moral world of human life and society, which insist on being obeyed in all that we do and handle—which we cannot alter, cannot modify—which will go with us, and assist and befriend us, if we recognize and comply with them—which inexorably make themselves felt in failure and disaster if we neglect or attempt to thwart them. Search where we will among created things, far as the microscope will allow the eye to pierce, we find organization everywhere. Large forms resolve themselves into parts, but these parts are but organized out of other parts, down so far as we can see into infinity. When the plant meets with the conditions which agree with it, it thrives; under unhealthy conditions it is poisoned and disintegrates. It is the same precisely with each one of ourselves, whether as individuals or as aggregated into associations, into families, into nations, into institu-

tions. The remotest fibre of human action, from the policy of empires to the most insignificant trifle over which we waste an idle hour or moment, either moves in harmony with the true law of our being, or is else at discord with it. A king or a parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation, to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness.

And these laws are absolute, inflexible, irreversible, the steady friends of the wise and good, the eternal enemies of the blockhead and the knave. No Pope can dispense with a statute enrolled in the Chancery of Heaven, or popular vote repeal it. The discipline is a stern one, and many a wild endeavour men have made to obtain less hard conditions, or imagine them other than they are. They have conceived the rule of the Almighty to be like the rule of one of themselves. They have fancied that they could bribe or appease Him—tempt Him by penance or pious offering to suspend or turn aside His displeasure. They are asking

that His own eternal nature shall become other than it is. One thing only they can do. They for themselves, by changing their own courses, can make the law which they have broken thenceforward their friend. Their dispositions and nature will revive and become healthy again when they are no longer in opposition to the will of their Maker. This is the natural action of what we call repentance. But the penalties of the wrongs of the past remain unrepealed. As men have sown they must still reap. The profligate who has ruined his health or fortune may learn before he dies that he has lived as a fool, and may recover something of his peace of mind as he recovers his understanding; but no miracle takes away his paralysis, or gives back to his children the bread of which he has robbed them. He may himself be pardoned, but the consequences of his acts remain.

Once more: and it is the most awful feature of our condition. The laws of nature are general, and are no respecters of persons. There has been and there still is a clinging impression that the sufferings of men are the results of their own particular misdeeds, and that no one is or can be punished for the faults of others. I shall not dispute about the word 'punishment.' 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes,' said the Jewish proverb, 'and the children's teeth are set on edge.' So said Jewish experience, and Ezekiel answered that these words should no longer be used among them. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Yes, there is a promise that the soul shall be saved, there is no such

promise for the body. Every man is the architect of his own character, and if to the extent of his opportunities he has lived purely, nobly, and uprightly, the misfortunes which may fall on him through the crimes or errors of other men cannot injure the immortal part of him. But it is no less true that we are made dependent one upon another to a degree which can hardly be exaggerated. The winds and waves are on the side of the best navigator—the seaman who best understands them. Place a fool at the helm, and crew and passengers will perish, be they ever so innocent. The Tower of Siloam fell, not for any sins of the eighteen who were crushed by it, but through bad mortar probably, the rotting of a beam, or the uneven settling of the foundations. The persons who should have suffered, according to our notion of distributive justice, were the ignorant architects or masons who had done their work amiss. But the guilty had perhaps long been turned to dust. And the law of gravity brought the tower down at its own time, indifferent to the persons who might be under it.

Now the feature which distinguishes man from other animals is that he is able to observe and discover these laws which are of such mighty moment to him, and direct his conduct in conformity with them. The more subtle may be revealed only by complicated experience. The plainer and more obvious—among those especially which are called moral—have been apprehended among the higher races easily and readily. I shall not ask how the knowledge of them has been

obtained, whether by external revelation, or by natural insight, or by some other influence working through human faculties. The fact is all that we are concerned with, that from the earliest times of which we have historical knowledge there have always been men who have recognized the distinction between the nobler and baser parts of their being. They have perceived that if they would be men and not beasts, they must control their animal passions, prefer truth to falsehood, courage to cowardice, justice to violence, and compassion to cruelty. These are the elementary principles of morality, on the recognition of which the welfare and improvement of mankind depend, and human history has been little more than a record of the struggle which began at the beginning and will continue to the end between the few who have had ability to see into the truth and loyalty to obey it, and the multitude who by evasion or rebellion have hoped to thrive in spite of it.

Thus we see that in the better sort of men there are two elementary convictions; that there is over all things an unsleeping, inflexible, all-ordering, just power, and that this power governs the world by laws which can be seen in their effects, and on the obedience to which, and on nothing else, human welfare depends.

And now I will suppose some one whose tendencies are naturally healthy, though as yet no special occasion shall have roused him to serious thought, growing up in a civilized community, where, as usually happens, a compromise has been struck between vice and virtue,

where a certain difference between right and wrong is recognized decently on the surface, while below it one-half of the people are rushing steadily after the thing called pleasure, and the other half labouring in drudgery to provide the means of it for the idle.

Of practical justice in such a community there will be exceedingly little, but as society cannot go along at all without paying morality some outward homage, there will of course be an established religion—an Olympus, a Valhalla, or some system of theogony or theology, with temples, priests, liturgies, public confessions in one form or another of the dependence of the things we see upon what is not seen, with certain ideas of duty and penalties imposed for neglect of it. These there will be, and also, as obedience is disagreeable and requires abstinence from various indulgences, there will be contrivances by which the indulgences can be secured, and no harm come of it. By the side of the moral law there grows up a law of ceremonial observance, to which is attached a notion of superior sanctity and especial obligation. Morality, though not at first disowned, is slighted as comparatively trivial. Duty in the high sense comes to mean religious duty, that is to say, the attentive observance of certain forms and ceremonies, and these forms and ceremonies come into collision little or not at all with ordinary life, and ultimately have a tendency to resolve themselves into payments of money.

Thus rises what is called idolatry. I do not mean by idolatry the mere worship of manufactured images.

I mean the separation between practical obligation, and new moons and sabbaths, outward acts of devotion, or formulas of particular opinions. It is a state of things perpetually recurring; for there is nothing, if it would only act, more agreeable to all parties concerned. Priests find their office magnified and their consequence increased Laymen can be in favour with God and man, so priests tell them, while their enjoyments or occupations are in no way interfered with. The mischief is that the laws of nature remain meanwhile unsuspended; and all the functions of society become poisoned through neglect of them. Religion, which ought to have been a restraint, becomes a fresh instrument of evil—to the imaginative and the weak a contemptible superstition, to the educated a mockery, to knaves and hypocrites a cloak of iniquity, to all alike —to those who suffer and those who seem to profit by it—a lie so palpable as to be worse than atheism itself.

There comes a time when all this has to end. The over-indulgence of the few is the over-penury of the many. Injustice begets misery, and misery resentment. Something happens perhaps—some unusual oppression, or some act of religious mendacity especially glaring. Such a person as I am supposing asks himself, 'What is the meaning of these things?' His eyes are opened. Gradually he discovers that he is living surrounded with falsehood, drinking lies like water, his conscience polluted, his intellect degraded by the abominations which envelope his existence. At first perhaps he will feel most keenly for himself. He will

not suppose that he can set to rights a world that is out of joint, but he will himself relinquish his share in what he detests and despises. He withdraws into himself. If what others are doing and saying is obviously wrong, then he has to ask himself what is right, and what is the true purpose of his existence. Light breaks more clearly on him. He becomes conscious of impulses towards something purer and higher than he has yet experienced or even imagined. Whence these impulses come he cannot tell. He is too keenly aware of the selfish and cowardly thoughts which rise up to mar and thwart his nobler aspirations, to believe that they can possibly be his own. If he conquers his baser nature he feels that he is conquering himself. The conqueror and the conquered cannot be the same; and he therefore concludes, not in vanity, but in profound humiliation and self-abasement, that the infinite grace of God and nothing else is rescuing him from destruction. He is converted, as the theologians say. He sets his face upon another road from that which he has hitherto travelled, and to which he can never return. It has been no merit of his own. His disposition will rather be to exaggerate his own worthlessness, that he may exalt the more what has been done for him, and he resolves thenceforward to enlist himself as a soldier on the side of truth and right, and to have no wishes, no desires, no opinions but what the service of his Master imposes. Like a soldier he abandons his freedom, desiring only like a soldier to act and speak no longer as of himself, but as commis-

sioned from some supreme authority. In such a condition a man becomes magnetic. There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease; and he infects others with his own enthusiasm. Even in the most corrupt ages there are always more persons than we suppose who in their hearts rebel against the prevailing fashions; one takes courage from another, one supports another; communities form themselves with higher principles of action and purer intellectual beliefs. As their numbers multiply they catch fire with a common idea and a common indignation, and ultimately burst out into open war with the lies and iniquities that surround them.

I have been describing a natural process which has repeated itself many times in human history, and, unless the old opinion that we are more than animated clay, and that our nature has nobler affinities, dies away into a dream, will repeat itself at recurring intervals, so long as our race survives upon the planet.

I have told you generally what I conceive to be our real position, and the administration under which we live; and I have indicated how naturally the conviction of the truth would tend to express itself in the moral formulas of Calvinism. I will now run briefly over the most remarkable of the great historical movements to which I have alluded; and you will see, in the striking recurrence of the same peculiar mode of thought and action, an evidence that, if not completely accurate, it must possess some near and close affinity with the real fact. I will take first the example with which we are

all most familiar—that of the chosen people. I must again remind you that I am not talking of theology. I say nothing of what is called technically revelation. I am treating these matters as phenomena of human experience, the lessons of which would be identically the same if no revelation existed.

The discovery of the key to the hieroglyphics, the excavations in the tombs, the investigations carried on by a series of careful inquirers, from Belzoni to Lepsius, into the antiquities of the Valley of the Nile, interpreting and in turn interpreted by Manetho and Herodotus, have thrown a light in many respects singularly clear upon the condition of the first country which, so far as history can tell, succeeded in achieving a state of high civilization. From a period the remoteness of which it is unsafe to conjecture there had been established in Egypt an elaborate and splendid empire, which, though it had not escaped revolutions, had suffered none which had caused organic changes there. It had strength, wealth, power, coherence, a vigorous monarchy, dominant and exclusive castes of nobles and priests, and a proletariat of slaves. Its cities, temples, and monuments are still, in their ruin, the admiration of engineers, and the despair of architects. Original intellectual conceptions inspired its public buildings. Saved by situation, like China, from the intrusion of barbarians, it developed at leisure its own ideas, undisturbed from without; and when it becomes historically visible to us it was in the zenith of its glory. The habits of the higher classes were elaborately luxurious, and the van-

ity and the self-indulgence of the few were made possible—as it is and always must be where vanity and self-indulgence exist—by the oppression and misery of the millions. You can see on the sides of the tombs—for their pride and their pomp followed them even in their graves—the effeminate patrician of the court of the Pharaohs reclining in his gilded gondola, the attendant eunuch waiting upon him with the goblet or plate of fruit, the bevies of languishing damsels fluttering round him in their transparent draperies. Shakespeare's Cleopatra might have sat for the portrait of the Potiphar's wife who tried the virtue of the son of Jacob:

> The barge she sate in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
> The winds were love-sick with them. . . .
> For her own person,
> It beggared all description: she did lie
> In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
> O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
> The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
> Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
> With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
> To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
> And what they did, undid.

By the side of all this there was a no less elaborate religion—an ecclesiastical hierarchy—powerful as the sacerdotalism of Mediæval Europe, with a creed in the middle of it which was a complicated idolatry of the physical forces.

There are at bottom but two possible religions—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes

shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe. The sun at all times has been the central object of this material reverence. The sun was the parent of light; the sun was the lord of the sky and the lord of the seasons; at the sun's bidding the earth brought forth her harvests and ripened them to maturity. The sun, too, was beneficent to the good and to the evil, and, like the laws of political economy, drew no harsh distinctions between one person and another—demanding only that certain work should be done, and smiling equally on the crops of the slave-driver and the garden of the innocent peasant. The moon, when the sun sunk to his night's rest, reigned as his vicegerent, the queen of the revolving heavens, and in her waxing and waning and singular movement among the stars was the perpetual occasion of admiring and adoring curiosity. Nature in all her forms was wonderful; Nature in her beneficent forms was to be loved and worshipped; and being, as Nature is, indifferent to morality, bestowing prosperity on principles which make no demands on chastity or equity, she is, in one form or other, the divinity at whose shrine in all ages the favoured sections of society have always gladly paid their homage. Where Nature is sovereign, there is no need of austerity and self-denial. The object of life is the pursuit of wealth and the pleasures which wealth can purchase; and the rules for our practical guidance are the laws, as the economists say, by which wealth can be acquired.

It is an excellent creed for those who have the happiness to profit by it, and will have its followers to the end of time. In these later ages it connects itself with the natural sciences, progress of the intellect, specious shadows of all kinds which will not interfere with its supreme management of political arrangements. In Egypt, where knowledge was in its rudiments, every natural force, the minutest plant or animal, which influenced human fortunes for good or evil, came in for a niche in the shrine of the temples of the sun and moon. Snakes and crocodiles, dogs, cats, cranes, and beetles were propitiated by sacrifices, by laboured ceremonials of laudation; nothing living was too mean to find a place in the omnivorous devotionalism of the Egyptian clergy. We, in these days, proud as we may be of our intellectual advances, need not ridicule popular credulity. Even here in Scotland, not so long ago, wretched old women were supposed to run about the country in the shape of hares. At this very hour the ablest of living natural philosophers is looking gravely to the courtships of moths and butterflies to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove his descent from an African baboon.

There was, however, in ancient Egypt another article of faith besides nature-worship of transcendent moment—a belief which had probably descended from earlier and purer ages, and had then originated in the minds of sincere and earnest men—as a solution of the real problem of humanity. The inscriptions and paintings in the tombs near Thebes make it perfectly clear

that the Egyptians looked forward to a future state—to the judgment-bar of Osiris, where they would each one day stand to give account for their actions. They believed as clearly as we do, and with a conviction of a very similar kind, that those who had done good would go to everlasting life, and those who had done evil into eternal perdition.

Such a belief, if coupled with an accurate perception of what good and evil mean—with a distinct certainty that men will be tried by the moral law, before a perfectly just judge, and that no subterfuges will avail—cannot but exercise a most profound and most tremendous influence upon human conduct. And yet our own experience, if nothing else, proves that this belief, when moulded into traditional and conventional shapes, may lose its practical power; nay, without ceasing to be professed, and even sincerely held, may become more mischievous than salutary. And this is owing to the fatal distinction of which I spoke just now, which seems to have an irresistible tendency to shape itself, in civilized societies, between religious and moral duties. With the help of this distinction it becomes possible for a man, as long as he avoids gross sins, to neglect every one of his positive obligations—to be careless, selfish, unscrupulous, indifferent to everything but his own pleasures—and to imagine all the time that his condition is perfectly satisfactory, and that he can look forward to what is before him without the slightest uneasiness. All accounts represent the Egyptians as an eminently religious people. No profanity was toler-

rated there, no scepticism, no insolent disobedience to the established priesthood. If a doubt ever crossed the mind of some licentious philosopher as to the entire sacredness of the stainless Apis, if ever a question forced itself on him whether the Lord of heaven and earth could really be incarnated in the stupidest of created beasts, he kept his counsels to himself, if he was not shocked at his own impiety. The priests, who professed supernatural powers—the priests, who were in communication with the gods themselves—they possessed the keys of the sacred mysteries, and what was Philosophy that it should lift its voice against them? The word of the priest—nine parts a charlatan, and one part, perhaps, himself imposed on—was absolute. He knew the counsels of Osiris, he knew that the question which would be asked at the dread tribunal was not whether a man had been just and true and merciful, but whether he had believed what he was told to believe, and had duly paid the fees to the temple. And so the world went its way, controlled by no dread of retribution; and on the tomb-frescoes you can see legions of slaves under the lash dragging from the quarries the blocks of granite which were to form the eternal monuments of the Pharaohs' tyranny; and you read in the earliest authentic history that when there was a fear that the slave-races should multiply so fast as to be dangerous their babies were flung to the crocodiles.

One of these slave-races rose at last in revolt. Noticeably it did not rise against oppression as such, or directly in consequence of oppression. We hear of no

massacre of slave-drivers, no burning of towns or villages, none of the usual accompaniments of peasant insurrections. If Egypt was plagued, it was not by mutinous mobs or incendiaries. Half a million men simply rose up and declared that they could endure no longer the mendacity, the hypocrisy, the vile and incredible rubbish which was offered to them in the sacred name of religion. 'Let us go,' they said, into the wilderness, go out of these soft water-meadows and corn-fields, forsake our leeks and our flesh-pots, and take in exchange a life of hardship and wandering, 'that we may worship the God of our fathers.' Their leader had been trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and among the rocks of Sinai had learnt that it was wind and vanity. The half-obscured traditions of his ancestors awoke to life again, and were rekindled by him in his people. They would bear with lies no longer. They shook the dust of Egypt from their feet, and the prate and falsehood of it from their souls, and they withdrew, with all belonging to them, into the Arabian desert, that they might no longer serve cats and dogs and bulls and beetles, but the Eternal Spirit who had been pleased to make his existence known to them. They sung no pæans of liberty. They were delivered from the house of bondage, but it was the bondage of mendacity, and they left it only to assume another service. The Eternal had taken pity on them. In revealing his true nature to them, he had taken them for his children. They were not their own, but his, and they laid their lives under commandments which were as close a copy as,

with the knowledge which they possessed, they could make, to the moral laws of the Maker of the universe. In essentials the Book of the Law was a covenant of practical justice. Rewards and punishments were alike immediate, both to each separate person and to the collective nation. Retribution in a life to come was dropped out of sight, not denied, but not insisted on. The belief in it had been corrupted to evil, and rather enervated than encouraged the efforts after present equity. Every man was to reap as he had sown—here, in the immediate world—to live under his own vine and fig-tree, and thrive or suffer according to his actual deserts. Religion was not a thing of past or future, an account of things that had been, or of things which one day would be again. God was the actual living ruler of real every-day life; nature-worship was swept away, and in the warmth and passion of conviction they became, as I said, the soldiers of a purer creed. In Palestine, where they found idolatry in a form yet fouler and more cruel than what they had left behind them, they trampled it out as if in inspired abomination of a system of which the fruits were so detestable. They were not perfect—very far from perfect. An army at best is made of mixed materials, and war, of all ways of making wrong into right is the harshest; but they were directed by a noble purpose, and they have left a mark never to be effaced in the history of the human race.

The fire died away. 'The Israelites,' we are told, 'mingled among the heathen and learned their works.' They ceased to be missionaries. They hardly and fit-

fully preserved the records of the meaning of their own exodus. Eight hundred years went by and the flame rekindled in another country. Cities more splendid even than the hundred-gated Thebes itself had risen on the banks of the Euphrates. Grand military empires had been founded on war and conquest. Peace had followed when no enemies were left to conquer; and with peace had come philosophy, science, agricultural enterprise, magnificent engineering works for the draining and irrigation of the Mesopotamian plains. Temples and palaces towered into the sky. The pomp and luxury of Asia rivalled, and even surpassed, the glories of Egypt; and by the side of it a second nature-worship, which, if less elaborately absurd, was more deeply detestable. The foulest vices were consecrated to the service of the gods, and the holiest ceremonies were inoculated with impurity and sensuality.

The seventh century before the Christian era was distinguished over the whole East by extraordinary religious revolutions. With the most remarkable of these, that which bears the name of Buddha, I am not here concerned. Buddhism has been the creed for more than two thousand years of half the human race, but it left unaffected our own western world, and therefore I here pass it by.

Simultaneously with Buddha there appeared another teacher, Zerdusht, or, as the Greeks called him, Zoroaster, among the hardy tribes of the Persian mountains. He taught a creed which, like that of the Israelites, was essentially moral and extremely simple. Nature-

worship, as I said, knew nothing of morality. When the objects of natural idolatry became personified, and physical phenomena were metamorphosed into allegorical mythology, the indifference to morality, which was obvious in nature, became ascribed as a matter of course to gods which were but nature in a personal disguise. Zoroaster, like Moses, saw behind the physical forces into the deeper laws of right and wrong. He supposed himself to discover two antagonist powers, contending in the heart of man as well as in the outward universe—a spirit of light and a spirit of darkness, a spirit of truth and a spirit of falsehood, a spirit life-giving and beautiful, a spirit poisonous and deadly. To one or other of these powers man was necessarily in servitude. As the follower of Ormuzd, he became enrolled in the celestial armies, whose business was to fight against sin and misery, against wrong-doing and impurity, against injustice and lies and baseness of all sorts and kinds; and every one with a soul in him to prefer good to evil was summoned to the holy wars, which would end at last after ages in the final overthrow of Ahriman.

The Persians caught rapidly Zoroaster's spirit. Uncorrupted by luxury, they responded eagerly to a voice which they recognized as speaking truth to them. They have been called the Puritans of the Old World. Never any people, it is said, hated idolatry as they hated it, and for the simple reason that they hated lies. A Persian lad, Herodotus tells us, was educated in three especial accomplishments. He was taught to ride, to

shoot, and to speak the truth—that is to say, he was brought up to be brave, active, valiant, and upright. When a man speaks the truth, you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues. Half the vices in the world rise out of cowardice, and one who is afraid of lying is usually afraid of nothing else. Speech is an article of trade in which we are all dealers, and the one beyond all others where we are most bound to provide honest wares:

> ἔχθρός μοι κάκεινος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πυλαῖσιν
> ὅς θ' ἕτερόν μεν κευθῇ ἐνὶ φρέσιν ἄλλο δὲ εἰπῇ.

This seems to have been the Persian temperament, and in virtue of it they were chosen as the instruments —clearly recognized as such by the Prophet Isaiah for one—which were to sweep the earth clean of abominations, which had grown to an intolerable height. Bel bowed down, and Nebo had to stoop before them. Babylon, the lady of kingdoms, was laid in the dust, and 'her star-gazers and her astrologers and her monthly prognosticators' could not save her with all their skill. They and she were borne away together. Egypt's turn followed. Retribution had been long delayed, but her cup ran over at last. The palm-groves were flung into the river, the temples polluted, the idols mutilated. The precious Apis, for all its godhood, was led with a halter before the Persian king, and stabbed in the sight of the world by Persian steel.

'Profane!' exclaimed the priests, as pious persons, on like occasions, have exclaimed a thousand times: 'these Puritans have no reverence for holy things.'

Rather it is because they do reverence things which deserve reverence that they loathe and abhor the counterfeit. What does an ascertained imposture deserve but to be denied, exposed, insulted, trampled under-foot, danced upon, if nothing less will serve, till the very geese take courage and venture to hiss derision? Are we to wreathe aureoles round the brows of phantasms lest we shock the sensibilities of the idiots who have believed them to be divine? Was the Prophet Isaiah so tender in his way of treating such matters?

Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? He heweth him down cedars. He taketh the cypress and the oak from the trees of the forest. He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh. He roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.

Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, for the glory of His majesty when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and the bats.

Again events glide on. Persia runs the usual course. Virtue and truth produced strength, strength dominion, dominion riches, riches luxury, and luxury weakness and collapse—fatal sequence repeated so often, yet to so little purpose. The hardy warrior of the mountains degenerated into a vulgar sybarite. His manliness became effeminacy; his piety a ritual of priests; himself a liar, a coward, and a slave. The Greeks conquered the Persians, copied their manners, and fell in turn

before the Romans. We count little more than 500 years from the fall of Babylon, and the entire known world was lying at the feet of a great military despotism. Coming originally themselves from the East, the classic nations had brought with them also the primæval nature-worship of Asia. The Greek imagination had woven the Eastern metaphors into a singular mythology, in which the gods were represented as beings possessing in a splendid degree physical beauty, physical strength, with the kind of awfulness which belonged to their origin; the fitful, wanton, changeable, yet also terrible powers of the elemental world. Translated into the language of humanity, the actions and adventures thus ascribed to the gods became in process of time impossible to be believed. Intellect expanded; moral sense grew more vigorous, and with it the conviction that if the national traditions were true man must be more just than his Maker. In Æschylus and Sophocles, in Pindar and Plato, you see conscience asserting its sovereignty over the most sacred beliefs—instinctive reverence and piety struggling sometimes to express themselves under the names and forms of the past, sometimes bursting out uncontrollably into indignant abhorrence:

Ἐμοὶ δ' ἄπορα γαστρίμαργον
Μακάρων τιν' εἰπεῖν.
Ἀφίσταμαι . . .
καὶ πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀλαθῆ λόγον
δεδαιδάλμενοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
ἐξαπατῶντι μύθοι.
Χάρισδ' ἅπερ ἅπαντα τεύχει

τὰ μείλιχα θνατοῖς
ἐπιφέροισα τιμὰν
καὶ ἄπιστον ἐμήσατο πίστον
ἔμμεναι τὸ πόλλακις.

To me 'twere strange indeed
To charge the blessed gods with greed,
I dare not do it. . . . .
Myths too oft,
With quaintly coloured lies enwrought,
To stray from truth have mortals brought.
And Art, which round all things below
A charm of loveliness can throw,
Has robed the false in honour's hue,
And made the incredible seem true.

'All religions,' says Gibbon, 'are to the vulgar equally true, to the philosopher equally false, and to the statesman equally useful:' thus scornfully summing up the theory of the matter which he found to be held by the politicians of the age which he was describing, and perhaps of his own. Religion, as a moral force, died away with the establishment of the Roman Empire, and with it died probity, patriotism, and human dignity, and all that men had learnt in nobler ages to honour and to value as good. Order reigned unbroken under the control of the legions. Industry flourished, and natural science, and most of the elements of what we now call civilization. Ships covered the seas. Huge towns adorned the Imperial provinces. The manners of men became more artificial, and in a certain sense more humane. Religion was a State establishment—a decent acknowledgment of a power or powers which, if they existed at all, amused themselves in the depths of space, careless, so their deity was not denied, of the woe or

weal of humanity: the living fact, supreme in Church and State, being the wearer of the purple, who, as the practical realization of authority, assumed the name as well as the substance. The one god immediately known to man was thenceforth the Divus Cæsar, whose throne in the sky was waiting empty for him till his earthly exile was ended, and it pleased him to join or rejoin his kindred divinities.

It was the era of atheism—atheism such as this earth never witnessed before or since. You who have read Tacitus know the practical fruits of it, as they appeared at the heart of the system in the second Babylon, the proud city of the seven hills. You will remember how, for the crime of a single slave, the entire household of a Roman patrician, four hundred innocent human beings, were led in chains across the Forum and murdered by what was called law. You will remember the exquisite Nero, who, in his love of art, to throw himself more fully into the genius of Greek tragedy, committed incest with his mother that he might be a second Œdipus, and assassinated her that he might realize the sensations of Orestes. You will recall one scene which Tacitus describes, not as exceptional or standing alone, but merely, he says, 'quas ut exemplum referam ne sæpius eadem prodigentia narranda sit'—the hymeneal night-banquet on Agrippa's lake, graced by the presence of the wives and daughters of the Roman senators, where amidst blazing fireworks and music and cloth-of-gold pavilions and naked prostitutes, the majesty of the Cæsars celebrated his nuptials with a boy.

There, I conceive, was the visible product of material civilization, where there was no fear of God in the middle of it—the final outcome of wealth and prosperity and art and culture, raised aloft as a sign for all ages to look upon.

But it is not to this, nor to the fire of hell which in due time burst out to consume it, that I desire now to draw your attention. I have to point out to you two purifying movements which were at work in the midst of the pollution, one of which came to nothing and survives only in books, the second a force which was to mould for ages the future history of man. Both require our notice, for both singularly contained the particular feature which is called the reproach of Calvinism.

The blackest night is never utterly dark. When mankind seem most abandoned there are always a seven thousand somewhere who have not bowed the knee to the fashionable opinions of the hour. Among the great Roman families a certain number remained republican in feeling and republican in habit. The State religion was as incredible to them as to every one else. They could not persuade themselves that they could discover the will of Heaven in the colour of a calf's liver or in the appetite of the sacred chickens; but they had retained the moral instincts of their citizen ancestors. They knew nothing of God or the gods, but they had something in themselves which made sensuality nauseating instead of pleasant to them. They had an austere sense of the meaning of the word 'duty.' They could distinguish and reverence the nobler possibilities of their

nature. They disdained what was base and effeminate, and, though religion failed them, they constructed out of philosophy a rule which would serve to live by. Stoicism is a not unnatural refuge of thoughtful men in confused and sceptical ages. It adheres rigidly to morality. It offers no easy Epicurean explanation of the origin of man, which resolves him into an organization of particles, and dismisses him again into nothingness. It recognizes only that men who are the slaves of their passions are miserable and impotent, and insists that personal inclinations shall be subordinated to conscience. It prescribes plainness of life, that the number of our necessities may be as few as possible; and in placing the business of life in intellectual and moral action it destroys the temptation to sensual gratifications. It teaches a contempt of death so complete that it can be encountered without a flutter of the pulse; and while it raises men above the suffering which makes others miserable, generates a proud submissiveness to sorrow which noblest natures feel most keenly, by representing this huge scene and the shows which it presents as the work of some unknown but irresistible force, against which it is vain to struggle and childish to repine.

As with Calvinism, a theoretic belief in an overruling will or destiny was not only compatible with but seemed naturally to issue in the control of the animal appetites. The Stoic did not argue that, 'as fate governs all things, I can do no wrong, and therefore I will take my pleasure:' but rather, 'The moral law

within me is the noblest part of my being and compels me to submit to it.' He did not withdraw from the world like the Christian anchorite. He remained at his post in the senate, the Forum, or the army. A Stoic in Marcus Aurelius gave a passing dignity to the dishonoured purple. In Tacitus, Stoicism has left an external evidence how grand a creature man may be, though unassisted by conscious dependence on external spiritual help, through steady disdain of what is base, steady reverence for all that deserves to be revered, and inflexible integrity in word and deed.

But Stoicism could under no circumstances be a regenerating power in the general world. It was a position only tenable to the educated; it was without hope and without enthusiasm. From a contempt of the objects which mankind most desired, the step was short and inevitable to contempt of mankind themselves. Wrapped in mournful self-dependence, the Stoic could face calmly for himself whatever lot the fates might send:

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

But, natural as such a creed might be in a Roman noble under the Empire, natural perhaps as it may always be in corrupted ages and amidst disorganized beliefs, the very sternness of Stoicism was repellent. It carried no consolation to the hearts of the suffering millions, who were in no danger of being led away by luxury, because their whole lives were passed in poverty and wretchedness. It was individual, not missionary. The

Stoic declared no active war against corruption. He stood alone, protesting scornfully in silent example against evils which he was without power to cure. Like Cæsar, he folded himself in his mantle. The world might do its worst. He would keep his own soul unstained.

Place beside the Stoics their contemporaries the Galilean fishermen and the tent-maker of Tarsus. I am not about to sketch in a few paragraphs the rise of Christianity. I mean only to point to the principles on which the small knot of men gathered themselves together who were about to lay the foundations of a vast spiritual revolution. The guilt and wretchedness in which the world was steeped St Paul felt as keenly as Tacitus. Like Tacitus, too, he believed that the wild and miserable scene which he beheld was no result of accident, but had been ordained so to be, and was the direct expression of an all-mastering Power. But he saw also that this Power was no blind necessity or iron chain of connected cause and effect, but a perfectly just, perfectly wise being, who governed all things by the everlasting immutable laws of his own nature; that when these laws were resisted or forgotten they wrought ruin and confusion and slavery to death and sin; that when they were recognized and obeyed the curse would be taken away, and freedom and manliness come back again. Whence the disobedience had first risen was a problem which St Paul solved in a manner not all unlike the Persians. There was a rebellious spirit in the universe, penetrating into men's hearts, and prompting

them to disloyalty and revolt. It removed the question a step further back without answering it, but the fact was plain as the sunlight. Men had neglected the laws of their Maker. In neglecting them they had brought universal ruin, not on themselves only, but on all society, and if the world was to be saved from destruction they must be persuaded or forced back into their allegiance. The law itself had been once more revealed on the mountains of Palestine, and in the person and example of one who had lived and died to make it known; and those who had heard and known Him, being possessed with His spirit, felt themselves commissioned as a missionary legion to publish the truth to mankind. They were not, like the Israelites or the Persians, to fight with the sword—not even in their own defence. The sword can take life, but not give it; and the command to the Apostles was to sow the invisible seed in the hotbed of corruption, and feed and foster it, and water it, with the blood, not of others, but themselves. Their own wills, ambitions, hopes, desires, emotions, were swallowed up in the will to which they had surrendered themselves. They were soldiers. It was St Paul's metaphor, and no other is so appropriate. They claimed no merit through their calling; they were too conscious of their own sins to indulge in the poisonous reflection that they were not as other men. They were summoned out on their allegiance, and armed with the spiritual strength which belongs to the consciousness of a just cause. If they indulged any personal hope, it was only that their

weaknesses would not be remembered against them—that, having been chosen for a work in which the victory was assured, they would be made themselves worthy of their calling, and, though they might slide, would not be allowed to fall. Many mysteries remained unsolved. Man was as clay in the potter's hand—one vessel was made to honour and another to dishonour. Why, who could tell? This only they knew, that they must themselves do no dishonour to the spirit that was in them—gain others, gain all who would join them for their common purpose, and fight with all their souls against ignorance and sin.

The fishermen of Gennesaret planted Christianity, and many a winter and many a summer have since rolled over it. More than once it has shed its leaves and seemed to be dying, and when the buds burst again the colour of the foliage was changed. The theory of it which is taught to-day in the theological schools of St Andrew's would have sounded strange from the pulpit of your once proud cathedral. As the same thought expresses itself in many languages, so spiritual truths assume ever-varying forms. The garment fades—the moths devour it—the woven fibres disintegrate and turn to dust. The idea only is immortal, and never fades. The hermit who made his cell below the cliff where the cathedral stands, the monkish architect who designed the plan of it, the princes who brought it to perfection, the Protestants who shattered it into ruin, the preacher of last Sunday at the University church, would have many a quarrel

were they to meet now before they would understand each other. But at the bottom of the minds of all the same thought would be predominant—that they were soldiers of the Almighty, commissioned to fight with lies and selfishness, and that all alike, they and those against whom they were contending, were in his hands, to deal with after his own pleasure.

Again six centuries go by. Christianity becomes the religion of the Roman Empire. The Empire divides, and the Church is divided with it. Europe is overrun by the Northern nations. The power of the Western Cæsars breaks in pieces, but the Western Church stands erect, makes its way into the hearts of the conquerors, penetrates the German forests, opens a path into Britain and Ireland. By the noble Gothic nations it is welcomed with passionate enthusiasm. The warriors of Odin are transformed into a Christian chivalry, and the wild Valhalla into a Christian Heaven. Fiery passionate nations are not tamed in a generation or a century, but a new conception of what was praiseworthy and excellent had taken hold of their imagination and the understanding. Kings, when their day of toil was over, laid down crown and sword, and retired into cloisters, to pass what remained of life to them in prayers and meditations on eternity. The supreme object of reverence was no longer the hero of the battle-field, but the barefoot missionary who was carrying the Gospel among the tribes that were still untaught. So beautiful in their conception of him was the character of one of these wandering priests that

their stories formed a new mythology. So vast were the real miracles which they were working on men's souls that wonders of a more ordinary sort were assigned to them as a matter of course. They raised the dead, they healed the sick, they cast out devils with a word or with the sign of the cross. Plain facts were too poor for the enthusiasm of German piety; and noble human figures were exhibited, as it were, in the resplendent light of a painted window in the effort to do them exaggerated honour.

It was pity, for truth only smells sweet for ever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker-worm. Long cycles had to pass before the fruit of these poison-seeds would ripen. The practical result meanwhile was to substitute in the minds of the sovereign races which were to take the lead in the coming era the principles of the moral law for the law of force and the sword.

The Eastern branch of the divided Church experienced meanwhile a less happy fortune. In the East there was no virgin soil like the great noble Teutonic peoples. Asia was a worn-out stage on which drama after drama of history had been played and played out. Languid luxury only was there, huge aggregation of wealth in particular localities, and the no less inevitable shadow attached to luxury by the necessities of things, oppression and misery and squalor. Christianity and the world had come to terms after the established fashion—the world to be let alone in its pleasures and its sins; the Church relegated to opinion, with free

liberty to split doctrinal hairs to the end of time. The work of the Church's degradation had begun, even before it accepted the tainted hand of Constantine. Already in the third century speculative Christianity had become the fashionable creed of Alexandria, and had purchased the favour of patrician congregations, if not by open tolerance of vice, yet by leaving it to grow unresisted. St Clement details contemptuously the inventory of the boudoir of a fine lady of his flock, the list of essences on her toilet-table, the shoes, sandals, and slippers with which her dainty feet were decorated in endless variety. He describes her as she ascends the steps of the βασιλική, to which she was going for what she called her prayers, with a page lifting up her train. He paints her as she walks along the street, her petticoats projecting with some horsehair arrangement behind, and the street boys jeering at her as she passes.

All that Christianity was meant to do in making life simple and habits pure was left undone, while, with a few exceptions, like that of St Clement himself, the intellectual energy of its bishops and teachers was exhausted in spinning endless cobwebs of metaphysical theology. Human life at the best is enveloped in darkness; we know not what we are or whither we are bound. Religion is the light by which we are to see our way along the moral pathways without straying into the brake or the morass. We are not to look at religion itself, but at surrounding things with the help of religion. If we fasten our attention upon the light

itself, analyzing it into its component rays, speculating on the union and composition of the substances of which it is composed, not only will it no longer serve us for a guide, but our dazzled senses lose their natural powers; we should grope our way more safely in conscious blindness.

When the light within you is darkness, how great is that darkness.

In the place of the old material idolatry we erect a new idolatry of words and phrases. Our duty is no longer to be true, and honest, and brave, and self-denying, and pure, but to be exact in our formulas, to hold accurately some nice and curious proposition, to place damnation in straying a hair's breadth from some symbol which exults in being unintelligible, and salvation in the skill with which the mind can balance itself on some intellectual tightrope.

There is no more instructive phenomenon in history than the ease and rapidity with which the Arabian caliphs lopped off the fairest provinces of the Eastern Empire. When nations are easily conquered, we may be sure that they have first lost their moral self-respect. When their religions, as they call them, go down at a breath, those religions have become already but bubbles of vapour. The laws of Heaven are long-enduring, but their patience comes to an end at last. Because justice is not executed speedily men persuade themselves that there is no such thing as justice. But the lame foot, as the Greek proverb said, overtakes the

swift one in the end; and the longer the forbearance the sharper the retribution when it comes.

As the Greek theology was one of the most complicated accounts ever offered of the nature of God and His relation to man, so the message of Mahomet, when he first unfolded the green banner, was one of the most simple. There is no god but God: God is King, and you must and shall obey His will. This was Islam, as it was first offered at the sword's point to people who had lost the power of understanding any other argument. Your images are wood and stone; your metaphysics are words without understanding; the world lies in wickedness and wretchedness because you have forgotten the statutes of your Master, and you shall go back to those; you shall fulfil the purpose for which you were set to live upon the earth, or you shall not live at all.

Tremendous inroad upon the liberties of conscience! What right, it is asked, have those people that you have been calling soldiers of the Almighty to interfere by force with the opinions of others? Let them leave us alone; we meddle not with them. Let them, if they please, obey those laws they talk of; we have other notions of such things; we will obey ours, and let the result judge between us. The result was judging between them. The meek Apostle with no weapon but his word and his example, and winning victories by himself submitting to be killed, is a fairer object than a fierce Kaled, calling himself the sword of the Almighty. But we cannot order for ourselves in what

way these things shall be. The caitiff Damascenes to whom Kaled gave the alternative of the Koran or death were men themselves, who had hands to hold a sword with if they had heart to use it, or a creed for which they cared to risk their lives. In such a quarrel superior strength and courage are the signs of the presence of a nobler conviction.

To the question, 'What right have you to interfere with us?' there is in exceptional times of convulsion but one answer: 'We must. These things which we tell you are true; and in your hearts you know it; your own cowardice convicts you. The moral laws of your Maker are written in your consciences as well as in ours. If you disobey them you bring disaster not only on your own wretched selves, but on all around you. It is our common concern, and if you will not submit, in the name of our Master we will compel you.'

Any fanatic, it will be said, might use the same language. Is not history full of instances of dreamers or impostors, 'boasting themselves to be somebody,' who for some wild illusion, or for their own ambition, have thrown the world into convulsions? Is not Mahomet himself a signal—the most signal—illustration of it? I should say rather that when men have risen in arms for a false cause the event has proved it by the cause coming to nothing. The world is not so constituted that courage, and strength, and endurance, and organization, and success long sustained are to be obtained in the service of falsehood. If I could think

that, I should lose the most convincing reason for believing that we are governed by a moral power. The moral laws of our being execute themselves through the instrumentality of men; and in those great movements which determine the moral condition of many nations through many centuries, the stronger side, it seems to me, has uniformly been the better side, and stronger because it has been better.

I am not upholding Mahomet as if he had been a perfect man, or the Koran as a second Bible. The crescent was no sun, nor even a complete moon reigning full-orbed in the night heaven. The light there was in it was but reflected from the sacred books of the Jews and the Arab traditions. The morality of it was defective. The detailed conception of man's duties inferior, far inferior, to what St Martin and St Patrick, St Columba and St Augustine were teaching or had taught in Western Europe. Mahometanism rapidly degenerated. The first caliphs stood far above Saladin. The descent from Saladin to a modern Moslem despot is like a fall over a precipice. All established things, nations, constitutions, all established things which have life in them, have also the seeds of death. They grow, they have their day of usefulness, they decay and pass away, 'lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

But the light which there was in the Moslem creed was real. It taught the omnipotence and omnipresence of one eternal Spirit, the Maker and Ruler of all things, by whose everlasting purpose all things were, and

whose will all things must obey; and this central truth, to which later experience and broader knowledge can add nothing, it has taught so clearly and so simply that in Islam there has been no room for heresy, and scarcely for schism.

The Koran has been accused of countenancing sensual vice. Rather it bridled and brought within limits a sensuality which before was unbounded. It forbade and has absolutely extinguished, wherever Islam is professed, the bestial drunkenness which is the disgrace of our Christian English and Scottish towns. Even now, after centuries of decay, the Mussulman probably governs his life by the Koran more accurately than most Christians obey the Sermon on the Mount or the Ten Commandments. In our own India, where the Moslem creed retains its relative superiority to the superstitions of the native races, the Mussulman is a higher order of being. Were the English to withdraw he would retake the sovereignty of the peninsula by natural right—not because he has larger bones and sinews, but by superiority of intellect and heart; in other words, because he has a truer faith.

I said that while Christianity degenerated in the East with extreme rapidity, in the West it retained its firmer characters. It became the vitalizing spirit of a new organization of society. All that we call modern civilization in a sense which deserves the name is the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel.

I said also that by the side of the healthy influ-

ences of regeneration there were sown along with it the germs of evil to come. All living ideas, from the necessity of things, take up into their constitutions whatever forces are already working round them. The most ardent aspirations after truth will not anticipate knowledge, and the errors of the imagination become consecrated as surely as the purest impulses of conscience. So long as the laws of the physical world remain a mystery, the action of all uncomprehended phenomena, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the winds and storms, famines, murrains, and human epidemics, are ascribed to the voluntary interference of supernatural beings. The belief in witches and fairies, in spells and talismans, could not be dispelled by science, for science did not exist. The Church therefore entered into competition with her evil rivals on their own ground. The saint came into the field against the enchanters. The powers of charms and amulets were eclipsed by martyrs' relics, sacraments, and holy water. The magician, with the devil at his back, was made to yield to the divine powers imparted to priests by spiritual descent in the imposition of hands.

Thus a gigantic system of supernaturalism overspread the entire Western world. There was no deliberate imposition. The clergy were as ignorant as the people of true relations between natural cause and effect. Their business, so far as they were conscious of their purpose, was to contend against the works of the devil. They saw practically that they were able to

convert men from violence and impurity to piety and self-restraint. Their very humility forbade them to attribute such wonderful results to their own teaching. When it was universally believed that human beings could make covenants with Satan by signing their names in blood, what more natural than that they should assume, for instance, that the sprinkling of water, the inaugurating ceremony of the purer and better life, should exert a mysterious mechanical influence upon the character?

If regeneration by baptism, however, with its kindred imaginations, was not true, innocence of intention could not prevent the natural consequences of falsehood. Time went on; knowledge increased; doubt stole in, and with doubt the passionate determination to preserve beliefs at all hazards which had grown too dear to superstition to be parted with. In the twelfth century the mystery called transubstantiation had come to be regarded with widespread misgiving. To encounter scepticism, there then arose for the first time what have been called pious frauds. It was not perceived that men who lend themselves consciously to lies, with however excellent an intention, will become eventually deliberate rogues. The clergy doubtless believed that in the consecration of the elements an invisible change was really and truly effected. But to produce an effect on the secular mind the invisible had to be made visible. A general practice sprung up to pretend that in the breaking of the wafer real blood had gushed out; that real pieces of flesh

were found between the fingers. The precious things thus produced were awfully preserved, and with the Pope's blessing were deposited in shrines for the strengthening of faith and the confutation of the presumptuous unbeliever.

When a start has once been made on the road of deception, the after progress is a rapid one. The desired effect was not produced. Incredulity increased. Imposture ran a race with unbelief in the vain hope of silencing inquiry, and with imposture all genuine love for spiritual or moral truth disappeared.

You all know to what condition the Catholic Church had sunk at the beginning of the sixteenth century. An insolent hierarchy, with an army of priests behind them, dominated every country in Europe. The Church was like a hard nutshell round a shrivelled kernel. The priests in parting with their sincerity had lost the control over their own appetites which only sincerity can give. Profligate in their own lives, they extended to the laity the same easy latitude which they asserted for their own conduct. Religious duty no longer consisted in leading a virtuous life, but in purchasing immunity for self-indulgence by one of the thousand remedies which Church officials were ever ready to dispense at an adequate price.

The pleasant arrangement came to an end—a sudden and terrible one. Christianity had not been upon the earth for nothing. The spiritual organization of the Church was corrupt to the core; but in the general awakening of Europe it was impossible to conceal the

contrast between the doctrines taught in the Catholic pulpits and the creed of which they were the counterfeit. Again and again the gathering indignation sputtered out to be savagely repressed. At last it pleased Pope Leo, who wanted money to finish St Peter's, to send about spiritual hawkers with wares which were called indulgences—notes to be presented at the gates of purgatory as passports to the easiest places there—and then Luther spoke and the whirlwind burst.

I can but glance at the Reformation in Germany. Luther himself was one of the grandest men that ever lived on earth. Never was any one more loyal to the light that was in him, braver, truer, or wider-minded in the noblest sense of the word. The share of the work which fell to him Luther accomplished most perfectly. But he was exceptionally fortunate in one way, that in Saxony he had his sovereign on his side, and the enemy, however furious, could not reach him with fleshly weapons, and could but grind his teeth and curse. Other nations who had caught Luther's spirit had to win their liberty on harder terms, and the Catholic churchmen were able to add to their other crimes the cruelty of fiends. Princes and politicians, who had state reasons for disliking popular outbursts, sided with the established spiritual authorities. Heresy was assailed with fire and sword, and a spirit harsher than Luther's was needed to steel the converts' hearts for the trials which came upon them. Lutheranism, when Luther himself was gone, and the thing which we in

England know as Anglicanism, were inclined to temporizing and half-measures. The Lutheran congregations were but half-emancipated from superstition, and shrank from pressing the struggle to extremities; and half-measures meant half-heartedness, convictions which were but half-convictions, and truth with an alloy of falsehood. Half-measures, however, would not quench the bonfires of Philip of Spain, or raise men in France or Scotland who would meet crest to crest the Princes of the House of Lorraine. The Reformers required a position more sharply defined, and a sterner leader, and that leader they found in John Calvin.

There is no occasion to say much of Calvin's personal history. His name is now associated only with gloom and austerity. It may be true enough that he rarely laughed. He had none of Luther's genial and sunny humour. Could they have exchanged conditions, Luther's temper might have been somewhat grimmer, but he would never have been entirely like Calvin. Nevertheless, for hard times hard men are needed, and intellects which can pierce to the roots where truth and lies part company. It fares ill with the soldiers of religion when 'the accursed thing' is in their camp. And this is to be said of Calvin, that so far as the state of knowledge permitted, no eye could have detected more keenly the unsound spots in the received creed of the Church, nor was there reformer in Europe so resolute to excise, tear out, and destroy what was distinctly seen to be false—so resolute to establish what was true

in its place, and make truth to the last fibre of it the rule of practical life.

Calvinism as it existed at Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half after him, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative guide for social as well as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seemed to dwell so much and so emphatically on the Old Testament. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience. At Geneva, as for a time in Scotland, moral sins were treated after the example of the Mosaic law, as crimes to be punished by the magistrate. 'Elsewhere,' said Knox, speaking of Geneva, 'the Word of God is taught as purely, but never anywhere have I seen God obeyed as faithfully.'[1]

If it was a dream, it was at least a noble one. The Calvinists have been called intolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you seems to me a pardonable state of mind. It is no easy matter to tolerate

[1] In burning witches the Calvinists followed their model too exactly; but it is to be remembered that they really believed these poor creatures to have made a compact with Satan. And, as regards morality, it may be doubted whether inviting spirit-wrappers to dinner, and allowing them to pretend to consult our dead relations, is very much more innocent. The first method is but excess of indignation with evil; the second is complacent toying with it.

lies clearly convicted of being lies under any circumstances; specially it is not easy to tolerate lies which strut about in the name of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that the Calvinists at the beginning would have thought of meddling with the Church if they had been themselves let alone. They would have formed communities apart. Like the Israelites whom they wished to resemble, they would have withdrawn into the wilderness—the Pilgrim Fathers actually did so withdraw into the wilderness of New England—to worship the God of their fathers, and would have left argument and example to work their natural effect. Norman Leslie did not kill Cardinal Beaton down in the castle yonder because he was a Catholic, but because he was a murderer. The Catholics chose to add to their already incredible creed a fresh article, that they were entitled to hang and burn those who differed from them; and in this quarrel the Calvinists, Bible in hand, appealed to the God of battles. They grew harsher, fiercer—if you please—more fanatical. It was extremely natural that they should. They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell in suffering and sorrow, on the all-disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe that 'hated a lie.' They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They had many faults; let him that is without sin cast a stone at them.

They abhorred as no body of men ever more abhorred all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind so far as they could recognize it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts. Though they failed to destroy Romanism, though it survives and may survive long as an opinion, they drew its fangs; they forced it to abandon that detestable principle, that it was entitled to murder those who dissented from it. Nay, it may be said that by having shamed Romanism out of its practical corruption the Calvinists enabled it to revive.

Why, it is asked, were they so dogmatic? Why could they not be contented to teach men reasonably and quietly that to be wicked was to be miserable, that in the indulgence of immoderate passions they would find less happiness than in adhering to the rules of justice, or yielding to the impulses of more generous emotions? And, for the rest, why could they not let fools be fools, and leave opinion free about matters of which neither they nor others could know anything certain at all?

I reply that it is not true that goodness is synonymous with happiness. The most perfect being who ever trod the soil of this planet was called the Man of Sorrows. If happiness means absence of care and inexperience of painful emotion, the best securities for it are a hard heart and a good digestion. If morality has no better foundation than a tendency to promote

happiness, its sanction is but a feeble uncertainty. If it be recognized as part of the constitution of the world, it carries with it its right to command; and those who see clearly what it is, will insist on submission to it, and derive authority from the distinctness of their recognition, to enforce submission where their power extends. Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps a doubt in reserve. Compare the remonstrance of the casual passer-by if a mob of ruffians are fighting in the street, with the downright energy of the policeman who strikes in fearlessly, one against a dozen, as a minister of the law. There is the same difference through life between the man who has a sure conviction and him whose thoughts never rise beyond a 'perhaps.'

Every fanatic may say as much, it is again answered, for the wildest madness. But the elementary principles of morality are not forms of madness. No one pretends that it is uncertain whether truth is better than falsehood, or justice than injustice. Speculation can eat away the sanction, superstition can erect rival duties, but neither one nor the other pretends to touch the fact that these principles exist, and the very essence and life of all great religious movements is the recognition of them as of authority and as part of the eternal framework of things.

There is, however, it must be allowed, something in what these objectors say. The power of Calvinism has waned. The discipline which it once aspired to maintain has fallen slack. Desire for ease and self-

indulgence drag for ever in quiet times at the heel of noble aspirations, while the shadow struggles to remain and preserve its outline when the substance is passing away. The argumentative and logical side of Calvin's mind has created once more a fatal opportunity for a separation between opinion and morality. We have learnt, as we say, to make the best of both worlds, to take political economy for the rule of our conduct, and to relegate religion into the profession of orthodox doctrines. Systems have been invented to explain the inexplicable. Metaphors have been translated into formulas, and paradoxes intelligible to emotion have been thrust upon the acceptance of the reason; while duty, the loftiest of all sensations which we are permitted to experience, has been resolved into the acceptance of a scheme of salvation for the individual human soul. Was it not written long ago, 'He that will save his soul shall lose it?' If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.

This was not the religion of your fathers; this was not the Calvinism which overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and purged England and Scotland, for a time at least, of lies and charlatanry. Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion and

man be as the beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience with overwhelming force of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like electricity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril.

Nay, rather electricity is but a property of material things, and matter and all that belongs to it may one day fade away like a cloud and vanish. The moral law is inherent in eternity. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.' The law is the expression of the will of the Spirit of the Universe. The spirit in man which corresponds to and perceives the Eternal Spirit is part of its essence, and immortal as it is immortal. The Calvinists called the eye within us the Inspiration of the Almighty. Aristotle could see that it was not of earth, or any creature of space and time:

> ὁ γὰρ νοῦς (he says) οὐσία τις οὖσα ἔοικεν
> ἐγγίγνεσθαι καὶ οὐ φθείρεσθαι.

What the thing is which we call ourselves we know not. It may be true—I for one care not if it be—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous organism on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how

the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the perishable frame which I call my body. It is *mine*, but it is not *me*. The *νοῦς*, the intellectual spirit, being an *οὐσία*—an essence—we believe to be an incorruptible something which has been engendered in us from another source. As Wordsworth says:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath elsewhere had its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
> From heaven, which is our home.

A BISHOP OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

TO the sceptical student of the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical biographies of mediæval Europe are for the most part unprofitable studies The writers of them were generally monks. The object for which they were composed was either the edification of the brethren of the convent, or the glorifying of its founder or benefactor. The Holy See n considering a claim to canonization disregarded the ordinary details of character and conduct. It dwelt exclusively on the exceptional and the wonderful, and the noblest of lives possessed but little interest for it unless accompanied by evidences of miracles, performed directly by the candidate while on earth or by his relics after his departure. Instead of pictures of real men the biographers present us with glorified images of what,

[1] *Magna Vita S. Hugonis Episcopi Lincolnensis.* From MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and the Imperial Library Paris. Edited by the Rev. James F. Dimock, M.A., Rector of Bamburgh, Yorkshire.

in their opinion, the Church heroes ought to have been. St Cuthbert becomes as legendary as Theseus, and the authentic figure is swathed in an embroidered envelope of legends through which usually no trace of the genuine lineaments is allowed to penetrate.

It happens however, occasionally, that in the midst of the imaginative rubbish which has thus come down to us, we encounter something of a character entirely different. We find ourselves in the hands of writers who themselves saw what they describe, who knew as well as we know the distinction between truth and falsehood, and who could notice and appreciate genuine human qualities. Amidst the obscure forms of mediæval history we are brought face to face with authentic flesh and blood, and we are able to see in clear sunlight the sort of person who, in those ages, was considered especially admirable, and, alive or dead, was held up to the reverence of mankind. To one of these I propose in the present article to draw some brief attention. It is the life of St Hugo of Avalon, a monk of the Grand Chartreuse, who was invited by Henry II. into England, became Bishop of Lincoln, and was the designer, and in part builder, of Lincoln Cathedral. The biographer was his chaplain and constant companion—Brother Adam—a monk like himself, though of another order, who became afterwards Abbot of Ensham; and having learnt, perhaps from the Bishop himself, the detestableness of lying, has executed his task with simple and scrupulous fidelity. The readers whose interests he was considering were, as usual, the inmates of convents.

He omits, as he himself tells us, many of the outer and more secular incidents of the Bishop's life, as unsuited to his audience. We have glimpses of kings, courts, and great councils, with other high matters of national moment. The years which the Bishop spent in England were rich in events. There was the conquest of Ireland; there were Welsh and French wars; the long struggle of Henry II. and his sons; and, when Henry passed away, there was the Grand Crusade. Then followed the captivity of Cœur de Lion and the treachery of John; and Hugo's work, it is easy to see, was not confined to the management of his diocese. On all this, however, Abbot Adam observes entire silence, not considering our curiosity, but the concerns of the souls of his own monks, whom he would not distract by too lively representations of the world which they had abandoned.

The book however, as it stands, is so rare a treasure that we will waste no time in describing what it is not. Within its own compass it contains the most vivid picture which has come down to us of England as it then was, and of the first Plantagenet kings.

Bishop Hugo came into the world in the mountainous country near Grenoble, on the borders of Savoy. Abbot Adam dwells with a certain pride upon his patron's parentage. He tells us indeed, sententiously, that it is better to be noble in morals than to be noble in blood—that to be born undistinguished is a less misfortune than to live so—but he regards a noble family only as an honourable setting for a nature which was

noble in itself. The Bishop was one of three children of a Lord of Avalon, and was born in a castle near Pontcharra. His mother died when he was eight years old; and his father having lost the chief interest which bound him to life, divided his estates between his two other sons, and withdrew with the little one into an adjoining monastery. There was a college attached to it, where the children of many of the neighbouring barons were educated. Hugo, however, was from the first designed for a religious life, and mixed little with the other boys. 'You, my little fellow,' his tutor said to him, 'I am bringing up for Christ: you must not learn to play or trifle.' The old Lord became a monk. Hugo grew up beside him in the convent, waiting on him as he became infirm, and smoothing the downward road; and meanwhile learning whatever of knowledge and practical piety his preceptors were able to provide. The life, it is likely, was not wanting in austerity, but the comparatively easy rule did not satisfy Hugo's aspirations. The theory of 'religion,' as the conventual system in all its forms was termed, was the conquest of self, the reduction of the entire nature to the control of the better part of it; and as the seat of self lay in the body, as temptation to do wrong, then as always, lay, directly or indirectly, in the desire for some bodily indulgence, or the dread of some bodily pain, the method pursued was the inuring of the body to the hardest fare, and the producing indifference to cold, hunger, pain, or any other calamity which the chances of life could inflict upon it. Men so trained could play their part

in life, whether high or low, with wonderful advantage. Wealth had no attraction for them. The world could give them nothing which they had learnt to desire, and take nothing from them which they cared to lose. The orders, however, differed in severity; and at this time the highest discipline, moral and bodily, was to be found only among the Carthusians. An incidental visit with the prior of his own convent to the Grande Chartreuse, determined Hugo to seek admission into this extraordinary society.

It was no light thing which he was undertaking. The majestic situation of the Grande Chartreuse itself, the loneliness, the seclusion, the atmosphere of sanctity, which hung around it, the mysterious beings who had made their home there, fascinated his imagination. A stern old monk, to whom he first communicated his intention, supposing that he was led away by a passing fancy, looked grimly at his pale face and delicate limbs, and roughly told him that he was a fool. 'Young man,' the monk said to him, 'the men who inhabit these rocks are hard as the rocks themselves. They have no mercy on their own bodies and none on others. The dress will scrape the flesh from your bones. The discipline will tear the bones themselves out of such frail limbs as yours.'

The Carthusians combined in themselves the severities of the hermits and of the regular orders. Each member of the fraternity lived in his solitary cell in the rock, meeting his companions only in the chapel, or for instruction, or for the business of the house. They ate

no meat. A loaf of bread was given to every brother on Sunday morning at the refectory door, which was to last him through the week. An occasional mess of gruel was all that was allowed in addition. His bedding was a horse-cloth, a pillow, and a skin. His dress was a horsehair shirt, covered *outside* with linen, which was worn night and day, and the white cloak of the order, generally a sheepskin, and unlined—all else was bare. He was bound by vows of the strictest obedience. The order had business in all parts of the world. Now some captive was to be rescued from the Moors; now some earl or king had been treading on the Church's privileges; a brother was chosen to interpose in the name of the Chartreuse: he received his credentials and had to depart on the instant, with no furniture but his stick, to walk, it might be, to the furthest corner of Europe.

A singular instance of the kind occurs incidentally in the present narrative. A certain brother Einard, who came ultimately to England, had been sent to Spain, to Granada, to Africa itself. Returning through Provence he fell in with some of the Albigenses, who spoke slightingly of the sacraments. The hard Carthusian saw but one course to follow with men he deemed rebels to his Lord. He was the first to urge the crusade which ended in their destruction. He roused the nearest orthodox nobles to arms, and Hugo's biographer tells delightedly how the first invasions were followed up by others on a larger scale, and 'the brute and pestilent race, unworthy of the name of men, were cut

away by the toil of the faithful, and by God's mercy destroyed.'

'Pitiless to themselves,' as the old monk said, 'they had no pity on any other man,' as Einard afterwards was himself to feel. Even Hugo at times disapproved of their extreme severity. 'God,' he said, alluding to some cruel action of the society, 'God tempers his anger with compassion. When he drove Adam from Paradise, he at least gave him a coat of skins: man knows not what mercy means.'

Einard, after this Albigensian affair, was ordered in the midst of a bitter winter to repair to Denmark. He was a very aged man—a hundred years old, his brother monks believed—broken at any rate with age and toil. He shrank from the journey, he begged to be spared, and when the command was persisted in, he refused obedience. He was instantly expelled. Half-clad, amidst the ice and snow, he wandered from one religious house to another. In all he was refused admission. At last, one bitter frosty night he appeared penitent at the gate of the Chartreuse, and prayed to be forgiven. The porter was forbidden to open to him till morning, but left the old man to shiver in the snow through the darkness.

'By my troth, brother,' Einard said the next day to him, 'had you been a bean last night, between my teeth, they would have chopped you in pieces in spite of me.'

Such were the monks of the Chartreuse, among whom the son of the Avalon noble desired to be en-

rolled, as the highest favour which could be shown him upon earth. His petition was entertained. He was allowed to enlist in the spiritual army, in which he rapidly distinguished himself; and at the end of twenty years he had acquired a name through France as the ablest member of the world-famed fraternity.

It was at this time, somewhere about 1174, that Henry II. conceived the notion of introducing the Carthusians into England. In the premature struggle to which he had committed himself with the Church, he had been hopelessly worsted. The Constitutions of Clarendon had been torn in pieces. He had himself, of his own accord, done penance at the shrine of the murdered Becket. The haughty sovereign of England, as a symbol of the sincerity of his submission, had knelt in the Chapter-house of Canterbury, presenting voluntarily there his bare shoulders to be flogged by the monks. His humiliation, so far from degrading him, had restored him to the affection of his subjects, and his endeavour thenceforward was to purify and reinvigorate the proud institution against which he had too rashly matched his strength.

In pursuance of his policy he had applied to the Chartreuse for assistance, and half a dozen monks, among them brother Einard, whose Denmark mission was exchanged for the English, had been sent over and established at Witham, a village not far from Frome in Somersetshire. Sufficient pains had not been taken to prepare for their reception. The Carthusians were a solitary order and required exclusive possession of the

estates set apart for their use. The Saxon population were still in occupation of their holdings, and being Crown tenants, saw themselves threatened with eviction in favour of foreigners. Quarrels had arisen and ill-feeling, and the Carthusians, proud as the proudest of nobles, and considering that in coming to England they were rather conferring favours than receiving them, resented the being compelled to struggle for tenements which they had not sought or desired. The first prior threw up his office and returned to the Chartreuse. The second died immediately after of chagrin and disgust; and the King, who was then in Normandy, heard to his extreme mortification that the remaining brethren were threatening to take staff in hand and march back to their homes. The Count de Maurienne to whom he communicated his distress mentioned Hugo's name to him. It was determined to send for Hugo, and Fitzjocelyn, Bishop of Bath, with other venerable persons carried the invitation to the Chartreuse.

To Hugo himself, meanwhile, as if in preparation for the destiny which was before him, a singular experience was at that moment occurring. He was now about forty years old. It is needless to say that he had duly practised the usual austerities prescribed by his rule. Whatever discipline could do to kill the carnal nature in him had been carried out to its utmost harshness. He was a man, however, of great physical strength. His flesh was not entirely dead, and he was going where superiority to worldly temptation would be specially required. Just before Fitzjocelyn arrived

he was assailed suddenly by emotions so extremely violent that he said he would rather face the pains of Gehenna than encounter them again. His mind was unaffected, but the devil had him at advantage in his sleep. He prayed, he flogged himself; he fasted, he confessed; still Satan was allowed to buffet him, and though he had no fear for his soul, he thought his body would die in the struggle. One night in particular the agony reached its crisis. He lay tossing on his uneasy pallet, the angel of darkness trying with all his allurements to tempt his conscience into acquiescence in evil. An angel from above appeared to enter the cell as a spectator of the conflict. Hugo imagined that he sprung to him, clutched him, and wrestled like Jacob with him to extort a blessing but could not succeed, and at last he sank exhausted on the ground. In the sleep or the unconsciousness which followed, an aged prior of the Chartreuse who had admitted him as a boy to the order, had died and had since been canonized, seemed to lean over him as he lay and inquired the cause of his distress. He said that he was afflicted to agony by the law of sin that was in his members, and unless some one aided him he would perish. The saint drew from his breast what appeared to be a knife, opened his body, drew a fiery mass of something from the bowels, and flung it out of the door. He awoke and found that it was morning and that he was perfectly cured.

'Did you never feel a return of these motions of the flesh?' asked Adam, when Hugo related the story to him

'Not never,' Hugo answered, 'but never to a degree that gave me the slightest trouble.'

'I have been particular,' wrote Adam afterwards, 'to relate this exactly as it happened, a false account of it having gone abroad that it was the Blessed Virgin who appeared instead of the prior,' and that Hugo was relieved by an operation of a less honourable kind.

Visionary nonsense the impatient reader may say; and had Hugo become a dreamer of the cloister, a persecutor like St Dominic, or a hysterical fanatic like Ignatius Loyola, we might pass by it as a morbid illusion. But there never lived a man to whom the word morbid could be applied with less propriety. In the Hugo of Avalon with whom we are now to become acquainted, we shall see nothing but the sunniest cheerfulness, strong masculine sense, inflexible purpose, uprightness in word and deed; with an ever-flowing stream of genial and buoyant humour.

In the story of the temptation, therefore, we do but see the final conquest of the selfish nature in him, which left his nobler qualities free to act, wherever he might find himself.

Fitzjocelyn anticipating difficulty had brought with him the Bishop of Grenoble to support his petition. He was received at first with universal clamour. Hugo was the brightest jewel of the order; Hugo could not be parted with for any prince on earth. He himself, entirely happy where he was, anticipated nothing but trouble, but left his superiors to decide for him. At length sense of duty prevailed. The brethren felt that he was

a shining light, of which the world must not be deprived. The Bishop of Grenoble reminded them that Christ had left heaven and come to earth for sinners' souls, and that his example ought to be imitated. It was arranged that Hugo was to go, and a few weeks later he was at Witham.

He was welcomed there as an angel from heaven. He found everything in confusion, the few monks living in wattled huts in the forest, the village still in possession of its old occupants, and bad blood and discontent on all hands. The first difficulty was to enter upon the lands without wrong to the people, and the history of a large eviction in the twelfth century will not be without its instructiveness even at the present day. One thing Hugo was at once decided upon, that the foundation would not flourish if it was built upon injustice. He repaired to Henry, and as a first step induced him to offer the tenants (Crown serfs or villeins) either entire enfranchisement or farms of equal value, or any other of the royal manors, to be selected by themselves. Some chose one, some the other. The next thing was compensation for improvements, houses, farm-buildings, and fences erected by the people at their own expense. The Crown, if it resumed possession, must pay for these or wrong would be done. 'Unless your Majesty satisfy these poor men to the last obol,' said Hugo to Henry, 'we cannot take possession.'

The King consented, and the people, when the Prior carried back the news of the arrangement, were satisfied to go.

But this was not all. Many of them were removing no great distance, and could carry with them the materials of their houses. Hugo resolved that they should keep these things, and again marched off to the court.

'My Lord,' said Hugo, 'I am but a new comer in your realm, and I have already enriched your Majesty with a quantity of cottages and farm-steadings.'

'Riches I could well have spared,' said Henry, laughing. 'You have almost made a beggar of me. What am I to do with old huts and rotten timber?'

'Perhaps your Majesty will give them to me,' said Hugo. 'It is but a trifle,' he added, when the King hesitated. 'It is my first request, and only a small one.'

'This is a terrible fellow that we have brought among us,' laughed the King; 'if he is so powerful with his persuasions, what will he do if he tries force? Let it be as he says. We must not drive him to extremities.'

Thus, with the good will of all parties, and no wrong done to any man, the first obstacles were overcome. The villagers went away happy. The monks entered upon their lands amidst prayers and blessings, the King himself being as pleased as any one at his first experience of the character of Prior Hugo.

Henry had soon occasion to see more of him. He had promised to build the monks a house and chapel, but between Ireland, and Wales, and Scotland, and his dominions in France, and his three mutinous sons, he

had many troubles on his hands. Time passed and the building was not begun, and Hugo's flock grew mutinous once more; twice he sent Henry a reminder, twice came back fair words and nothing more. The brethren began to hint that the Prior was afraid of the powers of this world, and dared not speak plainly; and one of them, Brother Gerard, an old monk with high blood in his veins, declared that he would himself go and tell Henry some unpleasant truths. Hugo had discovered in his interviews with him that the King was no ordinary man, 'vir sagacis ingenii, et inscrutabilis fere animi.' He made no opposition, but he proposed to go himself along with this passionate gentleman, and he, Gerard, and the aged Einard, who was mentioned above, went together as a deputation.

The King received them as 'cœlestes angelos,'—angels from heaven. He professed the deepest reverence for their characters, and the greatest anxiety to please them, but he said nothing precise and determined, and the fiery Gerard burst out as he intended. Carthusian monks, it seems, considered themselves entitled to speak to kings on entirely equal terms. 'Finish your work or leave it, my Lord King,' the proud Burgundian said. 'It shall no more be any concern to me. You have a pleasant realm here in England, but for myself I prefer to take my leave of you and go back to my desert Chartreuse. You give us bread, and you think you are doing a great thing for us. We do not need your bread. It is better for us to return to our Alps. You count money lost which you

spend on your soul's health; keep it then, since you love it so dearly. Or rather, you cannot keep it; for you must die and let it go to others who will not thank you.'

Hugo tried to check the stream of words, but Gerard and Einard were both older than he, and refused to be restrained.

'Regem videres philosophantem:' the King was apparently meditating. His face did not alter, nor did he speak a work till the Carthusian had done.

'And what do you think, my good fellow,' he said at last, after a pause, looking up and turning to Hugo: 'will you forsake me too?'

'My Lord,' said Hugo, 'I am less desperate than my brothers. You have much work upon your hands, and I can feel for you. When God shall please you will have leisure to attend to us.'

'By my soul,' Henry answered, 'you are one that I will never part with while I live.'

He sent workmen at once to Witham. Cells and chapel were duly built. The trouble finally passed away, and the Carthusian priory taking root became the English nursery of the order, which rapidly spread.

Hugo himself continued there for eleven years, leaving it from time to time on business of the Church, or summoned, as happened more and more frequently, to Henry's presence. The King, who had seen his value, who knew that he could depend upon him to speak the truth, consulted him on the most serious affairs of state, and beginning with respect, became

familiarly and ardently attached to him. Witham however remained his home, and he returned to it always as to a retreat of perfect enjoyment. His cell and his dole of weekly bread gave him as entire satisfaction as the most luxuriously furnished villa could afford to one of ourselves; and long after, when he was called elsewhere, and the cares of the great world fell more heavily upon him, he looked to an annual month at Witham for rest of mind and body, and on coming there he would pitch away his grand dress and jump into his sheepskin as we moderns put on our shooting jackets.

While he remained Prior he lived in perfect simplicity and unbroken health of mind and body. The fame of his order spread fast, and with its light the inseparable shadow of superstition. Witham became a place of pilgrimage; miracles were said to be worked by involuntary effluences from its occupants. Then and always Hugo thought little of miracles, turned his back on them for the most part, and discouraged them if not as illusions yet as matters of no consequence. St Paul thought one intelligible sentence containing truth in it was better than a hundred in an unknown tongue. The Prior of Witham considered that the only miracle worth speaking of was holiness of life. 'Little I,' writes Adam (parvulus ego), 'observed that he worked many miracles himself, but he paid no attention to them.' Thus he lived for eleven years with as much rational happiness as, in his opinion, human nature was capable of experiencing. When he lay

down upon his horse-rug he slept like a child, undisturbed, save that at intervals, as if he was praying, he muttered a composed Amen. When he awoke he rose and went about his ordinary business: cleaning up dirt, washing dishes and such like, being his favourite early occupation.

The Powers, however — who, according to the Greeks, are jealous of human felicity—thought proper, in due time, to disturb the Prior of Witham. Towards the end of 1183 Walter de Coutances was promoted from the Bishopric of Lincoln to the Archbishopric of Rouen. The see lay vacant for two years and a half, and a successor had now to be provided. A great council was sitting at Ensham on business of the realm; the King riding over every morning from Woodstock. A deputation of canons from Lincoln came to learn his pleasure for the filling up the vacancy. The canons were directed to make a choice for themselves and were unable to agree, for the not unnatural reason that each canon considered the fittest person to be himself. Some one (Adam does not mention the name) suggested, as a way out of the difficulty, the election of Hugo of Witham. The canons being rich, well to do, and of the modern easy-going sort, laughed at the suggestion of the poor Carthusian. They found to their surprise, however, that the King was emphatically of the same opinion, and that Hugo and nobody else was the person that he intended for them.

The King's pleasure was theirs. They gave their votes, and despatched a deputation over the downs to

command the Prior's instant presence at Ensham.

A difficulty rose where it was least expected. Not only was the 'Nolo episcopari' in Hugo's case a genuine feeling, not only did he regard worldly promotion as a thing not in the least attractive to him; but, in spite of his regard for Henry, he did not believe that the King was a proper person to nominate the prelates of the Church. He told the canons that the election was void. They must return to their own cathedral, call the chapter together, invoke the Holy Spirit, put the King of England out of their minds, and consider rather the King of kings; and so, and not otherwise, proceed with their choice.

The canons, wide-eyed with so unexpected a reception, retired with their answer. Whether they complied with the spirit of Hugo's direction may perhaps be doubted. They, however, assembled at Lincoln with the proper forms, and repeated the election with the external conditions which he had prescribed. As a last hope of escape he appealed to the Chartreuse, declaring himself unable to accept any office without orders from his superiors; but the authorities there forbade him to decline; and a fresh deputation of canons having come for his escort, he mounted his mule with a heavy heart and set out in their company for Winchester, where the King was then residing.

A glimpse of the party we are able to catch upon their journey. Though it was seven hundred years since, the English September was probably much like what it is at present, and the down country cannot have

materially altered. The canons had their palfreys richly caparisoned with gilt saddle-cloths, and servants and sumpter horses. The Bishop elect strapped his wardrobe, his blanket and sheep-skin, at the back of his saddle. He rode in this way resisting remonstrance till close to Winchester, when the canons, afraid of the ridicule of the Court, slit the leathers without his knowing it, and passed his baggage to the servants.

Consecration and installation duly followed, and it was supposed that Hugo, a humble monk, owing his promotion to the King, would be becomingly grateful, that he would become just a Bishop, like anybody else, complying with established customs, moving in the regular route, and keeping the waters smooth.

All parties were disagreeably, or rather, as it turned out ultimately, agreeably, surprised. The first intimation which he gave that he had a will of his own followed instantly upon his admission. Corruption or quasi-corruption had gathered already round ecclesiastical appointments. The Archdeacon of Canterbury put in a claim for consecration fees, things in themselves without meaning or justice, but implying that a bishopric was a prize, the lucky winner of which was expected to be generous.

The new prelate held no such estimate of the nature of his appointment—he said he would give as much for his cathedral as he had given for his mitre, and left the Archdeacon to his reflections.

No sooner was he established and had looked about him, than from the poor tenants of estates of the see he

heard complaints of that most ancient of English grievances—the game laws. Hugo, who himself touched no meat, was not likely to have cared for the chase. He was informed that venison must be provided for his installation feast. He told his people to take from his park what was necessary—three hundred stags if they pleased, so little he cared for preserving them; but neither was he a man to have interfered needlessly with the recognized amusements of other people. There must have been a case of real oppression, or he would not have meddled with such things. The offender was no less a person than the head forester of the King himself. Hugo, failing to bring him to reason with mild methods, excommunicated him, and left him to carry his complaints to Henry. It happened that a rich stall was at the moment vacant at Lincoln. The King wanted it for one of his courtiers, and gave the Bishop an opportunity of redeeming his first offence by asking for it as a favour to himself. Henry was at Woodstock; the Bishop, at the moment, was at Dorchester, a place in his diocese thirteen miles off. On receiving Henry's letter the Bishop bade the messenger carry back for answer that prebendal stalls were not for courtiers but for priests. The King must find other means of rewarding temporal services. Henry, with some experience of the pride of ecclesiastics, was unprepared for so abrupt a message—Becket himself had been less insolent—and as he had been personally kind to Hugo, he was hurt as well as offended. He sent again to desire him to come to Woodstock, and prepared,

when he arrived, to show him that he was seriously displeased. Then followed one of the most singular scenes in English history—a thing veritably true, which oaks still standing in Woodstock Park may have witnessed. As soon as word was brought that the Bishop was at the park gate, Henry mounted his horse, rode with his retinue into a glade in the forest, where he alighted, sat down upon the ground with his people, and in this position prepared to receive the criminal. The Bishop approached—no one rose or spoke. He saluted the King; there was no answer. Pausing for a moment, he approached, pushed aside gently an earl who was sitting at Henry's side, and himself took his place. Silence still continued. At last Henry, looking up, called for a needle and thread; he had hurt a finger of his left hand. It was wrapped with a strip of linen rag, the end was loose, and he began to sew. The Bishop watched him through a few stitches, and then, with the utmost composure, said to him—'Quam similis es modo cognatis tuis de Falesiâ'—'your Highness now reminds me of your cousins of Falaise.' The words sounded innocent enough—indeed, entirely unmeaning. Alone of the party, Henry understood the allusion; and, overwhelmed by the astonishing impertinence, he clenched his hands, struggled hard to contain himself, and then rolled on the ground in convulsions of laughter.

'Did you hear,' he said to his people when at last he found words; 'did you hear how this wretch insulted us? The blood of my ancestor the Conqueror, as you know, was none of the purest. His mother was of

Falaise, which is famous for its leather work, and when this mocking gentleman saw me stitching my finger, he said I was showing my parentage.'

'My good sir,' he continued, turning to Hugo, 'what do you mean by excommunicating my head forester, and when I make a small request of you, why is it that you not only do not come to see me, but do not send me so much as a civil answer?'

'I know myself,' answered Hugo, gravely, 'to be indebted to your Highness for my late promotion. I considered that your Highness's soul would be in danger if I was found wanting in the discharge of my duties; and therefore it was that I used the censures of the Church when I held them necessary, and that I resisted an improper attempt on your part upon a stall in my cathedral. To wait on you on such a subject I thought superfluous, since your Highness approves, as a matter of course, of whatever is rightly ordered in your realm.'

What could be done with such a Bishop? No one knew better than Henry the truth of what Hugo was saying, or the worth of such a man to himself. He bade Hugo proceed with the forester as he pleased. Hugo had him publicly whipped, then absolved him, and gave him his blessing, and found in him ever after a fast and faithful friend. The courtiers asked for no more stalls, and all was well.

In Church matters in his own diocese he equally took his own way. Nothing could be more unlike than Hugo to the canons whom he found in possession; yet he somehow bent them all to his will, or carried their

wills with his own. 'Never since I came to the diocese,' he said to his chaplain, 'have I had a quarrel with my chapter. It is not that I am easy-going—sum enim reverâ pipere mordacior: pepper is not more biting than I can be. I often fly out for small causes; but they take me as they find me. There is not one who distrusts my love for him, nor one by whom I do not believe myself to be loved.'

At table this hardest of monks was the most agreeable of companions. Though no one had practised abstinence more severe, no one less valued it for its own sake, or had less superstition or foolish sentiment about it. It was, and is, considered sacrilege in the Church of Rome to taste food before saying mass. Hugo, if he saw a priest who was to officiate exhausted for want of support, and likely to find a difficulty in getting through his work, would order him to eat as a point of duty, and lectured him for want of faith if he affected to be horrified.

Like all genuine men, the Bishop was an object of special attraction to children and animals. The little ones in every house that he entered were always found clinging about his legs. Of the attachment of other creatures to him, there was one very singular instance. About the time of his installation there appeared on the mere at Stow Manor, eight miles from Lincoln, a swan of unusual size, which drove the other male birds from off the water. Abbot Adam, who frequently saw the bird, says that he was curiously marked. The bill was saffron instead of black, with a saffron tint on the

plumage of the head and neck; and the Abbot adds, he was as much larger than other swans as a swan is larger than a goose. This bird, on the occasion of the Bishop's first visit to the manor, was brought to him to be seen as a curiosity. He was usually unmanageable and savage; but the Bishop knew the way to his heart; fed him, and taught him to poke his head into the pockets of his frock to look for bread crumbs, which he did not fail to find there. Ever after he seemed to know instinctively when the Bishop was expected, flew trumpeting up and down the lake, slapping the water with his wings; when the horses approached, he would march out upon the grass to meet them; strutted at the Bishop's side, and would sometimes follow him upstairs.

It was a miracle of course to the general mind, though explicable enough to those who have observed the physical charm which men who take pains to understand animals are able to exercise over them.

To relate, or even to sketch, Bishop Hugo's public life in the fourteen years that he was at Lincoln, would be beyond the compass of a magazine article. The materials indeed do not exist; for Abbot Adam's life is but a collection of anecdotes; and out of them it is only possible here to select a few at random. King Henry died two years after the scene at Woodstock; then came the accession of Cœur de Lion, the Crusade, the King's imprisonment in Austria, and the conspiracy of John. Glimpses can be caught of the Bishop in these stormy times quelling insurgent mobs—in

Holland, perhaps Holland in Lincolnshire, with his brother William of Avalon, encountering a military insurrection; single-handed and unarmed, overawing a rising at Northampton, when the citizens took possession of the great church, and swords were flashing, and his attendant chaplains fled terrified, and hid themselves behind the altars.

These things however, glad as we should be to know more of them, the Abbot merely hints at, confining himself to subjects more interesting to the convent recluses for whose edification he was writing.

But in whatever circumstances he lets us see the Bishop, it is always the same simple, brave, unpretending, wise figure, one to whom nature had been lavish of her fairest gifts, and whose training, to modern eyes so unpromising, had brought out all that was best in him.

Among the most deadly disorders which at that time prevailed in England was leprosy. The wretched creatures afflicted with so loathsome a disease were regarded with a superstitious terror: as the objects in some special way of the wrath of God. They were outlawed from the fellowship of mankind, and left to perish in misery.

The Bishop, who had clearer views of the nature and causes of human suffering, established hospitals on his estate for these poor victims of undeserved misery, whose misfortunes appeared to him to demand special care and sympathy. To the horror of his attendants, he persisted in visiting them himself; he washed their

sores with his own hands, kissed them, prayed over them, and consoled them.

'Pardon, blessed Jesus,' exclaims Adam, 'the unhappy soul of him who tells the story! when I saw my master touch those bloated and livid faces; when I saw him kiss the bleared eyes or eyeless sockets, I shud dered with disgust. But Hugo said to me that these afflicted ones were flowers of Paradise, pearls in the coronet of the Eternal King waiting for the coming of their Lord, who in His own time would change their forlorn bodies into the likeness of his own glory.'

He never altered his own monastic habits. He never parted with his hair shirt, or varied from the hardness of the Carthusian rule; but he refused to allow that it possessed any particular sanctity. Men of the world affected regret sometimes to him that they were held by duty to a secular life when they would have preferred to retire into a monastery. The kingdom of God, he used to answer, was not made up of monks and hermits. God, at the day of judgment, would not ask a man why he had not been a monk, but why he had not been a Christian. Charity in the heart, truth in the tongue, chastity in the body, were the virtues which God demanded: and chastity, to the astonishment of his clergy, he insisted, was to be found as well among the married as the unmarried. The wife was as honourable as the virgin. He allowed women (Adam's pen trembles as he records it) to sit at his side at dinner; and had been known to touch and even to embrace them. 'Woman,' he once said re-

markably, 'has been admitted to a higher privilege than man. It has not been given to man to be the father of God. To woman it has been given to be God's mother.'

Another curious feature about him was his eagerness to be present, whenever possible, at the burial of the dead. He never allowed any one of his priests to bury a corpse if he were himself within reach. If a man had been good, he said, he deserved to be honoured. If he had been a sinner, there was the more reason to help him. He would allow nothing to interfere with a duty of this kind; and in great cities he would spend whole days by the side of graves. At Rouen once he was engaged to dinner with King Richard himself, and kept the King and the Court waiting for him while he was busy in the cemetery. A courtier came to fetch him. 'The King needn't wait,' he only said. 'Let him go to dinner in the name of God. Better the King dine without my company, than that I leave my Master's work undone.'

Gentle and affectionate as he shows himself in such traits as these, still, as he said, he was *pipere mordacior* —more biting than pepper. When there was occasion for anger there was fierce lightning in him; he was not afraid of the highest in the land.

The cause for which Becket died was no less dear to Hugo. On no pretext would he permit innovation on the Church's privileges, and he had many a sharp engagement with the primate, Archbishop Hubert, who was too complaisant to the secular power. An

instance or two may be taken at random. There was a certain Richard de Wavre in his diocese, a younger son of a noble house, who was in deacon's orders, but, the elder brother having died childless, was hoping to relapse into the lay estate. This Richard in some one of the many political quarrels of the day brought a charge of treason against Sir Reginald de Argentun, one of the Bishop's knights. As he was a clerk in orders the Bishop forbade him to appear as prosecutor in a secular court or cause. Cœur de Lion and Archbishop Hubert ordered him to go on. The Bishop suspended him for contumacy, the Archbishop removed the suspension. The Bishop pronounced sentence of excommunication; the Archbishop, as primate and legate, issued letters of absolution, which Richard flourished triumphantly in the Bishop's face.

'If my Lord Archbishop absolve you a hundred times,' was Hugo's answer, 'a hundred times I will excommunicate you again. Regard my judgment as you will, I hold you bound while you remain impenitent.' Death ended the dispute. The wretched Richard was murdered by one of his servants.

Another analogous exploit throws curious light on the habits of the times. Riding once through St Albans he met the sheriff with the *posse comitatus* escorting a felon to the gallows. The prisoner threw himself before the Bishop and claimed protection. The Bishop reined in his horse and asked who the man was.

'My Lord,' said the sheriff shortly, 'it is no affair of yours; let us pass and do our duty.'

'Eh!' then said Hugo. 'Blessed be God; we will see about that; make over the man to me; and go back and tell the judges that I have taken him from you.'

'My lords judges,' he said, when they came to remonstrate, 'I need not remind you of the Church's privilege of sanctuary; understand that where the Bishop is, the Church is. He who can consecrate the sanctuary carries with him the sacredness of the sanctuary.'

The humiliation of an English king at Becket's tomb had been a lesson too severe and too recent to be forgotten. 'We may not dispute with you,' the judges replied; 'if you choose to let this man go we shall not oppose you, but you must answer for it to the King's Highness.'

'So be it,' answered Hugo, 'you have spoken well. I charge myself with your prisoner. The responsibility be mine.'

There was probably something more in the case than appears on the surface. The sanctuary system worked in mitigation of a law which in itself was frightfully cruel, and there may have been good reason why the life of the poor wretch should have been spared. The Bishop set him free. It is to be hoped that 'he sinned no more.'

The common-sense view which the Bishop took of miracles has been already spoken of, but we may give one or two other illustrations of it. Doubtless, he did not disbelieve in the possibility of miracles, but he

knew how much imposture passed current under the name, and whether true or false he never missed a chance of checking or affronting superstition.

Stopping once in a country town on a journey from Paris to Troyes, he invited the parish priest to dine with him. The priest declined, but came in the evening to sit and talk with the chaplains. He was a lean old man, dry and shrivelled to the bones, and he told them a marvellous story which he bade them report to their master.

Long ago, he said, when he was first ordained priest, he fell into mortal sin, and without having confessed or done penance he had presumed to officiate at the altar. He was sceptical too, it seemed, a premature Voltairian. 'Is it credible,' he had said to himself when consecrating the host, 'that I, a miserable sinner, can manufacture and handle and eat the body and blood of God?' He was breaking the wafer at the moment; blood flowed at the fracture—the part which was in his hand became flesh. He dropped it terrified into the chalice, and the wine turned instantly into blood. The precious things were preserved. The priest went to Rome, confessed to the Pope himself, and received absolution. The faithful now flocked from all parts of France to adore the mysterious substances which were to be seen in the parish church; and the priest trusted that he might be honoured on the following day by the presence of Bishop Hugo and his retinue.

The chaplains rushed to the Bishop open-mouthed,

eager to be allowed to refresh their souls on so divine a spectacle.

'In the name of God,' he said quietly, 'let unbelievers go rushing after signs and wonders. What have we to do with such things who partake every day of the heavenly sacrifice? He dismissed the Priest with his blessing, giving him the benefit of a doubt, though he probably suspected him to be a rogue, and forbade his chaplains most strictly to yield to idle curiosity.

He was naturally extremely humorous, and humour in such men will show itself sometimes in playing with things, in the sacredness of which they may believe fully notwithstanding. It has been said, indeed, that no one has any real faith if he cannot afford to play with it.

Among the relics at Fécamp, in Normandy, was a so-called bone of Mary Magdalene. This precious jewel was kept with jealous care. It was deposited in a case, and within the case was double wrapped in silk. Bishop Hugo was taken to look at it in the presence of a crowd of monks, abbots, and other dignitaries; mass had been said first as a preparation; the thing was then taken out of its box and exhibited, so far it could be seen through its envelope. The Bishop asked to look at the bone itself; and no one venturing to touch it, he borrowed a knife and calmly slit the covering. He took it up, whatever it may have been, gazed at it, raised it to his lips as if to kiss it, and then suddenly with a strong grip of his teeth bit a morsel out of its side. A

shriek of sacrilege rang through the church. Looking round quietly the Bishop said, 'Just now we were handling in our unworthy fingers the body of the Holy One of all. We passed Him between our teeth and down into our stomach; why may we not do the like with the members of his saints?'

We have left to the last the most curious of all the stories connected with this singular man. We have seen him with King Henry; we will now follow him into the presence of Cœur de Lion.

Richard, it will be remembered, on his return from his captivity plunged into war with Philip of France, carrying out a quarrel which had commenced in the Holy Land. The King, in distress for money, had played tricks with Church patronage which Hugo had firmly resisted. Afterwards an old claim on Lincoln diocese for some annual services was suddenly revived, which had been pretermitted for sixty years. The arrears for all that time were called for and exacted, and the clergy had to raise among themselves 3000 marks: hard measure of this kind perhaps induced Hugo to look closely into further demands.

In 1197, when Richard was in Normandy, a pressing message came home from him for supplies. A council was held at Oxford, when Archbishop Hubert, who was Chancellor, required each prelate and great nobleman in the King's name to provide three hundred knights at his own cost to serve in the war. The Bishop of London supported the primate. The Bishop of Lincoln followed. Being a stranger, he said, and ignorant on

his arrival of English laws, he had made it his business to study them. The see of Lincoln, he was aware, was bound to military service, but it was service in England and not abroad. The demand of the King was against the liberties which he had sworn to defend, and he would rather die than betray them.

The Bishop of Salisbury, gathering courage from Hugo's resistance, took the same side. The council broke up in confusion, and the Archbishop wrote to Richard to say that he was unable to raise the required force, and that the Bishop of Lincoln was the cause. Richard, who, with most noble qualities, had the temper of a fiend, replied instantly with an order to seize and confiscate the property of the rebellious prelates. The Bishop of Salisbury was brought upon his knees, but Hugo, fearless as ever, swore that he would excommunicate any man who dared to execute the King's command; and as it was known that he would keep his word, the royal officers hesitated to act. The King wrote a second time more fiercely, threatening death if they disobeyed, and the Bishop, not wishing to expose them to trouble on his account, determined to go over and encounter the tempest in person.

At Rouen, on his way to Roche d'Andeli, where Richard was lying, he was encountered by the Earl Marshal and Lord Albemarle, who implored him to send some conciliatory message by them, as the King was so furious that they feared he might provoke the anger of God by some violent act.

The Bishop declined their assistance. He desired

them merely to tell the King that he was coming. They hurried back, and he followed at his leisure. The scene that ensued was even stranger than the interview already described with Henry in the park at Woodstock.

Cœur de Lion, when he arrived at Roche d'Andeli, was hearing mass in the church. He was sitting in a great chair at the opening into the choir, with the Bishops of Durham and Ely on either side. Church ceremonials must have been conducted with less stiff propriety than at present. Hugo advanced calmly and made the usual obeisance. Richard said nothing, but frowned, looked sternly at him for a moment, and turned away.

'Kiss me, my Lord King,' said the Bishop. It was the ordinary greeting between the sovereign and the spiritual peers. The King averted his face still further.

'Kiss me, my Lord,' said Hugo again, and he caught Cœur de Lion by the vest and shook him, Abbot Adam standing shivering behind.

'Non meruisti—thou hast not deserved it,' growled Richard.

'I have deserved it,' replied Hugo, and shook him harder.

Had he shown fear, Cœur de Lion would probably have trampled on him, but who could resist such marvellous audacity? The kiss was given. The Bishop passed up to the altar and became absorbed in the service, Cœur de Lion curiously watching him.

When mass was over there was a formal audience, but the result of it was decided already. Hugo declared his loyalty in everything, save what touched his duty to God. The King yielded, and threw the blame of the quarrel on the too complaisant primate.

Even this was not all. The Bishop afterwards requested a private interview. He told Richard solemnly that he was uneasy for his soul, and admonished him, if he had anything on his conscience, to confess it.

The King said he was conscious of no sin, save of a certain rage against his French enemies.

'Obey God!' the Bishop said, 'and God will humble your enemies for you—and you for your part take heed you offend not Him or hurt your neighbour. I speak in sadness, but rumour says you are unfaithful to your queen.'

The lion was tamed for the moment. The King acknowledged nothing but restrained his passion, only observing afterwards, 'If all bishops were like my Lord of Lincoln, not a prince among us could lift his head against them.'

The trouble was not over. Hugo returned to England to find his diocese in confusion. A bailiff of the Earl of Leicester had taken a man out of sanctuary in Lincoln and had hung him. Instant excommunication followed. The Bishop compelled every one who had been concerned in the sacrilege to repair, stripped naked to the waist, to the spot where the body was buried, to dig it up, putrid as it was, and carry it on their shoul-

ders round the town, to halt at each church door to be flogged by the priests belonging to the place, and then with their own hands to rebury the man in the cemetery from which he had been originally carried off.

Fresh demands for money in another, but no less irregular, form followed from the King. There was again a council in London. The Archbishop insisted that Hugo should levy a subsidy upon his clergy.

'Do you not know, my Lord,' the primate said, 'that the King is as thirsty for money as a man with the dropsy for water?'

'His Majesty may be dropsical for all that I know, Hugo answered, 'but I will not be the water for him to swallow.'

Once more he started for Normandy, but not a second time to try the effect of his presence on Cœur de Lion. On approaching Angers he was met by Sir Gilbert de Lacy with the news that the Lion-heart was cold. Richard had been struck by an arrow in the trenches at Chaluz. The wound had mortified and he was dead. He was to be buried at Fontevrault, but the country was in the wildest confusion. The roads were patrolled by banditti, and de Lacy strongly advised the Bishop to proceed no further.

Hugo's estimate of danger was unlike de Lacy's. 'I have more fear,' he said, 'of failing through cowardice in my duty to my lord and prince. If the thieves take my horse and clothes from me, I can walk, and walk the lighter. If they tie me fast, I cannot help myself.'

Paying a brief visit to Queen Berengaria, at Beaufort Abbey, on the way, he reached Fontevrault on Palm Sunday, the day of the funeral, and was in time to pay the last honours to the sovereign whom he had defied and yet loved so dearly.

His own time was also nearly out, and this hurried sketch must also haste to its end. One more scene, however, remains to be described.

To Henry and Richard, notwithstanding their many faults, the Bishop was ardently attached. For their sakes, and for his country's, he did what lay in him to influence for good the brother who was to succeed to the throne.

At the time of Richard's death, John was with his nephew Arthur in Brittany. That John and not Arthur must take Richard's place the Bishop seems to have assumed as unavoidable; Arthur was but ten years old and the times were too rough for a regency. John made haste to Fontevrault, receiving on his way the allegiance of many of the barons. After the funeral he made a profusion of promises to the Bishop of Lincoln as to his future conduct.

The Bishop had no liking for John. He knew him to have been paltry, false, and selfish.

'I trust you mean what you say,' he said in reply. 'Nostis quia satis aversor mendacium,—you know that I hate lying.'

John produced an amulet which he wore round his neck with a chain. That he seemed to think would help him to walk straight

The Bishop looked at it scornfully. 'Do you trust in a senseless stone?' he said. 'Trust in the living rock in heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ. Anchor your hopes in Him and He will direct you.'

On one side of the church at Fontevrault was a celebrated sculpture of the day of judgment. The Judge was on his throne; on his left were a group of crowned kings led away by devils to be hurled into the smoking pit. Hugo pointed significantly to them. 'Understand,' he said, 'that those men are going into unending torture. Think of it, and let your wisdom teach you the prospects of princes who, while they govern men, are unable to rule themselves, and become slaves in hell through eternity. Fear this, I say, while there is time. The hour will come when it will have been too late.'

John affected to smile, pointed to the good kings on the other side, and declared, with infinite volubility, that he would be found one of those.

The fool's nature, however, soon showed itself. Hugo took leave of him with a foreboding heart, paid one more bright brief visit in the following year to his birthplace in the south, and then returned to England to die. He had held his see but fourteen years, and was no more than sixty-five. His asceticism had not impaired his strength. At his last visit to the Chartreuse he had distanced all his companions on the steep hill-side, but illness overtook him on his way home. He arrived in London, at his house in the Old Temple, in the middle of September, to feel that he was rapidly

dying. Of death itself, it is needless to say, he had no kind of fear. 'By the holy nut,' he used to say, in his queer way ('per sanctam nucem,[1] sic enim vice juramenti ad formationem verbi interdum loquebatur'), 'by the holy nut, we should be worse off if we were not allowed to die at all.'

He prepared with his unvarying composure. As his illness increased, and he was confined to his bed, his hair shirt hurt him. Twisting into knots, as he shifted from side to side, it bruised and wounded his skin. The rules of the order would have allowed him to dispense with it, but he could not be induced to let it go; but he took animal food, which the doctor prescribed as good for him, and quietly and kindly submitted to whatever else was ordered for him. He knew, however, that his life was over, and with constant confession held himself ready for the change. Great people came about him. John himself came; but he received him coldly. Archbishop Hubert came once; he did not care, perhaps, to return a second time.

The Archbishop, sitting by his bed, after the usual condolences, suggested that the Bishop of Lincoln might like to use the opportunity to repent of any sharp expressions which he had occasionally been betrayed into using. As the hint was not taken, he referred especially to himself as one of those who had something to complain of.

'Indeed, your Grace,' replied Hugo, 'there have

[1] Perhaps for 'crucem,' as we say 'by *Gad*,' to avoid the actual word.

been passages of words between us, and I have much to regret in relation to them. It is not, however, what I have said to your Grace, but what I have omitted to say. I have more feared to offend your Grace than to offend my Father in heaven. I have withheld words which I ought to have spoken, and I have thus sinned against your Grace and desire your forgiveness. Should it please God to spare my life I purpose to amend that fault.'

As his time drew near, he gave directions for the disposition of his body, named the place in Lincoln Cathedral where he was to be buried, and bade his chaplain make a cross of ashes on the floor of his room, lift him from his bed at the moment of departure, and place him upon it.

It was a November afternoon. The choristers of St Paul's were sent for to chant the compline to him for the last time. He gave a sign when they were half through. They lifted him and laid him on the ashes. The choristers sang on, and as they began the Nunc Dimittis he died.

So parted one of the most beautiful spirits that was ever incarnated in human clay. Never was man more widely mourned over, or more honoured in his death. He was taken down to Lincoln, and the highest and the lowest alike had poured out to meet the body. A company of poor Jews, the offscouring of mankind, for whom rack and gridiron were considered generally too easy couches, came to mourn over one whose justice had sheltered even them.

John was at Lincoln at the time, and William of Scotland with him; and on the hill, a mile from the town, two kings, three archbishops, fourteen bishops, a hundred abbots, and as many earls and barons, were waiting to receive the sad procession.

King John and the archbishops took the bier upon their shoulders, and waded knee-deep through the mud to the cathedral. The King of Scotland stood apart in tears.

It was no vain pomp or unmeaning ceremony, but the genuine healthful recognition of human worth. The story of Hugo of Lincoln has been too long unknown to us. It deserves a place in every biography of English Worthies. It ought to be familiar to every English boy. Such men as he were the true builders of our nation's greatness. Like the 'well-tempered mortar' in old English walls, which is hard as the stone itself, their actions and their thoughts are the cement of our national organization, and bind together yet such parts of it as still are allowed to stand

FATHER NEWMAN ON 'THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT.'[1]

THIRTY years ago, when the tendencies Romewards of the English High Churchmen were first becoming visible, Dr Arnold expressed his own opinion of the reasonableness of the movement in the brief sentence. 'Believe in the Pope! I would as soon believe in Jupiter.' Whether belief in Jupiter may hereafter become possible, time will show. Necromancy has been revived in spirit-rapping. We have converts to Islam among us, and England is the chosen recruiting ground of the Mormon Apostles; while this book before us is an attempt on the part of one of the ablest of living men, to prove that there is no reasonable standing ground between Atheism and submission to the Holy See—submission not outwardly only, or partially, or conditionally, as to an authority which has historical claims upon us, and may possibly or probably deserve

[1] *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.* By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1870.

87092

our allegiance; but submission complete and entire, the unreserved resignation of our moral and spiritual intelligence. The Church of Rome, and indeed all religious dogmatic systems, are not content with insisting that there is a high probability in their favour. They call themselves infallible. They demand on our part an absolute certainty that they are right, and although they disagree among themselves and cannot all be right, and although points on which those competent to form an opinion differ, in all other things we agree to hold doubtful, they tell us that doubt is a sin, that we can be and ought to be entirely certain, that a complete and utter acquiescence which excludes the possibility of mistake, is a frame of mind at once possible and philosophically just.

It is this seeming paradox which Dr Newman undertakes to prove. His book is composed with elaborate art, which is the more striking the more frequently we peruse it. Every line, every word tells, from the opening sentence to the last.

His object, from the beginning to the end, is to combat and overthrow the position of Locke, that reasonable assent is proportioned to evidence, and in its nature, therefore, admits of degrees.

He commences with an analysis of the elementary mental processes. He divides 'assent' into 'notional' and 'real.' He calls notional 'assent' that which we give to general propositions, scientific, literary, or philosophical; real assent, the conclusions which we form in matters of fact, either in our sensible percep-

tions, or in the application of principles to details. He professes to show how, from our intellectual constitution, we are unable to rest in probabilities, and rightly or wrongly pass on to a sensation of certainty; how, notwithstanding exceptions which cannot wholly be got over, the conviction that we have hold of the truth is an evidence to us that we have hold of it in reality. Our beliefs are borne in upon our minds, we know not how, directly, indirectly, by reason, by experience, by emotion, imagination, and all the countless parts of our complicated nature. We may not be able to analyze the grounds of our faith, but the faith is none the less justifiable. And thus, after being led by the hand through an intricate series of mental phenomena, we are landed in the Catholic religion as the body of truth which completely commends itself to the undistorted intellectual perception.

The argument is extremely subtle, and often difficult to follow, but the difficulty is in the subject rather than in the treatment. Dr Newman has watched and analyzed the processes of the mind with as much care and minuteness as Ehrenberg the organization of animalculæ. The knotted and tangled skein is disengaged and combed out till every fibre of it can be taken up separately and examined at leisure; while all along, hints are let fall from time to time, expressions, seemingly casual, illustrations, or notices of emotional peculiarities, every one of which has its purpose, and, to the careful reader, is a sign-post of the road on which he is travelling.

Yet we never read a book, unless the *Ethics* of Spinoza be an exception, which is less convincing in proportion to its ability. You feel that you are in the hands of a thinker of the very highest powers; yet they are the powers rather of an intellectual conjuror than of a teacher who commands your confidence. You are astonished at the skill which is displayed, and unable to explain away the results; but you are conscious all the time that you are played with; you are perplexed but you are not attracted; and unless you bring a Catholic conclusion ready made with you to the study, you certainly will not arrive at it. For it is not a simple acknowledgment that Catholicism may perhaps be true that is required of us, or even that it is probably true, and that a reasonable person might see cause for joining the Roman communion. This is not conviction at all, nor is it related in any way to a religious frame of mind. We are expected rather to feel Catholicism to be absolutely necessary and completely true—true, not as an inference from argument, but as imposed by a spiritual command—true, in a sense which allows no possibility of error, and cannot and ought not to endure contradiction. 'The highest opinion of Protestants in religion,' he says, 'is, generally speaking, assent to a probability, as even Butler has been understood or misunderstood to teach, and therefore consistent with the toleration of its contradictory.' The creed, therefore, which we are to accept is the Romanism with which we are familiar in history; persecuting from the necessity of the case, for it cannot, where it has the power, permit

opposition. No heterodox opinion can be borne with, or be even heard in its own defence. 'Since mere argument,' Father Newman says elsewhere, is not the measure of assent, no one can be called certain of a proposition whose mind does not spontaneously and promptly reject on their first suggestion, as idle, as impertinent, as sophistical, any objections which are directed against its truth. No man is certain of a truth who can endure the thought of its contradictory existing or occurring, and that not from any set purpose or effort to reject it, but, as I have said, by the spontaneous action of the intellect. What is contradictory to it with its apparatus of argument, fades out of the mind as fast as it enters it.

We are familiar with this mode of thought, but it is not characteristic of intelligent persons. The Irish magistrate having listened to one side of a question declared himself satisfied; he had heard enough, he said, and anything further was either superfluous or perplexed his judgment. In a criminal trial, when the facts have been known and discussed beforehand, both judge and jury, from the constitution of their minds, must have formed an opinion on the merits of the case, which must have amounted often to certainty; but when the prisoner comes before them it becomes their duty to dismiss out of their minds every prepossession which they may have entertained. Instead of rejecting suggestions inconsistent with such prepossessions they are bound to welcome them, and to look for them, with the most scrupulous impartiality. The man of science

is unworthy of his name if he disdains to listen to objections to a favourite theory. It is through a conviction of the inadequacy of all formulas to cover the facts of nature, it is by a constant recollection of the fallibility of the best-instructed intelligence, and by an unintermittent scepticism which goes out of its way to look for difficulties, that scientific progress has been made possible. So long as Father Newman's method prevailed in Europe, every branch of practical knowledge was doomed to barrenness. Why are we to fall back upon it now, in the one department in which, according to theologians, error is most dangerous?

To give a sketch of his argument.

We entertain propositions, he tells us, in three ways —we doubt, we draw inferences, and we assent. Doubt is, of course, the opposite of certainty. Inferences being from premises to conclusions are still conditional, for our premises may be incorrect or inadequate. Assent, on the other hand, is in its nature unconditional; it means that we are quite certain, and know that we cannot be wrong.

We assent notionally when we accept a general proposition as undoubtedly true, as that the whole is greater than its part, or that the planets move in ellipses, or again, when we read a book and intellectually go along with its meaning without personally or particularly applying it. We assent really to anything which comes home in detail to our feelings or our senses, and is directly recognized as true by ourselves. Dr Newman gives a beautiful illustration:

Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival.

The history, the occupations, the studies of every man provide him with a multitude of assents of this kind. Proverbs become as it were realized when we feel the application of them. Opinions taken up as notions acquire the stamp of certainty, and men are only properly themselves when their thoughts thus acquire stability and they are no longer blown about by gusts of argument. Then only they learn to step out firmly with confidence and self-reliance.

Assents, Dr Newman repeats, differ in kind from inferences. We may infer from observation the probable existence of an intelligent Creator, but we are still far from the conviction which is required for practical service, and life is not long enough for a religion built on speculative conclusions. Life is for action. We cannot wait for proof or we shall never begin to obey. 'If we insist on proof for everything we shall never come to action. . . To act we must assume, and

that assumption is faith. . . . . If we commence with scientific knowledge and argumentative proof, or lay any great stress upon it as the basis of personal Christianity, or attempt to make men moral or religious by libraries and museums, let us in consistency take chemists for our cooks and mineralogists for our masons.'

This is perfectly true as regards individual persons. The clerk in Eastcheap, as Mr Carlyle says, cannot be for ever verifying his ready reckoner. Yet the conclusions on which we act are nevertheless resting on producible evidence somewhere, if we cannot each of us produce it ourselves. They are the results of past experience and intellectual thought, which are tested, enlarged, or modified by the practice of successive generations. We accept them confidently, not from any internal conviction that they are necessarily true, but from an inference of another kind, that if not true they would have been disproved. The believer at first hand can always give a reason for the faith that is in him. He believes, and he knows why he believes, and he can produce his reasons in a form which shall be convincing to others. The believer at second hand believes in his teacher, and can give a reason for regarding that teacher as an authority. The mason need not himself be a mineralogist, but if the master builder who employs him knows nothing of the properties of stone, his labour will be thrown away. The cook inherits the traditionary rules of his art, but if he introduces novelties in food he must either call in the chemist to advise him, or he will try his experiments at the risk of our lives.

We have not yet reached a point where we differ from Father Newman essentially; but we are already on our guard against his method. His aim is to make us acknowledge that in common things we feel a certainty disproportioned to the evidence which can be produced to justify it. It appears to us, on the contrary, that Locke's position remains unshaken; that every sound conviction which we have can be traced ultimately to experience, and that the tenacity with which we hold it is, or ought to be, proportioned to the uniformity of that experience.

From real assents in general we pass to assents in matters of religion.

'What is a dogma of faith?' Father Newman asks, 'and what is to believe it? A dogma is a proposition. It stands for a notion or a thing, and to believe it is to give the assent of the mind to it as standing for one or the other. To give a real assent to it is an act of religion; to give a notional is a theological act. It is discerned, rested in, and appropriated as a reality by the religious imagination. It is held as a truth by the theological intellect.'

The first of such dogmas or propositions contains 'belief in God.' Father Newman disclaims necessarily the intention of proving the reasonableness of this belief. He denies belief to be the result of argument, and therefore he will not argue. He proposes rather to investigate the mental process which the words 'I believe in God' imply. Yet he cannot escape from the conditions of human thought; and while he will not

allow belief to be an inference, he argues like anybody else that it follows irresistibly from the phenomena of our nature. Nowhere in the English language will be found the reasons for believing in a moral power as the supreme ruling force in the universe, drawn out more clearly or more persuasively. There are no gratuitous assumptions—no appeals to the imagination. He lays the facts of personal experience before us: he indicates the conclusion at which they point: and when the conclusion is conceded, the obligations of obedience follow. He draws the inference though he will not allow it to be an inference. 'Inference,' he seems to say, 'has no power of persuasion and involves no duties.' Inference is but a graduated probability, and involves the toleration of an opposite opinion. But probability, as Butler says, is the guide of our lives, and may involve duties as completely as certainty. Has a child no duties to his father because it is possible, though infinitely unlikely, that his mother may have been unfaithful to her vows?

The argument itself stands thus. We regret to do injustice by compression to its singular lucidity.

'Can we,' Father Newman asks, 'give a real assent to the proposition that there is one God—not an *anima mundi* merely or an initial force, but God as the word is understood by the Theist and the Christian, a personal God, the Author and Sustainer of all things—the Moral Governor of the world?' He says that we can, and that we can be certain of it—that it is a truth which every reasonable person is able and ought to

acknowledge. He does not look for what has been called scornfully 'a clock-making Divinity.' The evidences of a contriving intellect in nature, of the adaptation of means to ends, weigh but little with him. There is no morality in the physical constitution of things. The elements know nothing of good and evil; and we can arrive on this road only at a power adequate to the effects which we witness. The water will not rise higher than its source. The created world is finite, and can tell us nothing of an Infinite Creator. The root of religious belief lies in the conscience and in the sense of moral obligation.

I assume (says Father Newman) that Conscience has a legitimate place among our mental acts; as really so as the action of memory, of reasoning, of imagination, or as the sense of the beautiful; that, as there are objects which, when presented to the mind, cause it to feel grief, regret, joy, or desire, so there are things which excite in us approbation or blame, and which we in consequence call right or wrong; and which, experienced in ourselves, kindle in us the specific sense of pleasure or pain, which goes by the name of a good or bad conscience. This being taken for granted, I shall attempt to show that in this special feeling, which follows on the commission of what we call right and wrong, lie the materials for the real apprehension of a Divine Sovereign and Judge.

The feeling of conscience being, I repeat, a certain keen sensibility, pleasant or painful,—self-approval and hope, or compunction and fear,—attendant on certain of our actions, which in consequence we call right or wrong, is twofold:—it is a moral sense, and a sense of duty; a judgment of the reason and a magisterial dictate.

Conscience, it is evident, does not furnish a rule of right conduct. It has sometimes been the sanction of crime. Sometimes it is at a loss to decide. Sometimes it gives contradictory answers. Conscience made St

Paul into a persecutor. Conscience has made kings into tyrants, and subjects into rebels. It is not a rule of right conduct, but it is a sanction of right conduct. It assures us that there is such a thing as right, and that when we know what it is we are bound to do it. 'Half the world would be puzzled to know what is meant by the moral sense, but every one knows what is meant by a good or bad conscience. Conscience is ever forcing on us by threats and by promises, that we must follow the right and avoid the wrong: so far it is one and the same in the mind of every one, whatever be its particular errors in particular minds as to the acts which it orders to be done or to be avoided. . . . It does not repose in itself like the sense of beauty. . . . It vaguely reaches forward to something beyond self, and dimly discerns a sanction higher than self for its decisions, as evidenced in that keen sense of obligation and responsibility which informs them. And hence it is that we are accustomed to speak of conscience as a voice, a term which we never should think of applying to the sense of the beautiful: and moreover a voice or the echo of a voice imperative and constraining, like no other dictate in the whole of our experience.'

Now what does this imply? Father Newman introduces a subtle distinction of which we hesitate to acknowledge the force. Conscience, he says, differs from the intellectual senses, from common sense, from taste, from sense of expedience, and the like, in being always 'emotional.' 'Affections are correlative with persons, and always involve the recognition of a living

object towards which they are directed.' This is to infer too much; there is such a thing as love of good for its own sake. But leaving refinements and looking at these phenomena as facts of experience, they seem to us to carry Father Newman's main conclusion with them. The presence of a moral sense in ourselves presumes a moral nature in the power which has called us into existence. It is impossible to conceive, as Mr Carlyle says, 'that these high faculties should have been put into us by a Being that had none of its own.'

Father Newman continues:

> If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law: yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and, on the other hand, it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. 'The wicked flees, when no one pursueth;' then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine; and thus the phenomena of Conscience, as a dictate, avail to

impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive, and is the creative principle of religion, as the moral sense is the principle of ethics.

As it is here that our acquiescence in Father Newman's reasoning comes to an end, and we henceforth part company with him, we add one more extract on the same subject, an illustration of the growth of religious feeling, from the history of the mind of a child:

The child keenly understands that there is a difference between right and wrong; and when he has done what he believes to be wrong, he is conscious that he is offending One to whom he is amenable, whom he does not see, who sees him. His mind reaches forward with a strong presentiment to the thought of a Moral Governor, sovereign over him, mindful, and just. It comes to him like an impulse of nature to entertain it.

It is my wish to take an ordinary child, but one who is safe from influences destructive of his religious instincts. Supposing he has offended his parents, he will all alone and without effort, as if it were the most natural of acts, place himself in the presence of God, and beg of Him to set him right with them. Let us consider how much is contained in this simple act. First, it involves the impression on his mind of an unseen Being with whom he is in immediate relation, and that relation so familiar that he can address Him whenever he himself chooses; next, of One whose goodwill towards him he is assured of, and can take for granted—nay, who loves him better, and is nearer to him, than his parents; further, of One who can hear him wherever he happens to be, and who can read his thoughts, for his prayer need not be vocal; lastly, of One who can effect a critical change in the state of feeling of others towards him. That is, we shall not be wrong in holding that this child has in his mind the image of an Invisible Being, who exercises a particular providence among us, who is present everywhere, who is heart-reading, heart-changing, ever-accessible, open to impetration. What a strong and intimate vision of God must he have already attained, if, as I have supposed, an ordinary trouble of mind has the spontaneous effect of leading him for consolation and aid to an Invisible Personal Power!

Moreover, this image brought before his mental vision is the image of One who by implicit threat and promise commands certain things which he, the same child, coincidently, by the same act of his mind approves; which receives the adhesion of his moral sense and judgment as right and good. It is the image of One who is good, inasmuch as enjoining and enforcing what is right and good, and who, in consequence, not only excites in the child hope and fear—nay (it may be added), gratitude towards Him, as giving a law and maintaining it by reward and punishment,—but kindles in him love towards Him, as giving Him a good law, and therefore as being good Himself, for it is the property of goodness to kindle love, or rather the very object of love is goodness; and all those distinct elements of the moral law, which the typical child, whom I am supposing, more or less consciously loves and approves,—truth, purity, justice, kindness, and the like,—are but shapes and aspects of goodness. And having in his degree a sensibility towards them all, for the sake of them all he is moved to love the Lawgiver, who enjoins them upon him. And, as he can contemplate these qualities and their manifestations under the common name of goodness, he is prepared to think of them as indivisible, correlative, supplementary of each other in one and the same Personality, so that there is no aspect of goodness which God is not; and that the more, because the notion of a perfection embracing all possible excellences, both moral and intellectual, is especially congenial to the mind, and there are in fact intellectual attributes, as well as moral, included in the child's image of God, as above represented.

Such is the apprehension which even a child may have of his Sovereign, Lawgiver, and Judge; which is possible in the case of children, because, at least, some children possess it, whether others possess it or no; and which, when it is found in children, is found to act promptly and keenly, by reason of the paucity of their ideas. It is an image of the good God, good in Himself, good relatively to the child, with whatever incompleteness; an image before it has been reflected on, and before it is recognized by him as a notion. Though he cannot explain or define the word 'God,' when told to use it, his acts show that to him it is far more than a word. He listens, indeed, with wonder and interest to fables or tales; he has a dim, shadowy sense of what he hears about persons and matters of this world; but he has that within him which actually vibrates, responds, and gives

deep meaning to the lessons of his first teachers about the will and the providence of God.

So far, with some differences which are perhaps but differences of nomenclature, we have gone heartily along with Father Newman. His book is a counterpart to Butler's *Analogy*, and as the first part of the *Analogy* has been in these bad times a support to many of us, when the formulas of the established creeds have crumbled away, so we give cordial welcome to this addition to our stock of religious philosophy, which addresses itself to the intellect of the nineteenth century as Butler addressed that of its predecessor. But just as with Butler, when we pass from his treatment of the facts of nature to the defence of the dogmatic system of Christianity, we exchange the philosopher for the special pleader, so Father Newman at the same transition point equally ceases to convince. Assumption takes the place of reasoning. Facts are no longer looked in the face, and objections are either ignored altogether or are caricatured in order to be answered. Hitherto he has been pleading the cause of religion as it has existed in all ages and under countless varieties of form. We are now led across the morasses of technical theology. We spring from tuft to tuft and hummock to hummock. The ground shakes about us, and we are allowed no breathing time to pause, lest it give way under our feet altogether. The promised land lies before us, the land of absolute repose in the decisions of the Infallible Church. Once there we may rest for ever; and we are swung along towards it, guided, if

we may use the word for an absolute surrender of reason, by the obscure emotions and half-realized perceptions of what is called the imaginative intellect. We leave behind us as misleading the apparatus of faculties which conduct us successfully through ordinary life. We are told to believe, and accept it on Father Newman's authority, that we are not after all chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, and that the other side to which he points the way is really solid ground, and not a mere fog-bank.

There are two roads on which it is possible to travel, after starting from conscience and the acknowledgment of a God to whom we owe obedience. There is the theological road, and there is the road of experience and fact. To those who choose the second of these courses conscience is the sanction of right action; while experience and observation show us in what right action consists. The moral laws are inherent in nature like the laws of the material universe, and our business is to discover what they are. If we obey them, it is well with us; if we disobey them we fail, and ruin ourselves internally in our characters, and sooner or later in our external fortunes. These laws are not arbitrarily imposed from without, but are interfused in the constitution of things. Conscience insists that they must be obeyed, for they form the condition on which society holds together, and in obedience to them lies the essence of all genuine religion.

From this point of view the religious history of mankind is the history of the efforts which men have made to discover the moral law, and enforce it so far as

it is known. If we are asked why the moral laws, being of so much consequence to the well-being of mankind, were not made clear from the beginning, we can but answer that we do not know. The fact has been that they have been left to human energy to discover, like the law of gravitation; our knowledge of them has been progressive, like our knowledge in every other department of nature; and religious theories exhibit the same early imperfections, and the same gradual advance, as astronomy or medicine.

A second phenomenon is no less apparent on the most cursory as well as the most careful study of religious history. To obey the moral law has been always difficult; to practise particular rites, or to profess particular opinions, is comparatively easy. Religions, therefore, as their initial fervour dies away, have uniformly shown a tendency to stiffen into ceremonial or superstitious observances, or else into theological theories. Duty has been made to consist in the compliance with particular creeds, or in practices of outward devotion; and a compromise has been thus arrived at, by which men have been enabled to believe themselves religious, without parting from their private self-indulgence. Religion has had two parts,—the inward moral and spiritual, the outward ritualistic, or speculative; and the division between them, and the history of their effects upon mankind, when one or the other has preponderated, is the most signal testimony to their real character, and to the relations in which they stand to each other and to the world. Where the

moral element has been foremost, where men have been chiefly bent upon contending with practical evil, and making so much as they can understand of the law of God the rule of their dealings among themselves, there the religion has spread over the earth like water for the purifying the nations. Where the superstitious or theological element has been in the ascendant, where charity has been second to orthodoxy, and religion has been an affair of temples and sacrifices and devotional refinements, there as uniformly it has lost its beneficent powers, it has fraternized with the blackest and darkest of human passions, and has carried with it as its shadow, division and hatred and cruelty. The power in the universe, whatever it be, which envies human happiness, has laid hold of conscience and distracted it from its proper function. Instead of looking any more for our duties to our neighbours, we go astray, and quarrel with each other over imaginary speculative theories. We wonder at the failure of Christianity, at the small progress which it has made in comparison with the brilliancy of its rise: but if men had shown as much fanaticism in carrying into practice the Sermon on the Mount as in disputing the least of the thousand dogmatic definitions which have superseded the Gospel, we should not be now lamenting with Father Newman that 'God's control over the world is so indirect, and His action so obscure.'

The theological tendency, nevertheless, remains in possession; opinions are still looked upon as the test whether we are on the right road or the wrong; and

it is in this direction and not the other that Father Newman would have us travel if our condition is to be mended.

Devotion must have its objects, he tells us; and they must be set before the mind as propositions, with which the intellect must be fed till it is saturated; the intellect in return will then guarantee that they are true by the tenacity with which it holds these propositions.

He gives an instance of what he means in the use which he prescribes for the book of Psalms. 'The exercise of the affections strengthens our apprehension of the object of them,' he says, 'and it is impossible to exaggerate the influence exerted on the religious imagination, by a book of devotions so sublime, so penetrating, so full of deep instruction as the Psalter.' We are to take the Psalter, however, as a whole; we may not inquire what part of it is authentic, or whether David, whose acts were of so mixed a character, was always divinely guided in his words. If we take the forty-second Psalm, we must take the hundred-and-ninth; and those who accept the hundred-and-ninth as the word of God, are already far on their way towards auto-da-fés and massacres of St Bartholomew.

When the mind is thus devotionally pervaded, the Catholic theology will be developed by the theological intellect as naturally as geometrical theorems from the elementary axioms and propositions. The difficulty is with the preparation of the soil; and if we find Father Newman unpersuasive, the fault may be simply in our-

selves. Persuasiveness implies agreement in first principles between the teacher and the taught. It is possible that we may be colour blind, or be without ear to follow the harmony of the theological variations. The Catholic doctrines may carry conviction only to the elect. Those who are chosen to inherit the blessing, may alone have grace to apprehend its conditions. If it be so, we are beyond help; but we claim for the present to belong to those who believe in God and in the moral laws, and to those, therefore, to whom Father Newman says that his book is addressed. In this character we have a right to speak, and when he fails to convince us, to give reasons for withholding our assent.

Having chosen his course, he commences characteristically with an exulting eulogy on the Athanasian Creed. No one, he seems to admit, can understand what the Creed means. 'The pure indivisible light,' he says, 'is seen only by the blessed inhabitants of Heaven.' The rays come to us on earth, 'broken into their constituent colours;' and when we attempt to combine them 'we produce only a dirty white.' Each ray, nevertheless, comes direct to us from above. It can be separately admired and adored for its particular beauty; and, when intelligence fails, faith steps in. So with the million developments of theological subtlety. Simple-minded people cannot enter into these refinements; the terminology itself is unintelligible without a special and scientific education. But simple-minded men are not required to understand them. Their duty

is merely to feel certain that every proposition laid down by the Church is true, and they are able to do it in virtue of a comprehensive acceptance of the authority of the Church itself. The Church says so and so, and therefore it is indisputably certain that the truth is so and so.

The difficulty is removed by the dogma of the Church's infallibility, and of the consequent duty of 'implicit faith' in her word. The 'One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church' is an article of the creed, and an article which, inclusive of her infallibility, all men, high and low, can easily master and accept with a real and operative assent. It stands in the place of all abstruse propositions in a Catholic's mind, for to believe in her word is virtually to believe in them all. Even what he cannot understand, at least he can believe to be true; and he believes it to be true because he believes in the Church.

The next question of course is, How we can be certain that the Church is infallible? and to understand this we are carried back once more into the metaphysics of conviction. For the infallibility of the Church, or any truth, to produce an animating effect upon us, we must assent to it unconditionally; and Father Newman has first to prove in general, as against Locke and the inductive philosophy, that a state of undoubting assurance on these abstruse subjects is itself legitimate.

'Assent,' he says, is a distinct act of the mind which declares that it is made up. 'It resembles the striking of a clock.' . . . It is an intimation that argument is over, the conclusion accepted, and the possibility of error no longer entertained. Numberless propositions are, in fact, held in this way in ordinary life. Each of us, for instance, holds with undoubting certainty, the

proposition that 'I shall die,' or again, that 'England is an island.' 'The fact of our death is in the future, and therefore in its nature contingent. We may have never ourselves personally sailed round England. Yet, in neither case, have we any doubt, or can a person of ordinary intelligence admit that there is room for doubt.'

The appeal to ordinary intelligence corresponds to the appeal at a later stage of the argument to the religious instincts of barbarous nations. Ordinary intelligence jumps hastily to conclusions. It is as often wrong as right, and the strength with which it holds a particular opinion may only be an index of want of thought. The proposition that 'I shall die' seems at the first blush as indisputable as that the whole is greater than its part. But those who accept the infallibility of St Paul believe that, at the last trumpet, those that are alive will be caught up into the air without dying at all. The last day, they are warned, will come like a thief in the night, and they are charged to be on the watch for it. The thought, therefore, that it may come in their time will present itself not as a probability, but certainly as something not utterly impossible. Ordinary intelligence again is similarly absolutely certain that England is an island. The man of science is certain of it too, but in the sense of the word which Father Newman quarrels with. Sudden geographical changes are extremely rare; but the time has been when England was not an island, and the time may come when it will be re-attached to the continent. The Channel is shallow, not much deeper anywhere than

the towers of Westminster Abbey. Extensive tracts of the globe have been rapidly depressed and rapidly raised again. It is therefore possible, though very unlikely, that there may be, at some point or other in the Channel, at any moment, a sudden upheaval.

'Certainty,' Father Newman insists, is the same in kind wherever and by whomsoever it is experienced. The gravely and cautiously formed conclusion of the scientific investigator, and the determination of the school-girl, that the weather is going to be fine, do not differ from each other so far as they are acts of the mind. And the school-girl has *pro tanto* an evidence in her conviction that the fact will be as she believes. Nay, rather the laborious inference hesitatingly held after patient and sceptical examination, Father Newman considers inferior in character, and likely to be less productive of fruit than assent more impulsively yielded.

In such instances of certitude, the previous labour of coming to a conclusion, and that repose of mind which I have above described as attendant on an assent to its truth, often counteracts whatever of lively sensation the fact thus concluded is in itself adapted to excite; so that what is gained in depth and exactness of belief is lost as regards freshness and vigour. Hence it is that literary or scientific men, who may have investigated some difficult point of history, philosophy, or physics, and have come to their own settled conclusion about it, having had a perfect right to form one, are far more disposed to be silent as to their convictions, and to let others alone, than partisans on either side of the question, who take it up with less thought and seriousness. And so again, in the religious world, no one seems to look for any great devotion or fervour in controversialists, writers on Christian Evidences, theologians, and the like, it being taken for granted, rightly or wrongly, that such men

are too intellectual to be spiritual, and are more occupied with the truth of doctrine than with its reality. If, on the other hand, we would see what the force of simple assent can be, viewed apart from its reflex confirmation, we have but to look at the generous and uncalculating energy of faith as exemplified in the primitive Martyrs, in the youths who defied the pagan tyrant, or the maidens who were silent under his tortures. It is assent, pure and simple, which is the motive cause of great achievements; it is confidence, growing out of instincts rather than arguments, stayed upon a vivid apprehension, and animated by a transcendent logic, more concentrated in will and in deed for the very reason that it has not been subjected to any intellectual development.

Nothing can be more true than this, as applied to moral obligation; nothing more illusory if extended to doctrine or external fact. I may think myself right, but there is still a bridge to be crossed between my thought and the reality. My own experience assures me too painfully of my fallibility. I have experienced equally the fallibility of others. No one can seriously maintain that a consciousness of certitude is an evidence of facts on which I can rely. Yet Father Newman clings to the belief that in some sense or other it is a legitimate proof to any man of the truth of any opinion which he peremptorily holds. 'It is characteristic of certitude,' he says, 'that its object is a truth, a truth as such, a proposition as true. There are right and wrong convictions, and certitude is a right conviction; if it is not right with a consciousness of being right, it is not certitude. Now, truth cannot change; what is once truth is always truth; and the human mind is made for truth, and so rests in truth, as it cannot rest in falsehood. When then it once becomes possessed of a truth, what is to dispossess it?'

It is open to Father Newman to distinguish, if he pleases, between certitude and conviction. He may say that we may be convinced of what is false, but only certain of what is true. But this is nothing to the purpose, so long as we have no criterion to distinguish one from the other as an internal impression. Father Newman is certain that the Pope is Vicar of Christ. Luther was no less certain that the Pope was Antichrist. Father Newman believes that the substance of bread is taken away in the act of consecration. The Protestant martyrs died rather than admit that bread could cease to be bread when a priest mumbled a charm over it. Who or what is to decide between these several acts of consciousness, which was certitude and which conviction?

The Church evidently is the true *Deus ex machinâ*. The Church, in virtue of its infallibility, will resolve this and all other difficulties; and the infallibility, it seems, is somehow or other its own witness, and proves itself as Spinoza demonstrated the existence of God. 'I form a conception,' Spinoza says, 'of an absolutely perfect being. But existence is a mode of perfection; a non-existent being is an imperfect being; and therefore God's existence is involved in the Idea of Him.' Father Newman similarly appears to say that the mind is made for truth, and demands it as a natural right. Of the elementary truth that the Church is infallible it can be as sure as that Victoria is Queen of England; and this once established it has all that it requires. It is true that we have made mistakes; but *usum non tollit*

abusus. That we have been often wrong does not imply that we may not be right at last. Our faculties have a correspondence with truth. They were given to us to lead us into truth, and though they fail many times they may bring us right at last. Once established in certitude we have nothing more to fear, and may defy argument thenceforth. Our past mistakes may after all have been only apparent. We have called ourselves certain, when we had only a strong presumption, an opinion, or an intellectual inference. Or again, we may fancy that we have changed our minds when in fact we have not changed our convictions but only developed them; as a Theist remains a Theist though he add to his Theism a faith in revelation; and a Protestant continues to hold the Athanasian Creed though he pass into a Catholic. St Paul is admitted to be a difficulty; St Paul indisputably did once hold that Christianity was an illusion; but St Paul is got rid of by being made an exceptional person. 'His conversion, as also his after life, was miraculous.'

Any way, when once possessed of certitude, we cannot lose it. No evidence, however clear, can shake us thenceforward. 'Certitude ought to stand all trials or it is not certitude.' Its very office is to cherish and maintain its object, and its very lot and duty is to sustain such shocks in maintenance of it without being damaged by them. Father Newman takes an example, and it is an extremely significant one.

> Let us suppose we are told on an unimpeachable authority, that a man whom we saw die is now alive again and at his work, as it

was his wont to be; let us suppose we actually see him and converse with him; what will become of our certitude of his death? I do not think we should give it up; how could we, when we actually saw him die? At first, indeed, we should be thrown into an astonishment and confusion so great, that the world would seem to reel round us, and we should be ready to give up the use of our senses and of our memory, of our reflective powers, and of our reason, and even to deny our power of thinking, and our existence itself. Such confidence have we in the doctrine that when life goes it never returns. Nor would our bewilderment be less, when the first blow was over; but our reason would rally, and with our reason our certitude would come back to us. Whatever came of it, we should never cease to know and to confess to ourselves both of the contrary facts, that we saw him die, and that after dying we saw him alive again. The overpowering strangeness of our experience would have no power to shake our certitude in the facts which created it.

No better illustration could have been given of the difference between what is called in commendation 'a believing mind,' and a mind trained to careful and precise observation. In such a case as Father Newman supposes, a jury of modern physicians would indisputably conclude that life had never been really extinct, that the symptoms had been mistaken, and the phenomena of catalepsy had been confounded with the phenomena of death. If catalepsy was impossible, if the man had appeared, for instance, to lose his head on the scaffold, they would assume that there had been a substitution of persons, or that the observers had been taken in by some skilful optical trick. Father Newman may, perhaps, go further and suppose that they had themselves seen the man tied to a gun and blown to pieces beyond possibility of deception. But a man of science would reply that such a case could not occur. That

men once dead do not return to life again has been revealed by an experience too uniform to allow its opposite to be entertained even as a hypothesis.

Catholic certitude involving the acceptance of miracles, the development of the subject brings up naturally the famous argument of Hume. Father Newman is more candid in his statement of it than Butler. Butler, perhaps, had not read Hume's Essay or he could hardly have evaded so completely the point of the objection. Men suppose, Butler says, that there is an antecedent presumption against miracles; and he answers that there is a strong presumption against half the facts of ordinary experience. There are fifty ways which I may go after I leave my door. The odds are forty-nine to one against my taking any particular way that can be mentioned, yet when a person says that he saw me go that way and not another, his evidence is accepted without difficulty, and the fact is taken to be proved. But this is entirely to leave out of sight the difference between occurrences which are contrary to experience, and therefore improbable in themselves, and occurrences which have no inherent unlikelihood about them. That a notorious liar should have perjured himself in a court of justice would excite no surprise in itself, and would be believed on moderate evidence. That a notoriously noble and upright man should have consciously done a base action for a selfish object would be so incredible to us, that scarcely any accumulation of proof would persuade us that it was true.

Dr Newman states the argument more justly, though we cannot think he succeeds in meeting it.

'It is argued by Hume,' he says, 'against the actual occurrence of the Jewish and Christian miracles, that, whereas "it is experience only which gives authority to human testimony, and it is the same experience which assures us of the laws of nature," therefore, "when these two kinds of experience are contrary" to each other, "we are bound to subtract the one from the other;" and, in consequence, since we have no experience of a violation of natural laws, and much experience of the violation of truth, "we may establish it as a maxim, that no human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle, and make it a just foundation for any system of religion."'

This is Hume's real argument accurately though briefly stated. How does Dr Newman answer it?

'I will accept the general proposition,' he says, 'but I resist its application. Doubtless, it is abstractedly more likely that men should lie than that the order of nature should be infringed; but what is abstract reasoning to a question of concrete fact? To arrive at the fact of any matter, we must eschew generalities, and take things as they stand, with all their circumstances. . . . The question is not about miracles in general, or men in general, but definitely, whether these particular miracles, ascribed to the particular Peter, James, and John, are more likely to have been than not.'

'More likely to have been than not' is a widely dif-

ferent thing from absolute certainty, and verges on the balancing of probability which elsewhere is so severely disclaimed. But after a man has accepted the general proposition, how in reason can he ask what it has to do with concrete fact? What else should it have to do with? It is not an axiom of pure mathematics or a formula made up of symbols. It professes to be and it is a generalization from concrete experience. It calls itself, rightly or wrongly, an expression of a universal truth, and being such, must therefore govern every particular instance which can be brought under it. Had Hume said simply that miracles were improbable, and that more evidence was required to establish them than to establish ordinary facts, the answer would have been to the purpose; but the gist of Hume's argument is that no evidence whatever can prove a miracle, and to accept the premiss and to refuse its application on the plea that it is an abstract proposition, is to fly in the face of logic and common sense. Catholics, in fact, do not and cannot feel the improbability of miracles. An invisible but definite miracle is worked whenever a mass is said. In Catholic countries miracles, real or imaginary, are things of daily occurrence. Under 'particular circumstances' they are more likely to occur than not, and therefore any, even the slightest and most indirect, testimony is sufficient to make credible any given instance of miracle.

Prejudices, prepossessions, 'trifles light as air,' irregular emotions, implicit reasons, 'such as we feel,

but which for some cause or other, because they are too subtle or too circuitous, we cannot put into words so as to satisfy logic,' these, and such as these, in matters of religion, are genuine evidences to which, we are told, a reasonable man is expected to defer. Having once passed the line where evidence can be produced and tested, we are at the mercy of imagination, and the reader who has thus committed himself can now be led forward blindfold through the analytical labyrinth. The intellectual faculties, 'looking before and after,' are touched as it were by a torpedo. Our criteria of truth leave us. One thing seems as reasonable as another. We strike our flag and surrender. We 'consent,' as Father Newman advises us, 'to take things as they are and resign ourselves to what we find; instead of devising, which cannot be, some sufficient science of reasoning which may compel certitude in concrete conclusions; to confess that there is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to the truth by the mind itself; and that this phenomenon, perplexing as we may find it, is a normal and inevitable characteristic of the mental constitution of a being like man on a stage such as the world.'

In this condition we are invited to recognize the claims of the Catholic Church upon us. 'The Catholic religion,' we are told, 'is reached by inquirers from all points of the compass, as if it mattered not where a man began so that he had an eye and heart for the truth.' Before 'the miserable deeds of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries' 'the visible Church was the

light of the world, conspicuous as the sun in the heavens. The creed was written on her forehead,' in accordance with the text, 'Who is she that looks forth at the dawn, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?' 'Clouds have now come over the sky, but what the Church has lost in her appeal to the imagination she has gained in philosophical cogency by the evidence of her persistent vitality. She is as vigorous in her age as in her youth, and has upon her *primâ facie* signs of divinity.'

Whether the Church has really gained in philosophical cogency by the Reformation and its consequences is a matter on which Father Newman has a right to his opinion; but others have also a right to theirs, which will probably be different. To ourselves it appears that what vitality she possesses is proportioned to the degree in which she has adopted the principles of her enemies, that so far as she retains her own she becomes every hour more powerless to act upon them. If it be vitality to have lost her hold on nine-tenths of the educated laymen in her own communion; if it be vitality to have compelled every Catholic Government to take from her the last fibre of secular and civil authority, to deprive her even of her control over education, and relegate her to the domain of mere opinion; if it be a sign of vigour that her once world-wide temporal authority is now limited to a single state, and supported there by the bayonets of a stranger,[1] then indeed the evidence of her divinity may

[1] Written in the spring of 1870.

be said to have gained strength. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Church destroyed by sword and fire many hundreds of thousands of men and women in the effort to recover her dominion. She still professes intolerance, and Father Newman himself claims it as her right. Let her lay her hand upon one single heretic and dispose of him, as she used to do, at the stake; let but one man, now on the occasion of this brilliant Council, be publicly burnt in Rome for want of orthodoxy; and who does not know that the whole ecclesiactical fabric would be torn to pieces by the indignation of mankind?

Yet to Father Newman the position of the Church is so splendid, she is so visibly the representative of the majesty of God, that she challenges comparison with every other religious institution, and has a claim in the fact of her existence to universal submission.

He now passes on to show in detail how the Church in her teaching and character corresponds with the demands of our nature. Returning to natural religion, but henceforward in another relation to it, he appeals to the primitive traditions of our race, and to the present beliefs and practices of savage nations, for the elementary and instinctive principles of devotion.

The condition of the savage from the point of view of history, is simple and intelligible. Ignorant of the nature of the forces which surround him, ignorant that the movements of the stars, the revolution of the seasons, the phenomena of growth and decay, and sickness and health, are the result of agencies constant

in their operation and discoverable by observation, he attributes them to the capricious will of beings like himself, and differing from him only in power. He makes God or gods after his own image, and knowing that he himself is alternately generous and benevolent, and vindictive and passionate, treats his divinities as he is himself treated by his own slaves, regards them with a combination of love and terror, and prays to them, flatters them, and sacrifices to them, to win their favour to himself, and bribe them to look kindly on his enterprises. Ill fortune affecting him more keenly than prosperity, he attributes to them uniformly a disposition of envy, if not of malignity. He concludes that they bear a grudge against human happiness, and must be propitiated if their jealousy is to be appeased. He passes over without attention the ordinary occurrences of life. He dwells on the exceptions. He shudders at the eclipse, the thunder-storm, or the epidemic. He is excited by coincidents and accidents. He looks for God, not in nature, but in what seem to him to be interferences with nature, and according as they affect his own fortunes, he believes that supernatural beings are watching over him for good or for evil.

Tendencies which result manifestly from ignorance of natural causes, and yield everywhere before attention to facts, are to Father Newman the first trustworthy exhibition of the spiritual instincts of mankind. The religion of cultivation, the clearer insight which has been obtained by science into the system under which the world is really governed, he sets aside as unworthy

of consideration—as beside the question—as a mode of thought developed by intellect alone to the exclusion of conscience. He despises modern ideas on these and kindred matters so entirely that he cannot treat them with the fairness which his argument demands, for he challenges comparison for the Catholic Church with every rival belief, and he will not allow it to be compared with the creed which now divides the educated world with her. The savage is his spiritual ancestor, from whom he glories in being the visible descendant. He might as well say that the science of astronomy ought not to be gathered from actual observation of the movements of the heavenly bodies, but should be developed rather from the primitive ideas of the early races, which saw in the stars and constellations of stars the monuments of the loves of the gods or the trophies of their wars.

He dwells with especial satisfaction on the cruel element of most heathen creeds, particularly on the propitiatory sacrifices. He insists on the vindictive character of Divine punishment—vindictive as distinct from corrective—and in his passion for retribution forgets or obliterates justice. That an offence be followed by retaliation is the first necessity to him. That the criminal himself should be the person to suffer is only the second. Civilized nations endeavour imperfectly to limit the consequences of bad actions to the perpetrators themselves. We consider governments to be good or bad as men receive under them the just reward of their conduct. Father Newman's sense of

equity is satisfied with vicarious penalties; and as he prefers the fetish of the savage to the philosophy of the man of science, we presume that he would consider the criminal system of China nearer than that of Europe to the general order of Providence. In China, when a murder has been committed, the law demands life for life; but Chinese justice is satisfied with the punishment of somebody, and the criminal is permitted to find a substitute. Father Newman says: 'Since all human suffering is in its last resolution the punishment of sin, and punishment implies a rule and a rule of justice, he who undergoes the punishment of another in his stead may be said in a certain sense to satisfy the claims of justice towards that other in his own person.' We should rather say that when the innocent suffers for the guilty a second wrong has been added to the first: and although, in the imperfection of human things, justice often misses its mark, and in the confusion and whirl of life the penalties of evil deeds are distributed unequally and unfairly, the function of human society is to redress these inequalities rather than acquiesce in them and sanction them; and a government stands high or low in its claim to honour and respect, according as it adjusts punishments to the shoulders on which they legitimately ought to fall.

Modern ideas on these and similar subjects are here characterized, however, as 'simply false,' 'inasmuch as they contradict the primary teaching of nature in the human race, wherever a religion is found and its workings can be ascertained.' Father Newman's views

are, in one respect, consistent. He admits that these religions, to which he pays so much honour, 'in the corrupt state in which they appear in history, are little better than schools of imposture, cruelty, and impurity,' and inasmuch as he considers that 'God is sanctity, truth, and love, and the three offences against His majesty are impurity, unveracity, and cruelty,' the acknowledgment seriously impairs their value as authorities. The Church, however, it must be confessed, has in this respect made good its kindred with them. The monasteries in the sixteenth century were found to be nests of unnatural crime. The claims of the Holy See were built on forged decretals, the Bible was supplanted by legends of saints, and the bloody customs of Dahomey are less atrocious than the Paris frenzy on the day of St Bartholomew, for which Gregory XIII. ordered a Te Deum.

If the corrupt early religions are notwithstanding more trustworthy than philosophy, it is but reasonable to maintain that the Church may have committed the same crimes, and retain in spite of them its divine claims to our admiration.

The dominant Catholic Church (he continues) aimed at the benefit of all nations by the spiritual conquest of all; . . . its successes have on the whole been of extreme benefit to the human race. It has imparted an intelligent notion about the Supreme God among millions who would have lived and died in irreligion. It has raised the tone of morality wherever it has come, has abolished great social anomalies and miseries, has raised the female sex to its proper dignity, has protected the poorer classes, has destroyed slavery, encouraged literature and philosophy, and had a principal part in that civilization

of the human kind, which with some evils still has on the whole been productive of far greater good.'

This is hardy, to say the least of it. When the Church was in the plenitude of its power, the notion taught by it of the Supreme God was that of a being who looked approvingly on an *auto-da-fé*, who could be bribed to remit the penalties of sin by masses purchased with money; who, though all-wise and all-good, could be turned aside from His purpose by the entreaties or remonstrances of the saints. The same notion is still evidently held by Father Newman himself, who has submitted to a Church whose voice he regards as the voice of the Holy Spirit, yet whose impending decisions he ventures to deprecate and dread. He argues as if the Holy Spirit were about to dictate a decree the effects of which had been imperfectly considered. He tells us that he prays to Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Basil, to avert the great calamity; and, as if the Supreme Power were indifferent or blind, believes, or affects to believe, 'that their intercession would decide the matter.' Of all theories ever proposed by man on the government of the universe, this seems to us to be about the maddest.[1]

As for the other achievements which he claims for Romanism, history would say that the abolition of social anomalies had commenced with the revolt of the sixteenth century, and had progressed side by side with

[1] The allusion is to a letter of Father Newman's, published while the Council was sitting in Rome, and before it had decided the 'Infallibility.'

the intellectual movement which he detests and despises. The Spaniards, the most Catholic of nations, were the most ruthless in their conquests, and have been the last to part with their slaves. The extinction of serfdom in England was coincident with the Reformation. The tyranny of the French aristocracy survived unmolested while the Church was predominant, and fell with its fall. As to encouragement of literature, what one distinguished man of letters in the last three centuries has owed anything to the patronage of Rome?

Father Newman pays an unwilling compliment to the Reformation in claiming the effects of it for the body to which he belongs. An analogous deference to the modern spirit appears still more singularly in the following ingenious passage:—

> Eternity or endlessness is in itself only a negative idea, though punishment is positive. Its fearful force, as added to punishment, lies in what it is not. It means no change of state, no annihilation, no restoration, but it cannot become a quality of punishment any more than a man's living seventy years is a quality of his mind, or enters into the idea of his virtues or talents. If punishment be attended by continuity, or by sense of succession, this must be because it is endless and something more. Such inflictions are an addition to its endlessness, and do not necessarily belong to it because it is endless. As I have already said, the great mystery is not that evil has no end, but that it had a beginning. But I remit the whole subject to the Theological School.

The time has been when the fathers of the Church conceived that a principal source of the happiness of the blessed would be the contemplation of the torments of the damned. We cannot jump off our shadows, and as little can we escape the influence of the society in

which we live. Father Newman is as unable as the most tender-hearted liberal to contemplate without horror the never-ending conscious agony of a human soul.

To draw these remarks to a conclusion. What has been said is from the nature of the case no more than a series of imperfectly connected criticisms. To do justice to a book so closely written and so delicately organized would require a volume as long as itself and a skill equal to its author's. We have been able only to indicate the line of its purpose, and to take objections to the successive positions which are assumed as the argument developes itself.

The conclusion contains a beautiful sketch of the rise of Christianity, with an analysis of the causes assigned by Gibbon in explanation of its spread and an exhibition of their insufficiency. We are not concerned to defend Gibbon, whose reasoning on this subject has always appeared to us singularly unconvincing. Still less do we wish to question the nature of the power which enabled Christianity to diffuse itself; though we may mean by Christianity something else than Father Newman means, and by the power which enabled it to grow, a spiritual influence working from mind to mind, rather than an external supernatural force. Father Newman identifies Christianity with the complex doctrinal system embodied in the formulas and represented in the constitution of the Catholic Church. We mean by it the code of moral duties which were taught by our Lord upon the Mount, and which, as the type of human perfection, He illustrated

in His own character. In so far as the Catholic Church has adhered to the original pattern, in so far as it has addressed itself to the moral sense, and has aimed rather at making men good than at furnishing their intellects with orthodox formulas, so far it has fulfilled its function of regenerating mankind. Under this aspect the spread of it ceases to be a mystery. The Roman world was sunk in lies, insincere idolatry, and the coarsest and most revolting profligacy. There is something in human nature, in all times and in all countries, which instinctively recoils against such things, something which says that lies are to be abhorred, and that purity is nobler than bestiality; and when the bad side of things is at its worst the nobler sort of men refuse to put up with it longer. The Roman government offered to the devotion of the empire a Divus Nero or a Divus Domitianus. The image of a peasant of Palestine, a being of stainless integrity, appeared simultaneously, pointing to a Father in heaven and requiring men in His name to lead pure and self-sacrificing lives; and if it be true that man is more than a beast, and that conscious and moral sense are a part of his natural constitution, we require no miracles to explain why millions of men and women with such alternatives before them were found to choose the better part.

Father Newman thinks it unexampled: if he will study the history of the Reformation he will find its exact counterpart among 'the miserable deeds' of the sixteenth century.

The great mass of Christians were to be found in those classes which were of no account in the world, whether on the score of rank or of education.

We all know this was the case with our Lord and His Apostles. It seems almost irreverent to speak of their temporal employments, when we are so simply accustomed to consider them in their spiritual association; but it is profitable to remind ourselves that our Lord Himself was a sort of smith, and made ploughs and cattle-yokes. Four apostles were fishermen, one a petty tax-collecter, two husbandmen, one is said to have been a coachman, and another a market-gardener. When Peter and John were brought before the Council, they are spoken of as being, in a secular point of view, 'illiterate men, and of the lower sort,' and thus they are spoken of in a later age by the fathers.

That their converts were of the same rank as themselves is reported, in their favour or to their discredit, by friends and enemies, for four centuries. 'If a man be educated,' says Celsus in mockery, 'let him keep clear of us Christians; we want no men of wisdom, no men of sense. We account all such as evil. No; but, if there be one who is inexperienced, or stupid, or untaught, or a fool, let him come with good heart.' 'They are weavers,' he says elsewhere, 'shoemakers, fullers, illiterate, clowns.' 'Fools, low-born fellows,' says Trypho. 'The greater part of you,' says Cæcilius, 'are worn with want, cold, toil, and famine; men collected from the lowest dregs of the people; ignorant, credulous women;' 'unpolished, boors, illiterate, ignorant even of the sordid arts of life; they do not understand even civil matters, how can they understand divine?' 'They have left their tongs, mallets, and anvils, to preach about the things of heaven,' says Libanius. 'They deceive women, servants, and slaves,' says Julian. The author of Philopatris speaks of them as 'poor creatures, blocks, withered old fellows, men of downcast and pale visages.' As to their religion, it had the reputation popularly, according to various fathers, of being an anile superstition, the discovery of old women, a joke, a madness, an infatuation, an absurdity, a fanaticism.

For Celsus and Julian write the Jesuit Campion, and we have exactly the language which was applied to English Protestantism. Protestantism, like Chris-

tianity itself, began from below. The Marian martyrs were nine-tenths of them petty tradesmen and mechanics. The Christian brothers who first imported Tyndal's New Testament were weavers, carpenters, and cobblers; and the Catholic missionaries who came over in Elizabeth's time to re-conquer England declared that their only opponents were to be found among the vilest of the people.

The Catholic Religion in the sixteenth century had become like the heathen religions in the first. It had forgotten moral duty in the development of its theology. The service of God had become a juggler's game; the only visible fruits of it were tyranny and simony and lasciviousness: and the uncorrupted part of Europe rose in indignation and declared that they would remain in it no longer; that God was a Spirit, and those who worshipped Him should worship in spirit and in truth. The Church treated them as the Roman Empire had treated the Church in its infancy. They suffered martyrdom like the early Christians in defence of the same principles, and like them they conquered.

If we are now perplexed and disheartened, if some of us are looking back into Egypt and others are staggering into Atheism, it is because Protestants themselves have struck in turn into the same miserable course. They too have mistaken theology for religion, and strangled themselves in dogmatic formulas. The Catholic turned religion into ritual, the Protestant has made it consist in holding particular opinions, and at once has become an idolater like the other. He has

grown afraid of intelligence. He has shrunk from facts, and prefers a pious belief to the recognition of obvious truths. He has lost his horror of falsehood, and with it the secret of his strength. But as Christianity was in the beginning, so Protestantism was when it rose in its first revolt. The resources of it were no greater, yet its story was the same. The parallel which Father Newman looks for in vain he will find there if he cares to seek for it, and it is fatal to his own theory.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF PROTESTANTISM.

IN one of the western counties, the writer of this paper was recently present at an evening Evangelical prayer-meeting. The congregation were partly church-goers, partly dissenters of various denominations, united for the time by the still active revivalist excitement. Some were highly educated men and women: farmers, tradesmen, servants, sailors, and fishermen made up the rest: all were representative specimens of Evangelical Christians, passionate doctrinalists, convinced that they, and only they, possessed the 'Open Sesame' of heaven, but doing credit to their faith by inoffensive, if not useful, lives. One of them, who took a leading part in the proceedings, was a person of large fortune, who was devoting his money, time, and talents to what he called the truth. Another was well known through two counties as a hard-headed, shrewd, effective man of business; a stern, but on the whole, and as times went, beneficent despot over many thousands of unmanageable people.

The services consisted of a series of addresses from different speakers, interchanged with extempore prayers, directed rather to the audience than to the Deity. At intervals, the congregation sung hymns, and sung them particularly well. The teaching was of the ordinary kind expressed only with more than usual distinctness. We were told that the business of each individual man and woman in the world was to save his or her soul; that we were all sinners together—all equally guilty, hopeless, lost, accursed children, unable to stir a finger or do a thing to help ourselves. Happily, we were not required to stir a finger; rather, we were forbidden to attempt it. An antidote had been provided for our sins, and a substitute for our obedience. Everything had been done for us. We had but to lay hold of the perfect righteousness which had been fulfilled in our behalf. We had but to put on the vesture provided for our wearing, and our safety was assured. The reproaches of conscience were silenced. We were perfectly happy in this world, and certain to be blessed in the next. If, on the other hand, we neglected the offered grace; if, through carelessness, or intellectual perverseness, or any other cause, we did not apprehend it in the proper manner; if we tried to please God ourselves by 'works of righteousness,' the sacrifice would then cease to avail us. It mattered nothing whether, in the common acceptation of the word, we were good or bad; we were lost all the same, condemned by perfect justice to everlasting torture.

It is, of course, impossible for human creatures to

act towards one another on these principles. The man of business on week days deals with those whom he employs on week-day rules. He gives them work to do, and he expects them to do it. He knows the meaning of good desert as well as of ill desert. He promises and he threatens. He praises and he blames. He will not hear of vicarious labour. He rewards the honest and industrious. He punishes the lazy and the vicious. He finds society so constructed that it cannot exist unless men treat one another as responsible for their actions, and as able to do right as well as wrong.

And, again, one remembered that the Christian's life on earth used to be represented as a warfare; that the soldier who went into battle considering only how he could save his own life, would do little credit to the cause he was fighting for; and that there were other things besides and before saving their souls which earnest men used to think about.

The listeners, however, seemed delighted. They were hearing what they had come to hear—what they had heard a thousand times before, and would hear with equal ardour a thousand times again—the gospel in a nutshell; the magic formulas which would cheat the devil of his due. However antinomian the theory might sound, it was not abused by anybody present for purposes of self-indulgence. While they said that it was impossible for men to lead good lives, they were, most of them, contradicting their words by their practice. While they professed to be thinking only of

their personal salvation, they were benevolent, generous, and self-forgetful. People may express themselves in what formulas they please; but if they sincerely believe in God, they try to act uprightly and justly; and the language of theology, hovering, as it generally does, between extravagance and conventionality, must not be scanned too narrowly.

There is, indeed, attaching to all propositions, one important condition—that they are either true or false; and it is noticeable that religious people reveal unconsciously, in their way of speaking, a misgiving that the ground is insecure under them. We do not mean, of course, that they knowingly maintain what they believe may possibly be a mistake; but whatever persuasion they belong to, they do not talk about truth, but they talk about *the truth; the truth* being the doctrine which, for various reasons, they each prefer. Truth exists independently of them. It is searched for by observation and reason. It is tested by evidence. There is a more and a less in the degree to which men are able to arrive at it. On the other hand, for *the truth* the believer has the testimony of his heart. It suits his spiritual instincts; it answers his spiritual desires. There is no 'perhaps' about it; no balancing of argument. Catholics, Anglicans, Protestants are each absolutely certain that they are right. God, it would seem, makes truth; men make *the truth;* which, more or less, approaches to the other, but is not identical with it. If it were not so, these different bodies, instead of quarrelling, would agree. The measure of

approximation is the measure of the strength or usefulness of the different systems. Experience is the test. If in virtue of any creed men lead active, upright, self-denying lives, the creed itself is tolerable; and whatever its rivals may say about it, is not, and cannot be, utterly false.

It seems, however, as if the Evangelicals were painfully anxious to disclaim any such criterion. When the first address was over, the congregation sung the following singular hymn, one of a collection of which, it appeared from the title-page, that many hundred thousand copies were in circulation:

Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinners, no;
Jesus did it—did it all
Long, long ago.

It is finished, yes, indeed,
Finished every jot:
Sinners, this is all you need,
Tell me, Is it not?

When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done:
Hearken to His cry,—

Weary, weary, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing, all was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet,

Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

And this, we said to ourselves, is Protestantism. To do our duty has become a deadly thing. This is what, after three centuries, the creed of Knox and Luther, of Coligny and Gustavus Adolphus, has come to. The first Reformers were so anxious about what man did, that if they could they would have laid the world under a discipline as severe as that of the Roman Censors. Their modern representatives are wiser than their fathers and know better what their Maker requires of them. To the question, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' the answer of old was not, 'Do nothing,' but 'Keep the commandments.' It was said by the Apostle from whose passionate metaphors Protestant theology is chiefly constructed, that 'the Gentiles, who did by nature the things contained in the law,' were on the road to the right place. But we have changed all that. We are left face to face with a creed which tells us that God has created us without the power to keep the commandments,—that He does not require us to keep them; yet at the same time that we are infinitely guilty in His eyes for not keeping them, and that we justly deserve to be tortured for ever and ever, to suffer, as we once heard an amiable excellent clergyman express it, 'to suffer the utmost pain which Omnipotence can inflict, and the creature can endure, without annihilation.'

The scene of the evening was too soothing at the time for unpleasant reflections on the paradoxes of

theology. The earnest attention, the piety, the evident warmth of belief, the certainty that those who were so loudly denouncing the worth of human endeavour would carry away with them a more ardent desire to do the works of righteousness of which they were denying the necessity—these things suggested happier conclusions on the condition of humanity: when the hearts of men are sound, the Power which made and guides us corrects the follies of our heads.

Nevertheless, when we are considering the general influence for good or evil of a system or systems, the intellectual aspect of them cannot be disregarded. Religion is, or ought to be, the consecration of the whole man, of his heart, his conduct, his knowledge, and his mind, of the highest faculties which have been given in trust to him, and the highest acquirements which he has obtained for himself. When the gospel was first made generally known through the Roman Empire, it attracted and absorbed the most gifted and thoughtful men then living. Pagan philosophy of the post-Christian era has left no names which will compete on its own ground with those of Origen, Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria. When the Reformers broke the spell of superstition in the sixteenth century, their revolt was ascribed by the Catholics to the pride of human reason. Some enchantment must now have passed over Protestantism, or over the minds of those to whom it addresses itself, when science and cultivation are falling off from it as fast as Protestantism fell away from its rival. How has a creed which had once

sounded the spiritual reveillé like the blast of the archangel's trumpet come now to proclaim in passionate childishness the 'deadliness' of human duty?

The best that every man knows dies with him; the part of him which he can leave behind in written words conveys but half his meaning even to the generation which lies nearest to him, to the men whose minds are under the same influences with his own. Later ages, when they imagine that they are following the thoughts of their forefathers, are reading their own thoughts in expressions which serve to them but as a mirror. The pale shadow called Evangelical religion clothes itself in the language of Luther and Calvin. Yet what Luther and Calvin meant is not what it means. The Protestantism of the sixteenth century commanded the allegiance of statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, and men of science. Wherever there was a man of powerful intelligence and noble heart, there was a champion of the Reformation: and the result was a revival, not of internal emotion, but of moral austerity. The passion of Evangelical teachers in every country where the Reformation made its way, was to establish, so far as the world would let them, the discipline of Geneva, to make men virtuous in spite of themselves, and to treat sins as crimes. The writings of Knox and Latimer are not more distinguished by the emphasis with which they thunder against injustice and profligacy than by their all but total silence on 'schemes of salvation.' The Protestantism of the nineteenth century has forsaken practice for opinion. It puts opinion first and

practice second; and in doing so it has parted company with intellect and practical force. It has become the property of the hysterical temperament which confounds extravagance with earnestness; and even of those most under its influence, an ever-increasing number are passing back under the shadow of Catholicism, and are taking refuge in the worn-out idolatries from which their fathers set them free. What is the meaning of so singular a phenomenon? Religion—Protestant as well as Catholic—is ceasing everywhere to control the public life of the State. Government in all countries is becoming sternly secular. The preambles of old Acts of Parliament contained usually in formal words a reference to the will of the Almighty. Legislators looked for instruction not to political economy, but to their Bibles. 'The will of the Almighty' is now banished to the conscience or the closet. The statesman keeps rigidly to the experienced facts of the world, and will have neither priest nor minister to interpret them for him. Political economy may contradict the sermon on the mount, but it is none the less the manual of our political leaders.

Nor does thought fare better than practice. The philosopher takes refuge in a 'perhaps,' and will not be driven to say things are certain which wise men cannot agree about. The man of science is supreme in his own domain, and will not permit theologians to interfere with his conclusions. Society, in its actual life, has long been atheistic. The speculative creed begins to show a tendency to follow in the track of practice.

The sovereign of modern literature—the greatest master of modern culture—says distinctly:

> Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,
> Hat auch Religion;
> Wer jene Beiden nicht besitzt,
> Der habe Religion,

On the whole public life of this age, on its politics, on its science, on its huge energetic warfare with, and conquest of, nature, might be written the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Alexander:

> Γῆν ὑπ' ἐμοῦ τίθεμαι, Ζεῦ· σὺ δ' Ὄλυμπον ἔχε.

That this singular estrangement should have taken place in France and Italy is no matter of surprise. The Catholic Church declared war with science when it denounced Galileo; and broke with temporal governments when it claimed a right to depose kings. It is chained to a system of doctrine which half Europe, three centuries ago, declared to be incredible, and which has received no further authentication since; while the taint is on it of the enormous crimes which it committed or prompted to sustain its failing dominion —crimes which it will not condemn and dares not acknowledge. The progress which mankind have made throughout the world in the last ten generations has been achieved in spite of a Church which could coexist with moral corruption, but shrunk from intellectual activity; which fought against reason with fire and sword, and still mumbles curses where unable longer to use force.

But why should the same phenomenon be visible

among Protestants? Protestantism has no past to be ashamed of. The prosperity of so-called Protestant nations as contrasted with Catholic, is a favourite argument with Protestant controversialists. Protestantism was the creed of Burghley, of Cromwell, of Bacon, of Newton, of Berkeley. It shattered the Spanish Empire; it fused the United Provinces into a republic, and created in its modern aspect the nationality of Scotland. As a spiritual force there has been nothing equal to it since the growth of Christianity. Why has it, too, lost its power to charm? Why has the great river which bore upon its breast the destinies of nations sunk away into the sands of modern civilization?

The tendency of the changes in progress among us can be dimly seen, although the ultimate outcome of them is beyond the reach of prudent conjecture. The existing facts of the case become daily plainer. The positive creed has lapsed from a rule of life into a debated opinion. It is no longer heard in our legislature. It is no longer respected in our philosophies. Its local spasmodic revivals resemble the convulsive movements of something which is in the agonies of death. Its threats and its promises, however clamorously uttered from the pulpits, are endured with weariness, or with the attention of resentful incredulity.

Let us follow a little further the curious phrase to which we just now alluded. All religious bodies call their doctrine *the truth*—as distinguished from true. It is particularly characteristic of the Evangelicals,

who wish to be emphatic, and prefer the warmer expression. The more the words are studied, the more pregnant they appear. Truth is the same in all ages, in all languages, and to all races of men. The two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, in China as well as in England. The Professor of Astronomy at St Petersburg has no more doubt about the Newtonian theory than Le Verrier or Mr Adams. Hindoo surgeons accept and understand the circulation of the blood as easily as the students at St Thomas's. Facts once established are facts for all time; and human beings everywhere can be brought to recognize and admit them, where the evidence is properly before their eyes. There is no need of authority. There is no occasion to say 'Believe this, or you will be damned.' Truth carries its own witness with it, and an added denunciation would only suggest misgivings.

The conditions under which the propositions of a creed have found acceptance are singularly different: one man sees the force of the evidence for them; to another the evidence is no evidence at all. We are told that the heart must be in the right state, that there must be the gift of the Spirit, prevenient grace, election, conversion, assurance, and one knows not what. The phraseology points in itself to something individual, to special favour bestowed upon this or that particular soul. Yet the phenomena of the world and of history will not fit into any such formula. The doctrines of the Reformation were not accepted by this person or rejected by that; but as if by some latent

magnetism, they selected throughout Europe the Teutonic races, leaving the Celtic and Latin races, after a brief struggle, to Catholicism, and scarcely touching the Sclavonic races at all. England and Scotland became Protestant; but the arguments which converted the Saxons failed to touch the Irish. When the war of freedom ended in the Low Countries, the seven Teutonic Provinces were independent and Calvinistic; while Celtic Belgium remained to Rome and Spain. France, in which Celtic and Frankish elements were combined, was convulsed for half a century. The country could not be divided, and the majority carried the day. But it is said the part taken by the great families in the wars of the League was determined by their blood: the Colignies, the Turennes, the Montgomeries, the Rochefoucaulds, all the leading Huguenots, were of German descent.

We are not to suppose that there was a second time a selection of a peculiar people. No respectable divine has ever held that the Teutonic race, as a race, were favoured with a special revelation. Nor has piety, or the peculiar grace of character which religion, and only religion, bestows, been peculiar to them or their creed. There are saints and sinners among Latins as well as Teutons. There are saints and sinners among Catholics as well as Protestants. Each only has followed a spiritual type of its own. Something else has been at work besides either divine grace or outward evidence of truth, something which, for want of a better word, we must call spiritual affinity.

Nor is this all. Free-thought was once offered to the world in the form of Protestantism, but it was offered once only. Those who refused it then never seem to have had a second opportunity; and the subsequent rebellions of reason against authority have all taken the form of revolution. Protestantism has made no converts to speak of in Europe since the sixteenth century. It shot up in two generations to its full stature, and became an established creed with defined boundaries; and the many millions who in Catholic countries proclaim their indifference to their religion, either by neglect or contempt, do not now swell the congregations of Protestant church or conventicle. Their objections to the Church of Rome are objections equally to all forms of dogmatic and doctrinal Christianity. And so it has come about, that the old enemies are becoming friends in the presence of a common foe. Catholics speak tenderly of Protestants as keeping alive a belief in the creeds, and look forward to their return to the sheep-fold; while the old Antichrist, the Scarlet Woman on the Seven Hills, drunk with the blood of the saints, is now treated by Protestantism as an elder sister and a valiant ally in the great warfare with infidelity. The points of difference are forgotten; the points of union are passionately dwelt upon; and the remnants of idolatry which the more ardent English Protestants once abhorred and denounced, are now regarded as having been providentially preserved as a means of making up the quarrel and bringing back the churches into communion. The dread of Popery is

gone. The ceremonial system, once execrated as a service of Satan, is regarded as a thing at worst indifferent, perhaps in itself desirable; and even those who are conscious of no tendency to what they still call corruption, are practically forsaking the faith of their fathers, and re-establishing, so far as they can or dare, those very things which their fathers revolted against.

These phenomena seem to say that Protestantism, as a body of positive doctrine, was not a discovery or rediscovery of truth—of truth as it exists from eternity, independent of man's conception of it—but something temporary, something which the minds of men who were determined at all costs to have done with idolatry, threw out of themselves as a makeshift in the confusion—a passionate expression of their conviction that God was a spirit—to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not with liturgies and formularies. In the desperate struggle for emancipation, their emotion took form in vehement and imaginative metaphors; and those metaphors, full of fire and force in an age which was in harmony with them, have become gradually, as times have changed, extravagant, unmeaning, and false. The outpourings of pious enthusiasm are addressed rather to the heart than to the head, and when taken out of their connection and shaped by cold theologians into articles of faith, they cannot stand the test, and fall to pieces.

Whence, then, came the original power of Protestantism? What was there about it which once had such extraordinary attraction for great and noble-

minded men? Enthusiasm does not make heroes if it is enthusiasm for illusion. Some great genuine truth there must have been at stake in that tremendous conflagration, or it would have burnt out like a fire of straw. Something indisputably there was which the descendants of the Reformers have forgotten, and have lost their strength in forgetting it. In the Protestantism of a Latimer or a Knox there were two constituents. The positive part of it was the affirmation of the elementary truth of all religions, the obligation of obedience to the law of moral duty; the second, or negative, part was a firm refusal to believe in lies, or to conceal or disguise their disbelief. All great spiritual movements have started under the same conditions. They have their period of youth and vitality, their period of established usefulness, and in turn their period of petrifaction. Creeds, by the very law of their being, stiffen in time into form. Wherever external ceremonial observances are supposed to be in themselves meritorious or efficacious, the weight of the matter is sooner or later cast upon them. To sacrifice our corrupt inclinations is disagreeable and difficult. To sacrifice bulls and goats in one age, to mutter paternosters and go to a priest for absolution in another, is simple and easy. Priests themselves encourage a tendency which gives them consequence and authority. They need not be conscious rogues, but their convictions go along with their interests, and they believe easily what they desire that others should believe. So the process goes on, the moral element growing weaker and weaker, and at last

dying out altogether. Men lose their horror of sin when a private arrangement with a confessor will clear it away. Religion becomes a contrivance to enable them to live for pleasure, and to lose nothing by it; a hocus-pocus which God is supposed to have contrived to cheat the devil—a conglomerate of half-truths buried in lies. As soon as this point is reached the catastrophe is not far off. Conscience does not sleep. The better sort of men perceive more or less clearly that they are living upon illusions. They may not see their way to anything better. They may go on for awhile in outward conformity, but sooner or later something occurs to make them speak, some unusually flagrant scandal, or some politically favourable opportunity for a change. A single voice has but to say the fitting word, and it is the voice not of one but of millions. In the hearts of all generous high-minded persons there is an instinctive hatred of falsehood: a sense that it is dreadful and horrible, and that they cannot and dare not bear with it. They had wanted bread and they were fed with stones—but the stones will not serve them longer, and they fall back on the original elementary moral certainties which are the natural food of their souls.

The negative element is usually that which at the beginning most occupies them, which constitutes at once their honour and their peril. The positive element is simple and rapidly summed up; nor in general does it contain the points for which the battle is being fought. The Reformers' chief business always is to

destroy falsehood, to drag down the temple of imposture where idols hold the place of the Almighty.

The growth of Christianity at the beginning was precisely this. The early martyrs did not suffer for professing the name of Christ; the Emperor Adrian had no objection to placing Christ in the Pantheon; but they would not acknowledge the deities of the empire. They refused to call beings divine which were either demons or nothing. The first step in their conversion was the recognition that they were living in a lie, and the truth to which they bore witness in their deaths was not the mystery of the Incarnation, but simply that the gods of Greece and Rome were not gods at all. The thoughts of their Master and Saviour hovered before them in their tortures, and took from death its terrors; but they died, it cannot be too clearly remembered, for a negation. The last confession before the prætor, the words on which their fate depended, were not 'We do believe,' but 'We do not believe.' 'We will not to save our miserable lives take a lie between our lips, and say we think what we do not think.'

The Reformation was yet more emphatically destructive. The very name Protestant was a declaration of revolt. It commenced with the repudiation of pardons and indulgences; and the theory of the priesthood followed. The clergy professed to be a separate and sacred caste, to possess magical powers in virtue of their descent from the Apostles, and to be able to work

invisible miracles by gestures and cabalistic sentences. The war passed rapidly to the central mystery of the Catholic faith. Heaven did not interfere, so the Church fought for it, and went to work sword in hand to chastise the innovators. Where they could not resist they died; and if we look over the trials of the Protestant confessors in Holland, France, or England, we find them condemned, not for their positive doctrines of election, justification, or irresistible grace—the Church would have let them say what they pleased about curious paradoxes, which would have added but fresh propositions to the creed and furnished fresh material for faith—the Church destroyed them for insisting that bread was bread and wine was wine, and that a priest was no more a conjuror than a layman. And then to serious persons like John Frederick, and Coligny, and William the Silent, the question rose, should the Church be allowed to do this? While the debate turned on intricacies of theology, they were uncertain, and were inclined to stand still. These great men did not quarrel with transubstantiation as a mere theological opinion. They were unwilling to embroil Christendom for words. They would have left opinion free, and allowed the liberty to others which they demanded for themselves. The burnings and massacres forced them into a sterner attitude. When towns began to be sacked, and women ravished and buried alive, and men by tens of thousands hanged, shot, roasted, torn in pieces, and babies tossed upon the pikes of Romish crusaders, a cause had risen which

might well command the sympathies of every brave man; the cause of humanity against theology, the cause of God against the devil. It is idle to say that the Catholic cruelties of the sixteenth century rose from the spirit of the age. If the plea were true, the Papacy could not be held excused, for the Papacy claims to be inspired by God, and not by the temper of the times. But the age was not cruel till the Church made it so. The Reformers, before they were persecuted, never sought or desired more for themselves than toleration; they demanded merely permission to think and speak their own thoughts. If in isolated cases extreme fanatics followed the atrocious examples of the Catholics, it was because they had not wholly shaken off the spirit of the creed in which they had been bred. But the judicial murders which can be laid to the charge of Protestants are as units where the Church is responsible for thousands.

On obscure subjects on which certain knowledge is impossible, it is at once inevitable and desirable that men should have different opinions. Such truth as we can hope to obtain on these matters is advanced and protected by discussion, and theological schools are not to be allowed to compensate by violence for the absence or weakness of argument. That we should not be forced at the sword's point by a so-called authority to say that we believe what we do not believe, and deny the intelligence which God has given us,—this is what we have a right to demand, and Protestantism, if the same circumstances return, will again command our

allegiance as heartily as ever. But the history of it tells us the secret of its strength as well as of its weakness. When the power to persecute was taken from the Church, when Protestantism became a system of positive opinion, contending for supremacy as soon as it had achieved toleration, when it showed a disposition to revive in its own favour the methods from which it had suffered, the tide which had carried it to victory ceased to flow. From that time forward it was contending for no great principle. It was contending only for its own formulas, which may or may not be true, but which are not proved to be true; and, by parallel necessity, the weakness of the two creeds has developed side by side. As Rome ceased to tyrannize from want of power, the positive Protestant lost the noblest of his allies, and lost hold in himself of the real principles for which the battle of the Reformation had been fought.

The Reformer of the sixteenth century denied the power of the keys. It was decided that for himself and those who went with him, he had a right to say what he thought: but he obtained no right to punish by disabilities or otherwise his neighbour who continued to believe in the keys; and his own theories of justification were of little moment to those who preferred to remain in suspense on matters beyond comprehension. Luther, on the other hand, might have taught justification by faith if he would have left the priesthood alone, just as the priests might have gone on teaching their own doctrines as long as they could

get a congregation to listen to them, if the Inquisition would have left the Protestants alone. The evil element in Catholicism which made good men so detest it, was not that it held a theory of its own on the relation between God and man, but that it murdered everybody who would not agree with it. The work of the Reformation was done when speculative opinion was declared free. The lay intelligence of the world cares at all times more for justice than theology, and it left the Protestants to fight their own battles with their own arguments, as soon as it had secured them fair play.

The contrast between the negative and positive principles—the power of the first and the weakness of the second—has become increasingly apparent in every successive generation.

As long as Jesuitism continued powerful in Spain and Austria—as long as the old régime was maintained in France, and want of orthodoxy in Catholic countries was directly or indirectly treated as a crime—the cause of Protestantism was more or less the cause of liberty. The revolutions at the close of the eighteenth century completed the work of the sixteenth. The last poison fangs of the old serpent were drawn; it was left a harmless creature whose crimes were things of the past; and it became venerable to sentimentalism for its feebleness and its antiquity. Other questions arose to agitate the intellect of the thinking portion of mankind, which timid Protestants found as dangerous to their own speculations as they were dangerous to what was left of Romanism. They forgot their ancient abhorrence

of falsehood. Propositions which they came into being to deny have become more tolerable to them than a further advance on the road to freedom. They have quarrelled with their best friends. They have ceased to protest; and on many sides, and in a thousand subtle ways, they are making advances to their old antagonist, and endeavouring to unite their forces with his against 'the infidel spirit of the age.'

The sacramental system means something, or it means nothing. It is true, or it is false. The English Evangelicals used to answer in clear ringing tones for the second alternative. There was no playing with words, no sentiment, no mystification. They insisted sternly and firmly that material forms were not and could not be a connecting link between God and the human soul. The English High Churchman was less decided in his words, but scarcely less so in his practice. He was contented to use the ambiguous formulas which the Reformation left in the Liturgy; but he confined his 'celebrations' to four times a year. He regarded the Anglican ceremonial generally rather as something established by law which it was his business to carry out than as a set of rites to which he attached a meaning. High Churchmen have discovered now that the mystic body in the Eucharist is in the hands as well as the heart of the believer. They pine for more frequent communions as the food of their spiritual existence. They are gliding rapidly into the positive affirmation of the doctrine which Latimer and Ridley were executed for denying. The Evangelicals shrink from being

behindhand. They have lost confidence in themselves; they play with mysticism, and admit that things untrue in one sense may be true in another. They are patching their garments from the rags which their fathers cast away, anxious rather to maintain their party than their principles, as the Tories steal the policy of the Radicals to keep their Cabinet in office.

The predominant feature in the English Reformation was the abridgment of the special prerogatives of the clergy. From a position of almost supremacy, they were reduced into the servants of the State. They were made to feel that they were not a separate order deriving their authority from the Apostles, and raised above the laity by privileges or prerogative or special spiritual powers, but were a part of the general community, with particular duties to perform. And they had learnt their lesson. They had come at last, after many vicissitudes, to understand and accept the new order of things. Men now in middle life remember the rector of their childhood as a higher kind of squire —and often combining the two characters. He was justice of the peace; he took his share in general local business; he attended sessions and county meetings; he farmed his glebe or his estate; he was to all intents and purposes a well educated, country gentleman, with a higher moral standard than the laity round him, fulfilling admirably well the obligations of his station, and possessed of all the influence which naturally belonged to it.

The type is fast changing, and will soon be extinct

—much for the better, as we are told in newspapers and bishops' charges. The clergy of all persuasions attend now exclusively to their spiritual functions. The incumbent of —— is no longer to be seen, like his predecessors, on the board of magistrates in the next town. He is reading daily service at his church; he is at the Convocation House at Westminster; he is making speeches at a missionary meeting, or addressing his diocesan on the enormities of Bishop Colenso. He wears a long coat and a peculiar waistcoat, and curtails his shirt collars. He cuts his apparel as near as he dares after the Catholic fashion, and aspires to match the priest at his own weapons. He is once more professional. He is one of an order which he hopes to restore to its dignities, and he looks back on the secular parson, who hunted and shot and went to cricket-matches and election dinners, as a monster of the dark ages. The secular parson shared the pleasures as well as the occupations of his neighbour. He was no better than a layman. The modern clergy prefer the earlier condition, and desire to be once more a priesthood. We hear of few moral scandals among them. They are, as a class, devoted, self-sacrificing, hard-worked men, and, in an age more than ever given up to money-making, they are contented with the wages of an upper servant. But what they lose in secular position they aspire to recover in spiritual authority; and whatever else we may conjecture about their future, it is quite certain that they will not long remain members of a Church established and governed by the State. Either they must

drop their pretensions, or the Established Church will cease to be. They may preach more doctrine than their fathers; it may be that they preach more truth; but they know infinitely less of the people under their charge; and they in turn are less appreciated by their people. There are no longer independent points of contact between men who have no common occupations; and in town and country, notwithstanding the multiplication of churches, the revival of architecture, the religious newspapers and magazines, and the increased talk about religion everywhere, the practical influence of the clergy diminishes daily, and they know it is so, and know not why it is.

To those who like ourselves have no expectation of any good coming to us either from politics or science, unless statesmen and philosophers have some kind of faith in God, the outlook is not a happy one. The reaction towards Romanism, Anglo-Catholicism, or whatever it is called, is probably temporary—a mere eddy in the tide. It would not have arisen among us at all, except for the ignorance of modern history, which still accompanies our highest education. The Calvinistic and Lutheran Reformation agreed on one point at least—that the magical power supposed to belong to the clergy had no existence. It treated their absolution as imposture. It regarded their sacraments in the form which they had assumed, as mere idolatry, their whole conception of Christianity as false from the root. It is now pretended that in England the priest theory was retained in a modified form, and people who hold that

theory maintain that the English Church is a great deal nearer Rome than to the Presbyterians or continental Protestants.

It is certain, nevertheless, that however politicians for state purposes might choose to adjust the Anglican organization, there would have been no such thing as the English Reformation, except for those among us who did not believe in priests at all.

The first step of the English Parliament was to break the spine of sacerdotal assumption. They allowed its ghost to hover about the service-book, but on condition that it should never take substantial form again. Nor can England be separated in any real sense from the reformed States abroad. English, Dutch, French, Germans fought side by side for the liberties of Europe, against an enemy which neither acknowledged nor acknowledges that there is any distinction between them. If England was in any way singled out, it was as the country where the Protestant heresy had taken strongest and deepest root. Had Protestantism been trampled down in Holland and Germany, the apostolic succession of her bishops would not have saved England from the same fate; and as a feature in the religious history of mankind, the Reformation everywhere must be considered as one movement. If it was a good thing, all who broke off from Rome shared the honour; if it was an evil thing, all were equally guilty.

Are we then to believe that the Reformation was an evil thing? Let us have a plain answer. If Dr Pusey will not tell us, we must appeal to general intelligence.

Looking at the deeds that were done in the sixteenth century, and at the men who did them—looking at the character of the leaders on both sides, on the conditions of the struggle, and on the spirit in which the battle was fought out—can a doubt, we ask, be fairly entertained on which side the right was lying? A Catholic who has been bred up in the atmosphere of his creed, who has learned history from Lingard and Audin, and whose later studies have been controlled by the Index, may entertain an unshaken faith in the immaculate Church, which can err neither in judgment nor in action. A Howard or a Ker may cling to a cause for which his ancestors fought and suffered, which is identified with the traditions of his family, which at one time was the cause of the aristocracy against the Revolution. But when educated Protestants turn Romanists or Anglo-Catholics, and profess to hate the Reformation, they imply that they regard Coligny as a rebellious schismatic, and Catherine de Medici and her litter of hyæna cubs as on the side of providence and justice; they take part with a Duke of Alva against William the Silent, with Mary Stuart against Knox and Murray. And such a phenomenon, we repeat, can only be explained by the system of instruction at our English Universities, where we are taught accurately the constitution of Servius Tullius, but where we never hear of the Act of Supremacy, and find it an open question whether Latimer was not a raving fanatic, and Cranmer a sycophant and a scoundrel.

Let there be no mistake about this. Not only those

who are becoming Catholics, but those also who are setting the Church of England upon stilts, and praying for the reunion of Christendom, must equally condemn the Reformation. They regard the Continental Protestant as a schismatic, and his revolt from the Catholic Church as a crime. The Anglo-Catholics palliate the separation of their own Church of England, on the plea merely that it was kept providentially from lapsing into heresy, and they do not care to conceal their contempt and hate for the persons of the Reformers. Yet, all this time, the so-called 'horrors of the French Revolution' were a mere bagatelle, a mere summer shower, by the side of the atrocities committed in the name of religion, and with the sanction of the Catholic Church.

The Jacobin Convention of 1793-4 may serve as a measure to show how mild are the most ferocious of mere human beings when compared to an exasperated priesthood. By the September massacre, by the guillotine, by the fusillade at Lyons, and by the drownings on the Loire, five thousand men and women at the utmost suffered a comparatively easy death. Multiply the five thousand by ten, and you do not reach the number of those who were murdered in France alone in the two months of August and September, 1572. Fifty thousand Flemings and Germans are said to have been hanged, burnt, or buried alive under Charles the Fifth. Add to this the long agony of the Netherlands in the revolt from Philip, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the ever-recurring massacres of the Huguenots, and

remember that the Catholic religion alone was at the bottom of all these horrors, that the crusades against the Huguenots especially, were solemnly sanctioned by successive popes, and that no word of censure ever issued from the Vatican except in the brief intervals when statesmen and soldiers grew weary of bloodshed, and looked for means to admit the heretics to grace.

With this infernal business before men's eyes, it requires no common intellectual courage to believe that God was on the side of the people who did such things —to believe that He allowed His cause to be defended by devils—while He permitted also good and brave men, who had originally no sympathy with Protestantism, to be driven into it by the horrible fruits of the old creed.

If this be true, then indeed, as an Oxford Professor tells us, our human conceptions of justice and goodness are no measure of what those words mean when applied to God. Then indeed we are in worse case than if the throne of heaven was empty, and we had no Lord and Father there at all. 'I had rather be an atheist,' says Bacon, 'than believe in a god who devours his children.' The blackest ogre in a Negro fetish is a benevolent angel compared to a god who can be supposed to have sanctioned the massacre of St Bartholomew.

It is an old story that men make God after their own image. Their conception of his nature reflects only their own passions. Theological fury in the sixteenth century turned human creatures into fiends, and they in turn made God into a fiend also. The Neo-

Catholics of our own day, while they will not disclaim the God of Gregory XIII., have softened the outlines, but have failed to add to its dignity. The divinity of the Ritualistic imagination abandons the world and all its pursuits, cares nothing for the efforts of science to unfold the mysteries of the creation, or to remove the primeval curse by the amelioration of the condition of humanity—all these it leaves to the unconverted man. It takes delight in incense, and ceremonies, and fine churches, and an extended episcopate, and for the rest is occupied in its own world, and in helping priests to work invisible miracles. The Evangelical, far nobler than these, yet embarrassed still with his doctrines of reprobation, forms a theory which has some lineaments of superhuman beauty, but unable to rid himself of the savage element left behind by Calvin, offers us a Saviour at once all merciful and without mercy—a Saviour whose pity will not reject the darkest sinner from His grace, yet to those whose perplexed minds cannot accept as absolutely and exhaustively true the 'scheme of salvation' deals harder measure than the Holy Office of Seville. The heretic, in the *auto-da-fé*, endured but a few moments of agony. The Calvinist preacher consigns him without a shudder to an eternity of flames. *Faith* is the cry of all theologians, Believe with us and you will be saved ; refuse to believe and you are lost. Yet they know nothing of what belief means. They dogmatize but they fail to persuade, and they are entangled in the old dilemma which faith alone can encounter and despise. 'Aut non vult tollere malum

aut nequit. Si non vult, non est bonus; si nequit, non est omnipotens.

In the present alienation of the higher intellect from religion it is impossible to foresee how soon or from what quarter any better order of things is to be looked for. We spoke of an eddy in the stream, but there are 'tides in the affairs of men' which run long and far. The phenomena of Spirit-rapping show us that the half-educated multitudes in England and America are ready for any superstition. Scientific culture seems inclined to run after the Will-o'-the-wisp of Positivism; and as it is certain that ordinary persons will not live without a belief of some kind, superstition has a fair field before it, and England, if not Europe generally, may perhaps witness in the coming century some great Catholic revival. It is a possibility which the decline of Protestantism compels us to contemplate, and it is more easy to foresee the ultimate result than the means by which its returning influence can be effectually combated. Catholicism has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. It is tolerant now because its strength is broken. It has been fighting for bare existence, and its demands at present are satisfied with fair play. But let it once have a numerical majority behind it and it will reclaim its old authority. It will again insist on controlling all departments of knowledge. The principles on which it persecuted it still professes, and persecution will grow again as naturally and necessarily as a seed in a congenial soil. Then it will once more come in collision with the secular intelligence

which now passes by it with disdain. The struggle ended in blood before; and it will end in blood again, with further results not difficult to anticipate.

We are indulging, perhaps, in visionary fears, but if experience shows that in the long run reason will prevail, it shows also that reason has a hard fight for it; and in the minds even of the most thoughtful rarely holds an undisputed empire. We expect no good from the theory of human things with which men of intellect at present content themselves. We look for little satisfaction to our souls from sciences which are satisfied with phenomena, or much good to our bodies from social theories of utility—utility meaning the gratification of the five senses in largest measure by the greatest number. We believe that human beings can only live and prosper together on the condition of the recognition of *duty*, and duty has no meaning and no sanction except as implying responsibility to a power above and beyond humanity. As long as the moral force bequeathed to us by Christianity remains, the idea of obligation survives in the conscience. The most emancipated philosopher is still dominated by its influence, and men continue substantially Christians while they believe themselves to be only Benthamites. But the feebleness of Protestantism will do its work of disintegration at last, and a social system which has no religion left in it will break down like an uncemented arch.

We have no hope from theologians, to whatever school they may belong. They and all belonging to them are given over to their own dreams, and they

cling to them with a passion proportionate to the weakness of their arguments.

There is yet a hope—it is but a faint one—that the laity, who are neither divines nor philosophers, may take the matter into their own hands, as they did at the Reformation. If Catholicism can revive, far more may Protestantism revive, if only it can recover the spirit which gave it birth. Religion may yet be separated from opinion, and brought back to life. For fixed opinions on questions beyond our reach, we may yet exchange the certainties of human duty; and no longer trusting ourselves to so-called economic laws, which are no more laws than it is a law that an unweeded garden becomes a wilderness of stinging nettles, we may place practical religion once more on the throne of society. There may lie before us a future of moral progress which will rival or eclipse our material splendour; or that material splendour itself may be destined to perish in revolution. Which of these two fates lies now before us depends on the attitude of the English laity towards theological controversy in the present and the next generation.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.[1]

DURING the last quarter of a century, nearly four million British subjects—English, Irish, and Scots—have become citizens, more or less prosperous, of the United States of America. We have no present quarrel with the Americans; we trust most heartily that we may never be involved in any quarrel with them; but undoubtedly from the day that they became independent of us, they became our rivals. They constitute the one great power whose interests and whose pretensions compete with our own, and in so far as the strength of nations depends on the number of thriving men and women composing them, the United States have been made stronger, the English empire weaker, to the extent of those millions and the children growing of them. The process is still continuing. Emigration remains the only practical remedy for the evils of Ireland. England and Scotland contain as many people

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1870.

as in the present condition of industry they can hold. The annual increase of the population has to be drafted off and disposed of elsewhere, and while the vast proportion of it continues to be directed on the shores of the Republic, those who leave us, leave us for the most part resenting the indifference with which their loss is regarded. They part from us as from a hard stepmother. They are exiles from a country which was the home of their birth; which they had no desire to leave, but which drives them from her at the alternative of starvation.

England at the same time possesses dependencies of her own, not less extensive than the United States, not less rich in natural resources, not less able to provide for these expatriated swarms, where they would remain attached to her Crown, where their well-being would be our well-being, their brains and arms our brains and arms, every acre which they could reclaim from the wilderness, so much added to English soil, and themselves and their families fresh additions to our national stability.

And yet we are told by politicians—by some directly in words, by almost all in the apathy with which they stand by and look on—that the direction of our emigration is of not the slightest consequence to us, that there is no single point in which an emigrant who settles on the Murray or the St Lawrence, is of more value to us than one who prefers the Mississippi. In either case, if he does well for himself, he becomes a purchaser of English goods, and in this capacity alone is he of use to

us. Our interest in him, so far as we acknowledge an interest, is that he should go wherever he can better himself most rapidly, and consume the largest quantity of English calico and hardware in his household. It is even argued that our colonies are a burden to us, and that the sooner they are cut adrift from us the better. They are, or have been, demonstratively loyal. They are proud of their origin, conscious of the value to themselves of being part of a great empire, and willing and eager to find a home for every industrious family that we can spare. We answer impatiently that they are welcome to our people if our people choose to go to them, but whether they go to them or to America, whether the colonies themselves remain under our flag or proclaim their independence or attach themselves to some other power, is a matter which concerns themselves entirely, and to us of profound indifference.

Such an attitude of a Government towards its subjects is so strange, so unexampled in the history of mankind, that the meaning of it deserves study if only as a political curiosity. The United States have just spent six hundred millions of money and half a million lives in preserving their national unity. The Russians, when they find a pressure of population in Finland, load their ships of war with as many as desire to emigrate, and give them homes on the Amoor river. English subjects were once so precious in the eyes of our Government, that we did not allow them so much as a right to change their allegiance. When we look down the emigration tables we find only the Germans

who are doing anything in the least resembling what we are doing, and the Germans cannot help themselves for they have no colonies. America is not a rival of Germany, and the strengthening of America threatens no interest of any German State. Had Prussia settlements in one hemisphere and France in another, do we suppose the Court of Berlin would see the peasants from the Elbe and the Oder denationalize themselves without an effort to reclaim them? No intelligent person will believe it. The Spaniards and French indeed parted with tens of thousands of their artisans to England during the wars of religion, but they did not part with them willingly, nor was the result of the experiment such as to tempt a repetition of it. It used to be considered that the first of all duties in an English citizen was his duty to his country. His country in return was bound to preserve and care for him. What change has passed over us, that allegiance can now be shifted at pleasure like a suit of clothes? Is it from some proud consciousness of superabundant strength? Are our arms so irresistible that we have no longer an enemy to fear? Is our prosperity so overflowing and the continuance of it so certain, that we can now let it flow from us elsewhere because we can contain no more? Our national arrogance will scarcely presume so far? Is it that the great Powers of the world have furled their battle flags? Is the parliament of man on the way to be constituted, and is the rivalry of empires to be confined for the future to competition in the arts of peace? Never at any period in the world's history was

so large a share of the profits of industry expended upon armies and arms. Is it so certain that we shall never be entangled again in the quarrels of the Continent? Let the fresh engagements answer, into which we have been compelled to enter, guaranteeing the independence of Belgium. Let the fresh Black Sea embarrassment answer, from which we have barely escaped with honour. Is it that the experience of the results of the emigration to America so far has been so satisfactory as to convince us that we have no occasion to interfere with its direction? The Irish in Australia and New Zealand are as well-disposed towards us as the rest of the colonists. The Irish in America are our bitterest enemies. The Irish vote will be given unanimously for war with us if at any time any question between the two countries becomes critical, and their presence in America, and the influence which they are supposed to possess there, is the immediate cause of the present humour of Ireland itself. The millions who fled from the famine carried with them the belief that it was England, which, in one shape or other, was the cause of their misery; that it was England which was driving them from their homes. The land was theirs and we had taken it from them, and therefore they were starving. It was their belief then. It is their belief now. Nine parts of it may be absurd, but one part is reasonable. We had superseded Irish law and Irish methods of management by English law and English methods of management. Landlords holding under our system had allowed the population to out-

grow the legitimate resources of the country, because, while the potato lasted, subdivision increased their rents without cost to themselves, and then when the change came, and the landlords' interests lay the other way, they said to their tenants, 'There is no room for you here; you are not wanted; you are an expense and a trouble to us; and you must go.' Their removal in itself was inevitable. In many instances, perhaps in most, the cost of the removal was paid for them; but they identified the system under which they suffered with English tyranny, and they went away with hate in their hearts and curses on their lips. Those who went hated us because they were obliged to go. Those who stayed behind hate us because fathers have lost their sons and sisters brothers, and friends have been parted from friends. And now we have Fenianism upon us saying openly we dare not put it down, for America will not allow us.

We did not make the potato famine. We could not fight with nature, or alter the irreversible relation between land and food. Civilization brings with it always an overgrowth of people; for civilization means the policeman, and the policeman means that the natural increase of population shall not be held in check by murder and fighting and robbery. In all ranks families have to learn to be separated. England suffers from it as much as Ireland, and does not complain. This is quite true. But if when the famine came we had said to the Irish peasants, 'Through no fault of yours a terrible calamity has fallen upon you;

there are more of you living on the land than the land will support, and we take blame to ourselves, for we ought (or those who by our means are placed above you ought) to have prevented the multiplication of you where the decay of a single root might be your destruction; when we look back upon our management of Ireland, we cannot acquit ourselves of being responsible for you; and therefore, as you must go away, we will give you land elsewhere; we will take you there and settle you, and help you to live till you can maintain yourselves,'—if we had said this, there would have been at least a consciousness that we had done our best to soften their misfortunes. The million that we might have sent to Canada or Australia would have drawn after them the millions that have followed. Our colonies would have doubled their population, and there would have been no Irish vote in America for party demagogues to flatter by threats of England, and no Fenianism at home.

We are told that Government has no business with emigration; that emigration, like wages, prices, and profits, must be left to settle itself, according to laws of nature. Human things are as much governed by laws of nature as a farm or a garden, neither less nor more. If we cultivate a field it will yield us corn or green crops. The laws of nature will as assuredly overgrow it with docks and nettles if we leave it to govern itself. The settlement of Ulster under James I. was an act of Government; yet it was the only measure which ever did good to Ireland. The removal of a million poor

creatures to Canada and the establishment of them there, would have been under present circumstances considerably more easy. It was a question of money merely. To send them to Canada might have cost, perhaps, as much as the Abyssinian war. Had we feared they might cross the border after all into the States, and had preferred Australia or the Cape for them, it might have cost a little more, and it would have probably turned out on the whole a profitable investment. Trade follows the flag. We consider the Americans to be good customers, but they import only ten shillings' worth of our manufactures per head in proportion to the population. The imports of the Australian colonies are at the rate of 10*l.* per head. English capital is locked up, or flowing away into Continental loans. The high rate of interest in America is due wholly to the extent of land there, which yields profits so enormous and so certain when reclaimed and cultivated. We have the same resource in no less abundance. We have land, we have capital, we have labour. Yet we seem to have neither the ability nor the desire to bring them together, and develop their results. We are told persistently by a powerful school of politicians, that the colonies as colonies are of no use to us, that we can look with entire indifference on their separation from us, and on their adoption of any future course which may seem best to themselves.

What is the meaning of so strange a conclusion?

Many explanations can be given of it. There is a certain vague cosmopolitanism growing up among us.

Patriotism is no longer recognized as the supreme virtue which once it was believed to be. 'Prejudice in favour of England,' that proud belief in England which made men ready to sacrifice themselves and all belonging to them in the interests of their country, is obsolete and out of fashion. It is not uncommon to hear Liberal politicians express an opinion without much regret, that England has had its day; that her fighting days are over; that, like the old Téméraire, she has nothing now to look for but to be towed into her last resting-place; that a hundred years hence her greatest achievement will be considered to be having given birth to America. A more respectable theory is that we are still sufficient for ourselves, that we have enormous resources yet undeveloped at home if Government will but let the people alone and leave trade and manufacture to take their course. There is the overwork of public men, who catch gladly at an excuse for shaking off unnecessary trouble. And there is the constitution of the Colonial Office, which undoubtedly has shown itself incapable of managing effectively our distant dependencies, the chiefs of the colonial as of all other departments being selected not for special acquaintance with the subject, but for the convenience of political parties, being changed repeatedly with changes of Government, and being unable therefore to carry out a consistent policy, or even to gain intelligent insight into their business. Again, there has been an impression that in case of war the colonies would be an embarrassment to us; that Canada as long as it is ours

is a possible cause of quarrel with the United States: and that if we were quit of it we should be at once in less danger of war, and if war came should be better able to defend ourselves.

On the whole, however, there are two main causes underlying the rest which beyond all others have alienated public opinion from our colonies generally, and have created that general apathy of which the attitude of statesmen is but a symbol.

The first is the position recently assumed towards us by some of the colonies themselves; the second an opinion deliberately conceived on the political situation of England and on the future which we should anticipate and labour for. The colonies no longer answer the purposes for which, when originally founded, we made them useful. When the States of the Union were British provinces, we sent there not so much our surplus population as those whose presence among us was inconvenient, our felons, rebels, and political and religious refugees. As they prospered, we made them profitable to us. They were the chief markets for our African Negro trade, and we paid no attention to their objections to slavery. We went on to tax them. They revolted and were lost to us. We supplied their places. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere, we possessed ourselves of territories as valuable as those which had separated from us. In these places, or in some of them, so long as they would allow us, we continued to dispose of our convicts. Taught by experience we avoided our past

faults—we avoided them, that is, in the identical form for which we had paid so dearly—but so far as we dared we still administered their interests for our own convenience. We held their patronage, we disposed of their waste lands, we became involved in endless disputes with them, and this too came to an end. They refused to be demoralized by our felons: we submitted and kept them to ourselves. They claimed their lands, we abandoned them. They desired to fill their public offices with their own people: we parted with what had been an agreeable provision for younger brothers or political partisans. We surrendered all the privileges which had been immediately profitable; and finally, to close all disputes, we left them to govern themselves in whatever way seemed good to them. We gave them constitutions on the broadest basis which popular philosophers recommended. We limited our rights over them to the continuance of the titular sovereignty of the Crown, to the nomination of a Governor whose powers were controlled by the local legislature; and we maintained regiments among them to fight their battles when they fell into trouble with their neighbours. The advantage now was all on their side. They became a weight upon the English taxpayer. They relieved us of our emigrants, such of them as they could get, but America was ready to take our emigrants and to ask nothing of us in return. Their Governments, the creation of universal suffrage, embroiled us in wars, putting us to expense in defence of proceedings which we neither advised nor approved.

The Canadians, while they expected us to protect them against the United States, levied duties on English manufactures for their own revenues. Relations such as these could not and cannot continue, and English politicians living from hand to mouth, and courting popularity by anxiety for English pockets, have declined to subsidize the colonies further, or relieve them of expenses or duties which they can discharge for themselves. We have told the New Zealanders that if they covet the Maoris' lands, they must raise troops of their own to take them. We have said generally that we will not undertake the defence of the colonies except in wars of our own making, and that if the colonies do not like the conditions they are welcome to sever the connection.

Undoubtedly there is much in this way of putting the case which is *primâ facie* reasonable. The colonies are offended. They declare themselves ardently attached to England. They say they are proud of belonging to us, and they call on England to reciprocate their affection, and they are astonished and hurt at what they regard as an injurious return. Rejected love, they tell us, curdles into enmity. A distinguished Australian reminds us that the Alabama quarrel is even now embittered by a remembrance of the tea duties. We ask with wonder what possible resemblance can be found between taxing colonies against their will and leaving them to the absolute disposal of their own fortunes. Still the colonies are not satisfied. They fail in any way to answer the argument, unless by reproaching us for

being blind to what they conceive to be our own interests, but there is a rankling feeling of injustice somewhere. They make common cause with one another, Australia takes up the wrongs of New Zealand, and both resent the frankness with which we discuss a probable separation of Canada. If they have to leave us in their present humour they hint that they can no longer be our friends. Affection cannot subside into indifference. The *spretæ injuria formæ* festers into ill will.

When there are differences of this kind the right is seldom wholly on one side. Taken literally, nothing can be more unlike than our past conduct to America, and our present attitude towards New Zealand. Yet situations never exactly repeat themselves, and the same spirit may exhibit itself in more forms than one. In our present relations with our colonies as well as in our past we are charged with considering or having considered nothing but our own immediate interest. It is true that we have never yet acknowledged that the colonies are of more than external moment to us. Till now, and especially since the establishment of Free Trade, there has been room in England itself for the expansion of the people. The colonies see or think they see that we have gone as far as we can go that way; they consider themselves infinitely important to us, and our determined blindness adds point to the offence. We taxed New England, they say, for our own convenience; for the same reason, and equally unwisely, we are throwing off them. We made use of them, while they left us their patronage and consented to be convict

stations; when we cannot use them any more in this way we bid them go about their business, although they are Englishmen like ourselves, as if Englishmen might be told prudently that if they had real or imagined grievances we did not want them, and that they were free to change their allegiance. Interest, however, is not the only bond by which nations are held together. Patriotism may be sentimentalism, but it is a sentimentalism nevertheless which lies at the root of every powerful nationality, and has been the principle of its coherence and its growth. Our practical differences with the colonies would have been found easy to set right had there been a real desire to adjust them, but we have not recognized their attachment to us as of serious consequence. We lost the North American States. The world thought that we were ruined, and we found ourselves as strong as before. We have come to believe that we are sufficient for ourselves, that we can keep our Indian empire and maintain our rank among other nations out of the resources of our own two islands. We imagine that all which our colonists can do for us is to become purchasers of our manufactures, and whether dependent or independent they will need equally shirts and blankets and Sheffield and Birmingham hardware.

The England of the future as pictured in the imagination of the sanguine Liberal statesman is to be the emporium of the world's trade, and an enormous workshop for all mankind. With supplies of the best iron or coal, which if not inexhaustible will last our

time and our children's and grand-children's, with the special aptitude of the English at once for mechanical art and for navigation, we consider that we can defy competition, and multiply indefinitely our mills and furnaces and ships. Our great cities are to grow greater; there is no visible limit to the development of our manufactures: we can rely upon them with confidence to supply a population far larger than we have at present. Our exports in 1862 were more than double what we exported in 1842. They may have doubled again twenty years hence, and once more by the end of the century. Civilization spreads with railroad speed; each year opens new markets to us; and with the special advantages which no other nation combines in equal measure we imagine that we have nothing to fear. Trade may occasionally fluctuate. There may be years when our prosperity may seem arrested or even threaten a decline—but in all instances such partial checks have been followed by a splendid rebound. The tide is still flowing in our favour, and we see no reason to fear that English commercial enterprise in any direction whatever is approaching its limits. Confident in ourselves we have thus looked with indifference on our dependencies in other continents, or on the opposite side of the globe. If they prefer to adhere to us we do not propose to drive them off. If they wish to leave us we are prepared neither to resist nor remonstrate. We make them understand that whether they go or stay they are masters of their own fortunes. They are practically self-governed, and with self-government

they must accept its responsibilities; above all things, they must make no demands on the heavily-burdened English tax-payers.

The first question to be asked about all this is, whether our confidence is justified; whether the late rate of increase in our trade is really likely to continue. There are symptoms which suggest, if not fear, yet at least misgiving. Success in trade on so great a scale depends on more than natural advantages: it depends on the use that is made of them: it depends on our reputation for honesty; and English reputation, it is needless to say, is not what it used to be. The rage to become rich has infected all classes. Railway companies banking companies, joint-stock trading companies have, within these few last years, fallen to shameful wreck, dragging thousands of families down to ruin. The investigation into the causes of these failures has brought out transactions which make ordinary people ask whither English honesty has gone. Yet there has been no adequate punishment of the principal offenders, nor does any punishment seem likely to be arrived at. The silk trade is said to be in a bad way, and the fault is laid on the French treaty. It was shown a year or two since, that fifty per cent. of hemp was worked up into English silk. May not this too have had something to do with the decline? It was proved, in the 'Lancet,' after a series of elaborate investigations, that the smaller retail trade throughout the country was soaked with falsehood through and through. Scarcely one article was sold in the shops frequented by the

poor, which was really the thing which it pretended to be. Last year there was an outcry about adulteration and false weights and measures: attention was called to the subject in the House of Commons by Lord Eustace Cecil; and perhaps, of all the moral symptoms of the age, the most significant is the answer which was given on that occasion by the President of the Board of Trade. The poor were and are the chief sufferers by fraud of this kind. Mr Bright has risen to distinction as the poor man's friend; and those and the analogous complaints, with the general approbation of the great Liberal party, he treated with impatient ridicule. He spoke of adulteration as a natural consequence of competition. He resisted inquiry. 'Adulteration,' he said, 'arises from the very great, and perhaps inevitable, competition in business, and to a large extent it is promoted by the ignorance of customers.' He looked for a remedy in education, which would enable the poor to take care of themselves. The Home Secretary might as well have said that burglary was an inevitable consequence of the institution of property, that it was promoted by the weakness and cowardice of householders, and that he hoped it would be checked by a general possession of revolvers and increasing skill in the use of them. If the Liberal party will not admit the parallel, it is because they have lost the power of regarding swindling as a crime. If I buy what professes to be a silk umbrella and I find myself in possession of an umbrella which is two parts hemp, I am as much robbed as if a thief had picked my pocket. I am told that I

must take care of myself; that it is not the business of Government to save me from making a bad bargain. What is the business of Government? If *caveat emptor* is to be the rule, then why not *caveat viator?* Why the expense of maintaining a police? Many fine qualities are developed in men—courage, prudence, readiness, presence of mind, dexterity, and forethought—if they are left to defend for themselves their persons and their purses. Mr Bright's reply to Lord Eustace Cecil will not have tended to remove the misgivings with which foreign purchasers are watching the symptoms of English commercial morality.

Once more: do we see our way so clearly through the growing perils from the trades' unions? We are told on all sides that English manufacturers cannot hold their ground against foreign competitors if the unions are to dictate the wages at which the artisans are to work. Our monopoly of trade depends on our powers to undersell the foreigner in his own market: a very slight margin makes the difference. If the dictation of the unions is allowed to destroy that margin by insisting on an advance with the revival of demand, the manufacturer's profits are eaten up. His occupation passes from him to countries where men and masters can work together on terms more satisfactory to both of them. Has the solution of the problem been found so easy? Has the faintest ray of light as yet been thrown upon it? The unions and the master employers are in a state of war, either open or at best suspended; and war is the most wasteful and ruinous of all means

by which human differences can be adjusted. Every strike is a battle—a battle which determines nothing—in which there is no glory to be gained and no victory to be won which does not widen the breach more irreparably, while the destruction of property and the resulting ruin and devastation are immediate and incalculable. Where is there a sign that labour and capital are beginning to see their way to a reconciliation? Political economy is powerless; and the statesman who relies for the stability and progress of England on an indefinite expansion of trade, must either possess an insight marvellously deeper than that of common mortals, or must have faith in economic principles in which, for our part, we are unable to share.

But let us grant his conclusions. Suppose these difficulties overcome; suppose Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow swollen till they have each a million inhabitants; suppose Lancashire a universal workshop—a hundred thousand chimneys, the church spires of the commercial creed, vomiting their smoke into the new black heaven spread above them; Lancashire calico and Yorkshire woollen clothing every bare back in Asia; the knives and forks of Europe supplied from Sheffield; and Staffordshire furnishing iron for the railways of four continents. Let Sir Samuel Baker convert the interior of Africa into an enormous cotton-field, and the Nile become a highway, through which five million bales shall annually make their way into the Mersey. Let London expand to twice its present unwieldy size, its mendicancy and misery be absorbed,

and the warehouses on the Thames become the emporium in which the produce of the world is absorbed and again dispersed among mankind. Let the most sanguine dream of the most enthusiastic political economist be realized. Let us imagine our people so enlightened by education as to understand and act upon the policy of honesty; harmony be established between employers and employed on an enlightened recognition of their mutual interests; adulteration be thought as wicked as adultery, and the English brand on steel and calico once more accepted as a passport for excellence. Let us make an effort of imagination and concede that all this may be—well, and what then?

For a certain class of people—for the great merchants, great bankers, great shopkeepers, great manufacturers, whose business is to make money, whose whole thoughts are set on making money and enjoying the luxuries which money can command—no doubt, it would be a very fine world. Those who are now rich would grow richer; wealth in the modern sense of it would be enormously increased—suburban palaces would multiply, and conservatories and gardens, and further off the parks and pheasant preserves. Land would continue to rise in value, and become more and more the privilege of those who could afford the luxury of owning it. From these classes we hear already a protest against emigration. Keep our people at home, they say: we shall want them when trade revives. There may be no work for them at present. Their wives and little ones may be starving with cold and hunger. They

may be roaming the streets in vagrancy, crowding the casual wards or besieging the doors of the poor-houses; but still keep them—all will be well by and by. Meantime let the poor-rate rise; let the small householder in Whitechapel, himself struggling manfully for independence on the verge of beggary, pay six shillings in the pound to feed his neighbour who has sunk below the line. The tide will turn; labour will soon be in demand again. Our profits will come back to us, and the Whitechapel householder may console himself with the certainty that his six shillings will sink again to three.

But these classes, powerful though they may be, and in Parliament a great deal too powerful, are not the people of England; they are not a twentieth, they are not a hundredth part of it: and what sort of future is it to which under the present hypothesis the ninety-nine are to look forward? The greatness of a nation depends upon the men whom it can breed and rear. The prosperity of it depends upon its strength, and if men are sacrificed to money, the money will not be long in following them. How is the further development of England along the road on which it has been travelling at such a rate for the last twenty years likely to affect the great mass of the inhabitants of this island? We have conquered our present position because the English are a race of unusual vigour both of body and mind—industrious, energetic, ingenious, capable of great muscular exertion, and remarkable along with it for equally great personal courage. If we are to preserve

our place we must preserve the qualities which won it. Without them all the gold in the planet will not save us. Gold will remain only with those who are strong enough to hold it: and unless these qualities depend on conditions which cannot be calculated, and which therefore need not be considered, the statesman who attends only to what he calls the production of wealth forgets the most important half of the problem which he has to solve.

Under the conditions which I have supposed, England would become, still more than it is at present, a country of enormous cities. The industry on which its prosperity is to depend can only be carried on where large masses of people are congregated together, and the tendency already visible towards a diminution of the agricultural population would become increasingly active. Large estates are fast devouring small estates; large farms, small farms; and this process will continue. Every economist knows that it must be so. Machinery will supersede human hands. Cattle breeding, as causing less expenditure in wages, will drive out tillage. A single herdsman or a single engineer will take the place of ten or twenty of the old farm labourers. Land will rise in value. Such labourers as remain may be better paid. Such as are forced into the towns may earn five shillings where they now earn three; but as a class the village populations will dwindle away. Even now, while the increase has been so great elsewhere, their number remains stationary. The causes now at work will be more and more operative. The

people of England will be a town-bred people. The country will be the luxury of the rich.

Now it is against all experience that any nation can long remain great which does not possess, or having once possessed has lost, a hardy and abundant peasantry. Athens lost her dependencies, and in two generations the sun of Athens had set. The armies which made the strength of the Roman republic were composed of the small freeholders of Latium and afterwards of Italy. When Rome became an empire, the freeholder disappeared; the great families bought up the soil and cultivated it with slaves, and the decline and fall followed by inevitable consequence. Tyre, Carthage, or if these antiquated precedents are to pass for nothing, Venice, Genoa, Florence, and afterwards the Low Countries, had their periods of commercial splendour. But their greatness was founded on sand. They had wealth, but they had no rank and file of country-bred men to fall back upon, and they sunk as they had risen. In the American civil war the enthusiastic clerks and shop-boys from the eastern cities were blown in pieces by the Virginian riflemen. Had there been no western farmers to fight the south with men of their own sort, and better than themselves, the star banner of the Confederacy would still be flying over Richmond. The life of cities brings with it certain physical consequences, for which no antidote and no preventive has yet been discovered. When vast numbers of people are crowded together, the air they

breathe becomes impure, the water polluted. The hours of work are unhealthy, occupation passed largely within doors thins the blood and wastes the muscles and creates a craving for drink, which reacts again as poison. The town child rarely sees the sunshine; and light, it is well known, is one of the chief feeders of life. What is worse, he rarely or never tastes fresh milk or butter; or even bread which is unbewitched. The rate of mortality may not be perceptibly affected. The Bolton operative may live as long as his brother on the moors, but though bred originally perhaps in the same country home he has not the same bone and stature, and the contrast between the children and grandchildren will be increasingly marked. Any one who cares to observe a gathering of operatives in Leeds or Bradford and will walk afterwards through Beverley on a market day, will see two groups which, comparing man to man, are like pigmies beside giants. A hundred labourers from the wolds would be a match for a thousand weavers. The tailor confined to his shop-board has been called the ninth part of a man. There is nothing special in the tailor's work so to fractionize him beyond other indoor trades. We shall be breeding up a nation of tailors. In the great engine factories and iron works we see large sinewy men, but they are invariably country born. Their children dwindle as if a blight was on them. Artisans and operatives of all sorts who work in confinement are so exhausted at the end of their day's labour that the temptations of the drink-shop are irre-

sistible. As towns grow drunkenness grows, and with drunkenness comes diminished stamina and physical decrepitude.

The sums spent by English town operatives on gin and beer more than equals a second revenue; while every shilling swilled away is so much taken from the food and clothes of their children. In the country villages, habits of life are different; the landlord can use his authority to remove or diminish temptation; but restraint in towns is with general consent regarded as impossible; no parish board, no government dares interfere; education, religion, philanthropic persuasion are equally powerless, and the rate of consumption of intoxicating liquors (usually at present poisonous as well as intoxicating), in proportion to the population, increases every year. The conditions under which the town operative works all encourage a reckless tendency: many occupations are themselves deadly, and the cry is for a short life and a merry one. Employment at best is fitful. The factory hand is generally perhaps earning overflowing wages. Then bad times come, and he works but three days a week, or four, or none. He is improvident in his abundance. His hand to mouth existence is unfavourable to the formation of habits of prudence. As a rule, he saves little, and the little is soon gone. The furniture goes to the pawnshop, and then comes want and starvation; and any shilling that he can earn he carries to the gin-palace, where he can forget the hunger-stricken faces which he has left at home. His own fault, it is said; but when particular

tendencies show themselves uniformly in particular bodies of men, there must be causes at work to account for them. And besides drunkenness there are other vices and other diseases, not peculiar to towns, perhaps, but especially virulent and deadly there, which tend equally to corrupt the blood and weaken the constitution. Every great city becomes a moral cesspool, into which profligacy has a tendency to drain, and where, being shut out from light, it is amenable to no control. The educated and the wealthy live apart in their own streets and squares. The upper half of the world knows nothing of the under, nor the under of the upper. In the village the squire and parson at least know what is going on, and can use authority over the worst excesses; where men are gathered in multitudes it is impossible. Disease and demoralization go hand in hand undermining and debilitating the physical strength, and over-civilization creates in its own breast the sores which will one day kill it.

I have spoken of the effect of modern city life upon the body: it would be easy were it likely to be of any service to say more of its effect upon the mind. In those past generations, when the English character was moulding itself, there was a virtue specially recognized among us called content. We were a people who lived much by custom. As the father lived, the son lived; he was proud of maintaining the traditions and habits of his family, and he remained in the same position of life without aspiring to rise from it. The same family continued in the same farm, neither adding to

its acres nor diminishing them. Shop, factory, and warehouse were handed down with the same stationary character, yielding constant but moderate profits, to which the habits of life were adjusted. Satisfied with the share of this world's goods which his situation in life assigned to him, the tradesman aspired no higher, endeavouring only in the words of the antiquated catechism, 'to do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him.' Throughout the country there was an ordered, moderate, and temperate contentedness, energetic—but energetic more in doing well the work that was to be done, than in 'bettering' this or that person's condition in life. Something of this lingers yet among old-fashioned people in holes and corners of England; but it is alien both to the principles and the temper of the new era. To push on, to climb vigorously on the slippery steps of the social ladder, to raise ourselves one step or more out of the rank of life in which we were born, is now converted into a duty. It is the condition under which each of us plays his proper part as a factor in the general progress. The more commercial prosperity increases, the more universal such a habit of mind becomes. It is the first element of success in the course to which the country seems to be committing itself. There must be no rest, no standing still, no pausing to take breath. The stability of such a system depends, like the boy's top, on the rapidity of its speed. To stop is to fall; to slacken speed is to be overtaken by our rivals. We are whirled along in the breathless race of competition. The

motion becomes faster and faster, and the man must be unlike anything which the experience of humanity gives us a right to hope for, who can either retain his conscience, or any one of the nobler qualities, in so wild a career.

Is such a state of things a wholesome one? Is it politically safe? Is it morally tolerable? Is it not certain for one thing that a competition, of which profit is the first object, will breed dishonesty as carrion breeds worms? Much of it is certain to continue, unless England collapses altogether. Nothing but absolute failure will check the growth of manufactures among us; but it is absolutely necessary that the whole weight of the commonwealth should be thrown upon trade? Is there no second or steadier basis to be found anywhere? I cannot myself contemplate the enclosure of the English nation within these islands with an increasing manufacturing population, and not feel a misgiving that we shall fail in securing even those material objects to which our other prospects are to be sacrificed. We shall not be contented to sink into a second place. A growth of population we must have to keep pace with the nations round us; and unless we can breed up part of our people in occupations more healthy for mind or body than can be found in the coal-pit and workshop—unless we preserve in sufficient numbers the purity and vigour of our race—if we trust entirely to the expansion of towns, we are sacrificing to immediate and mean temptations the stability of the empire which we have inherited.

If we are to take hostages of the future we require an agricultural population independent of and beside the towns. We have no longer land enough in England commensurate with our present dimensions, and the land that we have lies under conditions which only a revolution can again divide among small cultivators. A convulsion which would break up the great estates would destroy the entire constitution. It is not the law of the land, it is not custom, it is not the pride of family, which causes the agglomeration. It is an economic law which legislation can no more alter than it can alter the law of gravity.

The problem is a perfectly simple one. Other nations, once less powerful or not more powerful than ourselves, are growing in strength and numbers, and we too must grow if we intend to remain on a level with them. Here at home we have no room to grow except by the expansion of towns which are already overgrown, which we know not certainly that we can expand. If we succeed it can be only under conditions unfavourable and probably destructive to the physical constitution of our people, and our greatness will be held by a tenure which in the nature of things must become more and more precarious.

Is there then no alternative? Once absolutely our own, and still easily within our reach, are our eastern and western colonies, containing all and more than all that we require. We want land on which to plant English families where they may thrive and multiply without ceasing to be Englishmen. The land lies ready

to our hand. The colonies contain virgin soil sufficient to employ and feed five times as many people as are now crowded into Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing is needed but arms to cultivate it; while here, among ourselves, are millions of able-bodied men unwillingly idle, clamouring for work, with their families starving on their hands. What more simple than to bring the men and the land together? Everything which we could most desire exactly meeting what is most required is thrust into our hands, and this particular moment is chosen to tell the colonies that we do not want them and they may go. The land, we are told impatiently, is no longer ours. A few years ago it was ours, but to save the Colonial Office trouble we made it over to the local governments, and now we have no more rights over it than we have over the prairies of Texas. If it were so, the more shame to the politicians who let drop so precious an inheritance. But the colonies, it seems, set more value than we do on the prosperity of the empire. They care little for the profit or pleasure of individual capitalists. They see their way more clearly perhaps because their judgment is not embarrassed by considerations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget. Conscious that their relations with us cannot continue on their present footing, their ambition is to draw closer to us, to be absorbed in a united empire. From them we have no difficulty to fear, for in consenting they have everything to gain. They are proud of being English subjects. Every able-bodied workman who lands on their shores is so much added to their

wealth as well as ours. If we do not attempt to thrust paupers and criminals on them, but send labourers and their families adequately provided, they will absorb our people by millions, while in desiring to remain attached to England they are consulting England's real interests as entirely as their own. Each husband and wife as they establish themselves will be a fresh root for the old tree, struck into a new soil.

And yet statesmen say it is impossible. Wealthy England cannot do what wretched Ireland was able to do, and transport those whom she can no longer feed to a place where they can feed themselves, and to herself be a support instead of a burden. Impossible! The legislative union with Scotland was found possible, and there were rather greater difficulties in the way of that than those which obstruct a union with the colonies. The problem then was to reconcile two nations which were hereditary enemies. The problem now is but to reunite the scattered fragments of the same nation, and bridge over the distance which divides them from us. Distance frightens us; but steam and the telegraph have abolished distance. A Cornish miner and his family can now emigrate to the Burra Burra with greater ease, and at a less expense, than a hundred years ago they would make their way to a Lancashire coal-pit. St George's Channel at the time of the union with Ireland was harder to cross in stormy winter weather than the Atlantic is at present. Before the Panama railway was opened, and the road to California lay round Cape Horn, London was as near it as New

York; yet California was no less a State in the American Union. England would not hold the place which now belongs to her had there not been statesmen belonging to her capable of harder achievements than reattaching the colonies. It is not true that we are deterred by the difficulties. If there was the will to do it, if there was any real sense that the interests of the country required it, the difficulties would be found as unsubstantial as the proverbial lions which obstruct the path of the incapable. We are asked contemptuously how it is to be done. We ask in return, do you wish it to be done? for if you do your other question will answer itself. Neither the terms of the federation, the nature of the Imperial council, the functions of the local legislatures, the present debts of the colonies, or the apportionment of taxation, would be found problems hard of solution, if the apostles of *laissez-faire* could believe for once that it was not the last word of political science.

For emigration, the first step is the only hard one; to do for England what Ireland did for itself, and at once spread over the colonies the surplus population for whom we can find no employment at home. Once established on a great scale, emigration supports itself. Every Irishman who now goes to the United States, has his expenses paid by those who went before him, and who find it their own interest, where there is such large elbow-room, to attract the labour of their friends. It would cost us money—but so do wars; and for a great object we do not shrink from fighting. Let it

be once established that an Englishman emigrating to Canada, or the Cape, or Australia, or New Zealand, did not forfeit his nationality, that he was still on English soil as much as if he was in Devonshire or Yorkshire, and would remain an Englishman while the English empire lasted; and if we spent a quarter of the sums which were sunk in the morasses at Balaclava in sending out and establishing two millions of our people in those colonies, it would contribute more to the essential strength of the country than all the wars in which we have been entangled from Agincourt to Waterloo. No further subsidies would be needed to feed the stream. Once settled they would multiply and draw their relations after them, and at great stations round the globe there would grow up, under conditions the most favourable which the human constitution can desire, fresh nations of Englishmen. So strongly placed, and with numbers growing in geometrical proportion, they would be at once feeding-places of our population, and self-supporting imperial garrisons themselves unconquerable. With our roots thus struck so deeply into the earth, it is hard to see what dangers, internal or external, we should have cause to fear, or what impediments could then check the indefinite and magnificent expansion of the English Empire.

There is one more element in the question which must not be passed over. These are not days for small states: the natural barriers are broken down which once divided kingdom from kingdom; and with the interests of nations so much intertwined as they are

now becoming, every one feels the benefit of belonging to a first-rate Power. The German States gravitate into Prussia, the Italians into Piedmont. While we are talking of dismembering our empire, the Americans have made enormous sacrifices to preserve the unity of theirs. If we throw off the colonies, it is at least possible that they may apply for admittance into the American Union;[1] and it is equally possible that the Americans may not refuse them. Canada they already calculate on as a certainty. Why may not the Cape and Australia and New Zealand follow? An American citizen is a more considerable person in the world than a member of the independent republic of Capetown or Natal; and should the colonists take this view of their interests, and should America encourage them, what kind of future would then lie before England? Our very existence as a nation would soon depend upon the clemency of the Power which would have finally taken the lead from us among the English-speaking races. If Australia and the Cape were American we could not hold India, except at the Americans' pleasure. Our commerce would be equally at their mercy, and the best prospect for us would be to be one day swept up into the train of the same grand confederacy.

It is easy to say that we need not quarrel with America, that her interests are ours, that we mean to

[1] The mention of this possibility has been received with ridicule in Australia. So much the better; but it is none the less certain that the English-speaking peoples will drift into a union of some kind. If they do not choose England as their centre they will eventually choose America, whatever they may think about it at present.

cultivate friendly relations with her, with such other commonplaces. From the day that it is confessed that we are no longer equal to a conflict with her, if cause of rupture should unhappily arise, our sun has set: we shall sink as Holland has sunk into a community of harmless traders, and leave to others the place which once we held and have lost the energy to keep.

Our people generally are too much occupied with their own concerns to think of matters which do not personally press upon them, and our relations with the colonies have drifted into a condition which it is agreed on all sides must now be modified in one direction or another. Statesmen who ought to have looked forward have allowed the question to take its own course, till they have brought separation to the edge of consummation. The breaking up of our empire, however, cannot be completed till the country has had an opportunity of declaring its pleasure; and if the nation is once roused into attention, pricked it may be into serious thought by the inexorable encroachments of the poor-rate, it may yet speak in tones to which the deafest political doctrinaire will be compelled to listen. A very short time will probably see some decision taken for good or evil. Representatives from the colonies are said to be coming here in the spring,[1] to learn what

[1] Unfortunately they were not allowed to come. Lord Granville pushed separation one step nearer by throwing cold water on the proposal. He said that he did not desire the colonies to leave us, but he took pains to exhibit his indifference whether they went or stayed; and it is this indifference, so ostentatiously displayed, which is the active cause of alienation.

they are to look to, and the resolutions then arrived at will be of immeasurable moment to their fortunes and to ours. It is no party question; all ranks, all classes are equally interested, manufacturers in the creation of new markets, landowners in the expansion of soil which will remove, and which probably alone can remove, the discontent with their increasing monopoly at home. Most of all is it the concern of the working men. Let broad bridges be established into other Englands, and they may exchange brighter homes and brighter prospects for their children for a life which is no life in the foul alleys of London and Glasgow; while by relieving the pressure at home they may end the war between masters and men, and solve the problems of labour which trades unions can only embitter.

That emigration alone can give them permanent relief the working men themselves will ultimately find out. We cannot save the millions of Irish. That portion of her volumes the sibyl has burnt already. Are we to wait till our own artisans, discovering the hopelessness of the struggle with capital, and exasperated by hunger and neglect, follow in millions also the Irish example, carry their industry where the Irish have carried theirs, and with them the hearts and hopes and sympathies of three-quarters of the English nation?

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo!

If Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville are indifferent, we appeal to Mr Disraeli. This is one of those Imperial concerns which the aristocracy, lifted by

fortune above the temptations and necessities of trade, can best afford to weigh with impartiality. They too may find motives of prudence to induce them to turn it over in their minds. There are those who think that if the colonies are cut off, that if the English people understand that they are closed in once for all within the limits of their own island, that they have no prospects elsewhere unless they abandon their country and pass under another flag, the years that the present land laws will last unmodified may be counted on the fingers of a single hand.

A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY.

WE have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland, the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland: every cloud has its sunny side; and, when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world, and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill-matched with ours, are still among the most interesting of peoples. If the old type of character remains in many of its most unmanageable features, they are no longer the Paddies of our childhood. Wave after wave of convulsion has been rolling over the race for hundreds of years past, distinct eras of social organization, with special elements of good and evil in them. The last of these waves, the great famine of 1846, swept over the country like a destroying torrent, carrying away millions of its peasantry, clearing off the out-at-elbows duel-fighting squireens, and paralyzing if it has not extinguished the humour and the fun which made the boy that carried your game bag or fishing basket the most charming of companions.

The farmer, however seemingly prosperous, carries sadness in his eyes and care on his forehead. If he is thriving himself, his family is broken up: his sons or his brothers are beyond the Atlantic, and his heart was broken in parting with them. The evictions which followed the potato failure have left their marks in a feeling of injustice of which Fenianism is the fruit and the expression.

This too, however, is passing away, or will pass when the Administration recovers courage to combine firmness with justice; and meanwhile, in spite of outrages and assassinations, every one who has watched the Irish character during the last quarter of a century must have felt that it is fast altering, and altering immensely for the better. 'We are all changed,' said one of the people to me. 'You know yourself the landlords are changed, and we are changed, too, if you would only believe it. We have all learnt our lesson together.' Where the beneficial influences have been the strongest, that is to say, where there has been no cruelty and the tenants have been kindly used, there is growing up a life in all parts of Ireland with more subdued grace about it, more human in its best features, than is to be found in any other part of these islands. I had an opportunity of seeing something of this last summer, under its most favourable aspect. A friend who had taken a place for a season or two in the Kerry mountains, invited me to spend a fortnight with him; and careless of the warnings of acquaintances who feared that I should not come back alive, I took my

place in the Holyhead mail. It was the second week in August. We left London at night. In the morning we were in Kingstown Harbour, and a few hours later I was deposited at the railway station at Killarney. Derreen—so I will call the house to which I was bound—was still nearly forty miles distant. The train was late, but the evening promised well. I put myself in the hands of Spillane, the most accomplished of bugle-players, and the politest of hotel managers; and, after a hasty dinner, I was soon rattling along beside the lake in a jaunting car, with a promise of being at my journey's end, if not before dark, yet at no unreasonable hour. An exquisite drive of three hours brought me to Kenmare, a town at the head of one of the long fiords running up from the Atlantic, which readers of Macaulay will remember as the scene of a brilliant defence made by a small body of Protestant settlers against the Irish insurgents. It was not my first visit to the place. Thirty years before I had passed through it from Glengariff in a long vacation holiday. The Lansdowne Arms was still in its old place; but the generation which frequented it had passed away. The 'boy' who was then driving me called my attention, as I remember, to a group of gentlemen at the door. There were two O'Connells, cousins of the Liberator, at that time in the zenith of his glory. There was Morty O'Sullivan and another whose name I forget. The point about them was that each had killed his man in a duel, and Morty had killed two. He was one of the old fire-eaters, a spare well-

dressed, refined-looking person, a descendant of the old chiefs of Berehaven, ruling the wreck of his inheritance with an authority scarcely less despotic as far as it extended; like his ancestors, in perpetual feud with his neighbours, and settling his quarrels with them in the field or in the law courts. He had lived—I should say 'reigned,' for that is still the word—at Derreen itself. He had screwed his tenants, drunk whisky enough daily for ten degenerate mortals, such as now we know them, turned his house into a pigstye, and been loved and honoured throughout the valley. Morty the Good he was called, the king of the golden age of Kerry, and unhappy only in the incapacity of one of his sons, whom he never could teach to handle a pistol like a gentleman. The young O'Sullivan took kindly to the ways of the family; quarrelled with a companion before he was out of his teens, and went out to settle the dispute in legitimate fashion. But Morty augured ill for the result. He ordered the wake beforehand, and was disappointed, it was to be hoped agreeably, when the object of his care was brought home only shot through the foot.

Morty had been now long in his grave. Litigation had crippled his fortune and the famine finished it. His boys were scattered over the world and his place knew him no more. Morty was gone, and the fighting squirearchy to which he belonged was gone also, extinct like the dodo; and in the place of the group which I remembered, one or two harmless clerks belonging to the town stores were lounging at the

porch in the summer gloaming comparing salmon flies, or talking about the cricket club which had been set on foot there by some neighbouring gentlemen.

Besides these were a couple of smart-looking boatmen, one of whom, after ascertaining who I was, informed me that my friend had sent up his yacht, a smart cutter of twenty tons, and that if I preferred a sail to a longer drive they were ready to take charge of me. The wind was from the east, light but fair, and they believed that it would not drop till midnight. But we had still seventeen miles to go. I inquired what would happen if it did drop, and as the answer was vague I determined to stick to my car, and to lose no time, for it was growing dark. My driver declined a change of horses. The small well-bred Irish car horse does his forty miles a day through the season with only an occasional rest, and seems little the worse for it. Away we went again after a halt of three quarters of an hour, and three minutes brought us to the suspension bridge crossing the head of the fiord, one end of which rests on the peninsula where the Protestants were besieged. That, too, with its traditions was a thing of the past, and might have furnished a text at any other time for its appropriate meditations. But the scene was too beautiful for moralizing. The pink evening light had faded off the mountains, but the tints which lingered in the western sky were reflected faintly on the glimmering water. The cutter was clearing out of the harbour with her big gaff topsail set and her balloon jib, and as she slid away the

men tauntingly hailed my driver and promised to tell my friends that we were coming.

The mare received an intimation that she must put her best foot forward; we struck off to the right on crossing the bridge and entered a long fir wood which skirts the river, catching glimpses at intervals of the shining water through gaps in the trees.

By-and-by we emerged into open ground. The road was level, following the line of the bay for eight or nine miles, and crossing the mouths of valley after valley where the streams which drain the hills run into the sea. It was now dark, so far as a summer night is ever dark. The cutter still kept ahead of us, shimmering ghost-like in the uncertain light. Sometimes we seemed to be gaining on her—then, as a fresh puff of air overtook her, she stole away. At last our ways parted; she held on towards a headland far down the bay which she was obliged to round before she could enter Kilmakilloge, the harbour on which Derreen is situated. The road, to avoid a long circuit, strikes upwards over a pass in the hills, to descend on the other side into the head of the valley.

The ascent now became tedious; we had lost the cutter, and were climbing the broken side of an utterly barren mountain. The distant view was hidden by the darkness, and the forms immediately round us had nothing striking about them, beyond a solitary peak which shot up black and gloomy-looking into the sky. Two miles of walking ground made me impatient to be at my journey's end, and I was unprepared for the

scene which was immediately about to break upon me.

We reached the crest at last—rounded a corner of rock, and were at once in another world. The moon had risen, though concealed by the hill which we had been ascending, and burst upon us broad and full as we turned to descend. Below us was a long deep valley losing itself to the left in the shadows in the Glengariff mountains; opening to the right in the harbour of Kilmakilloge, which lay out like a looking-glass in the midst of the hills in which it is landlocked. Across, immediately before us, was a gorge, black and narrow, the sides of which, in the imperfect light, appeared to fall precipitously two thousand feet. Beyond, at the head of the harbour, was a second group of mountains shaped in still wilder variety, while the bottom of the valley was traversed by a river divided into long shining pools suggestive of salmon and sea trout, and broken at intervals with cascades, the roar of which swayed up fitfully in the night air.

These glens and precipices had been the retreat of the last Earl of Desmond in the closing summer of his life. The long peninsula shut in between the fiords of Bantry and Kenmare was then covered from end to end with forest, inaccessible except by water, or penetrated by a few scarce discoverable horsetracks; inhabited by wolves, and by men who were almost as wild, and were human only in the ineffable fidelity with which they concealed and shielded their hunted chief. The enormous trees which lie in the bogs, or the trunks which break on all sides out of the ground, prove that once

these hills were as thickly wooded as those which have escaped the spoiler, and in their summer livery delight the tourist at Killarney. Now, the single fault of the landscape is its desolation. Sir William Petty, who obtained the assignment of the principality of Kerry, on terms as easy as those on which the Colonial Office squandered millions of the best acres in Canada, considered the supply of fuel to be practically as inexhaustible as we now consider our coal measures. He set up refining works on the shore of the harbour, and tin and copper ore was brought over there, till the last available stick had been cut down to smelt it. Nature still struggles to repair the ruin, and young oaks and birches sprout of themselves, year after year, out of the soil, but the cattle browse them off as they appear; and the wolves being destroyed which once scared the sheep out of the covers, and gave them time to renew their natural waste, civilization itself continues the work of the destroyer, and dooms the district to perpetual barrenness. Of the forests of oak and arbutus and yew which once clothed the whole of Kerry, the woods at Killarney have alone escaped; those and some few other scattered spots, which for some special reason were spared in the general havoc.

At one of these, the 'domain' as it is called of Derreen, I have by this time arrived. Two miles of descent balanced the climb on the other side. We are again in the midst of trees. Level meadows beside the river are dotted with sleeping cattle, we have passed a farmhouse or two, and now a chapel handsome and

new, at a meeting of cross roads. We turn into a gate, a gravel drive leads us to where lights are shining behind overhanging branches. The harbour is close below us; a four-oared boat is going out for a night's fishing; the cutter is at this very moment picking up her moorings; we have not beaten her, but we are not disgraced ourselves. In another minute we are in the broad walk which leads to the house. The night was hot, my friend's party were on the lawn; some of them had been dining on board a yacht, the lights of which were visible as she lay at anchor, a mile from the windows. They had come on shore in the yacht's gig, and were standing about reluctant to go in-doors from the unusual loveliness of the evening.

They proposed a stroll round the grounds, to which I was delighted to consent. The house stood in the middle of a lawn, shut in on all sides by woods, through which, however, openings had been cut in various places, letting in the view of the water. The original building, which had been the residence of Morty and his sons, was little more than a cottage. It had been enlarged by a straggling wing better suited to the habits of modern times. Morty, who cared little for beauty, had let the trees grow close to the door. He might have shot woodcocks from his window, and I dare say he did; while the close cover had served to shelter and conceal his considerable operations in the smuggling line. This more practical aspect of things had been superseded by the sentimental, and by lopping and clearing, full justice had been done to the beauty—I

may say the splendour—of the situation. The harbour of Kilmakilloge forms a branch of the Kenmare river, from three to four miles deep, and pierced on both sides by long creeks, divided by wooded promontories. On the largest of these, some ninety acres in extent, the house had been placed. Two acres had been cleared to make a garden. Four or five more formed a field running down to the sea. The rest was as nature made it, the primeval forest, untouched save for the laurels and rhododendrons which were scattered under the trees where the ground was dry enough to let them grow. Two rivers fell into the harbour at the upper end, one of them that along which I had just been driving, the other, the larger, emerging out of a broad valley under a bridge which, with the water behind, showed clear and distinct in the moonlight. All round us rose the wall of mountains, the broken outline being the more striking, because at night the surface details are lost and only the large forms are visible. The sky line on three sides was from two to six miles distant. On the fourth side, towards the mouth of the harbour, it was more remote; but here, too, the rim of mountains continued to the eye unbroken. The ocean was shut off by the huge backbone of hills which stretches from Macgillicuddy's Reeks to the Atlantic. To all appearance Derreen was cut off from the world as effectually as the valley of Rasselas; and, but for the intrusion of the postman, made evident by my friend's inquiries as to the last division and the white-bait dinner, but for the croquet wires which I stumbled over on the lawn,

we might have seemed divided as utterly from all connection with the world and its concerns. We wandered through the woods and along the walks which followed the shore. The wind was gone; the last breath of it had brought the yacht to her moorings. The water was like a sheet of pale gold, lighted in the shadows by phosphorescent flashes where a seal was chasing a mullet for his supper. Far off we heard the cries of the fishermen as they were laying out their mackerel nets, a heron or two flew screaming out of some large trees beside the boat-house, resentful at the intrusion on their night's rest; and from overhead came a rush of wings and the long wild whistle of the curlew.

One of the ladies observed that it was like a scene in a play. She was fond of theatres herself; she was a distinguished artist in that line—or would have been had she been bred to the trade; and her similes followed her line of thought. It sounded absurd, but I remembered having myself experienced once an exactly similar sensation. I was going up Channel in a steamer. It was precisely such another warm, breathless, moonlight summer night, save that there was a light mist over the water which prevented us from seeing very clearly objects that were at any distance from us. The watch on the forecastle called out, 'A sail ahead!' We shut off the steam, and passed slowly within a biscuit's throw of an enormous China clipper, with all her canvas set, and every sail drooping flat from the yards. We heard the officers talking on the quarter-deck. The ship's bell struck the hour as we went by. Why the

recollections of the familiar sea moonlight of Drury Lane should have rushed over me at such a moment I know not, unless it be that those only who are rarely gifted feel natural beauty with real intensity. With the rest of us our high sensations are at best partly artificial. We make an effort to realize emotions which we imagine that we ought to experience, and are theatrical ourselves in making it.

A glance out of the window in the morning showed that I had not overrated the general charm of the situation. The colours were unlike those of any mountain scenery to which I was accustomed elsewhere. The temperature is many degrees higher than that of the Scotch highlands. The Gulf Stream impinges full upon the mouths of its long bays. Every tide carries the flood of warm water forty miles inland, and the vegetation consequently is rarely or never checked by frost even two thousand feet above the sea-level. Thus the mountains have a greenness altogether peculiar, stretches of grass as rich as water-meadows reaching between the crags and precipices to the very summits. The rock, chiefly Old Red Sandstone, is purple. The heather, of which there are enormous masses, is in many places waist deep.

The sky was cloudless, and catching the chance of performing my morning's ablutions in salt water, I slipped into the few indispensable garments, and hurried down to the front door. My host's youngest boy, a brown-cheeked creature of six, who was playing with the dogs on the steps, undertook to pilot me to the

bathing-place, a move not wholly disinterested on his part, as the banks on either side of the walks were covered with wild strawberries and whortleberries. Away we went through the woods again, among the gnarled and moss-clothed trunks of oaks hundreds of years old, and between huge boulders draped with ferns and London pride, which here grows luxuriantly wild. The walk ended at a jutting promontory of rock, where steps had been cut, leading to the water at a soft spot where a dike of slate had pierced a fault in the sandstone. The water itself was stainless as the Atlantic. I jumped in carefully, expecting to touch the bottom, yet I could scarcely reach it by diving. I tried to persuade my companion to take a swim upon my back, but he was too wary to be tempted. He was a philosopher, and was speculating on making a fortune out of the copper veins which were shining in the interstices of the slate. Our friend the seal, whom we had seen at supper, seemed disposed to join me. A shiny black head popped up from under the surface thirty yards off, and looked me over to see if I was one of his relations; but after a careful scrutiny he disliked the looks of me, dropped under, and disappeared. The seals once swarmed upon this coast under shelter of popular superstition. 'The sowls of thim that were drowned at the flood' were supposed to be enchanted in their bodies, undergoing water purgatory. At times they were allowed to drop their skins, and play in human form upon the shore, and the mortal who was bold enough to steal the robe of some fish-maiden whom he could surprise,

might win her and keep her for his bride. They are yielding slowly before what is called education and civilization, and the last of them will soon be a thing of history like the last wolf; but the restriction upon firearms in Ireland still acts as a protection, and a few yet loiter about the quiet nooks where they find themselves unmolested.

Before I was dressed we heard a sound of oars; a boat came round the corner, rowed by the men belonging to the cutter. They had been out early to take up the fluke nets and overhaul the lobster pots, and were bringing in what they had caught to the house. A dozen plaice, two or three pairs of large soles, and a turbot twelve pounds weight, made up rather more than an average night's haul, obtained by the rudest of methods. The nets are of fine twine with a large mesh. They are from fifty to a hundred fathoms long, five feet deep, and held perpendicularly on the sand at the bottom, by a line of leads, just sufficient to sink them, and a line of small corks to keep them in an upright position. In these the flat fish entangle themselves—such of them as are stupid enough to persevere in endeavouring to push through, and are without the strength, like the conger and dog-fish, to break the net, and tear a way for themselves. Huge rents showed where creatures of this kind had escaped capture; but the holes are easily mended, and so many fish can be taken with so much ease, that the people do not care to improve on their traditionary ways. It is not for want of ingenuity or industry. The Pat of Kerry is either

unlike his kindred in the rest of the island, or they are a calumniated race altogether. On Kilmakilloge he makes his own boats, he makes his own nets, he twists his own ropes and cables out of the fibre of the bog pine which he digs out of the peat. He wants but a market to change his skiff into a trawler, and to establish a second Brixham at the splendid bay of Ballinskelligs.

Half a dozen skate were lying on the bottom boards among the nobler fish, here used only to be cut up for bait; these, and a monster called an angel shark, begotten long ago, it would appear, from some unlawful concubinage between a dog-fish and a ray. There were three enormous lobsters besides, better in my experience to look at than to eat. On these coasts it seems as if the young vigorous lobsters kill their own prey without trouble in finding it, and the bait in the wicker pots tempts only the overgrown and aged, whose active powers are failing them.

I was to make the best use of my time, and at breakfast we talked over our plans for the day. Picnics, mountain walks, antiquarianizing expeditions, fishing, salt or fresh, were alternately proposed. The weather luckily came to the assistance of our irresolution. It was still intensely hot. The rivers were low and clear as crystal, so it was vain to think of the salmon. The boatmen reported that the easterly wind was still blowing, but that from the look of the sky, and the breaking of the swell outside the harbour, they expected a shift in the evening, so we agreed to run down the bay

in the yacht as long as the land breeze held, and trust to the promised change to bring us back. The ladies declined to accompany us, the ocean roll and a hot sun being a trying combination even to seasoned stomachs. So my friend and I started alone with the boys, with a packed hamper to be prepared against emergencies. The cutter was large enough for its purpose, and not too large. Though we did not intend to court bad weather, we could encounter it without alarm if it overtook us. We had a main cabin, with two sofas and a swing table; a small inner cabin with a single berth, with a kitchen forward, where the men slung their hammocks. We slipped our moorings and ran out of the harbour, passing the Cowes schooner, which lay lazily at anchor. Her owner and his party were scattered in her various boats, some had gone up to Kenmare marketing, some were pollock fishing, others were engaged in the so-called amusement of shooting the guillemots and the puffins, which, unused to firearms, sat confidingly on the water to be destroyed—beautiful in their living motion, worse than useless when dead. We flung our half-uttered maledictions at the idiots, who were bringing dishonour on the name of sportsmen. For a week after the bay was covered with wounded birds, which were dying slowly from being unable to procure food.

Before we turned into the main river we passed an island on which was a singular bank of earth, wasting year by year by the action of the tide, and almost gone to nothing: it was the last remains of a moraine, de-

posited who can guess when, by a glacier which has left its scorings everywhere on the hill-sides. The people call it Spanish Island, and have a legend that one of the ships of the Armada was wrecked there. It is an unlikely story. No galleon which had doubled the Blaskets would have turned out of its course into the Kenmare river, nor if it had wandered into such a place could easily have been wrecked there. More likely it was a fishing station at a time when Newfoundland was undiscovered, and fleets came annually to these seas from Coruña and Bilbao, for their bacalao—their Lenten cod and ling. As many as two hundred Spanish smacks were then sometimes seen together in the harbour at Valencia.

The breeze freshened as we cleared out of Kilmakilloge. The main bay is here four miles broad, and widens rapidly as it approaches the mouth. We saw the open Atlantic twenty miles from us, and we met the swell with which we had been threatened, but so long and easy that we rose over the waves, scarcely conscious of motion, and rattled along with a three-quarter breeze and every sail drawing seven knots through the water. We were heading straight for Scarriff, a rock eleven hundred feet high, which, though several miles from the mainland, forms the extreme point of the chain which divides Kenmare river from Ballinskelligs bay. Thousands of sea-birds wheeling and screaming over the water showed that the great shoals of small fish which frequent these bays in the autumn had already begun to appear Gannets, towering like falcons, shot down

three hundred feet sheer, disappeared a moment, and rose with tiny sprats struggling in their beaks. Half a dozen herring hogs were having a pleasant time of it, and besides these, two enormous grampuses were showing their sharp black fins at intervals, one thirty feet long, the other evidently larger, how much we could not tell, for he never showed his full length, though he rolled near us, and we could judge his dimensions only from the width across the shoulders. The sprats were in cruel case. The whales and porpoises hunted them up out of the deep water. The gurnet caught them midway. The sea-birds swooped on them as they splashed in terror on the surface. They too had doubtless fattened in their turn on smaller victims. Our boys avenged the shades of some of them on one set at least of their persecutors. They threw over their fishing lines, and six or seven big gurnet were flapping in the basket before we had cleared the edge of the shoal.

Creeks and bays opened on either side of us, and closed again as we ran on. As we neared the mouth of the river we saw the waves breaking furiously on a line of rocks some little distance from the north shore. We edged away towards them for a nearer view, when it appeared that the rocks formed a natural breakwater to a still cove, a mile long and half a mile deep, which lay inside. There was a narrow opening at either extremity of the reef. The entrance looked ugly enough, for the line of foam extended from shore to shore, and black jagged points showed themselves in the hollow of the boiling surge, which would have made quick work with

us had we grazed them; but my friend knew the soundings to a foot, and as the place was curious he carried me inside. Instantly that we were behind the reef we were in still water three fathoms deep, with a clear sandy bottom. We ran along for a quarter of a mile, and then found ourselves suddenly in front of one of the wicked-looking castles of which so many ruins are to be seen on the coasts of Cork and Kerry. They were all built in the wild times of the sixteenth century, when the anarchy of the land was extended to the ocean, and swarms of outlawed English pirates had their nests in these dangerous creeks. They formed alliances with the O'Sullivans and the M'Carties, married their daughters, and shared the plunder with them which they levied indiscriminately on their own and all other nations. While the kingdom of Kerry retained its privileges under the house of Desmond, the Irish Deputies were unable to meddle with them by land, while no cruiser could have ventured to follow them by water through channels guarded so perilously as that by which we had entered.

If the walls of that old tower could have spoken it could have told us many a strange tale, of which every vestige of a legend has now disappeared. We know from contemporary records that the pirates were established in these places. The situation of the castle which we were looking at told unmistakably the occupation of its owner. A second deep creek inside the larger one, sheltered by a natural pier, led directly to the door-step. A couple of miles inland there are traces

of a still earlier stratification of sea-rovers—in one of the largest and most remarkable of the surviving Danish forts. The Danes, too, had been doubtless guided there by the natural advantages of the situation. I would gladly have landed and looked at it, but time pressed. We left the little bay at the far end of the reef, and half an hour later we were rising and falling on the great waves of the open ocean.

Having been dosed with hard eggs at breakfast, I found sickness impossible. They act like wadding in a gun, keeping the charge hard and tight in its place; and after a qualm or two, my stomach, finding further contention would lead to no satisfactory result, was satisfied to leave me to enjoy myself. The mainland ends on the north side at the Lamb Head, so called perhaps because it is one of the most savage-looking crags on which stranded ship was ever shattered. Outside it are a series of small islands from a few acres to as many square miles in extent, divided from each other by deep channels, a quarter or half a mile in width. It is a place to keep clear of in hazy weather. Irish boatmen may be trusted while they can see their landmarks, but my friend told me that he was caught by a fog in this very place the first time that he had ever been near it. He had a chart and a compass, and had turned in as it was night, leaving the tiller to his captain. Luckily he was not asleep. The roar of the breakers becoming louder he went on deck to look about him, and he found that the fellow knew no more of a compass than of a steam engine, and that he was steering dead upon the rocks

To-day, however, we ran in and out with absolute confidence, and we threaded our way to the splendid cliffs of Scarriff, the last of the group, which towered up towards the sea a thousand feet out of the water. On the land side the slope was more gradual; it was covered with grass and dotted with cattle; in a hollow we saw the smoke of a solitary house; we heard a cock crow and the clacking of a hen, and wild and lonely and dreary as the island seemed, the people living there are very reasonably happy and have not the slightest wish to leave it.

From the description given of the scene by Walsingham the historian, Scarriff is not improbably the place where a Cornish knight in the time of the second Richard came to a deserved and terrible end. It was a very bad time in England. Religion and society were disorganized; and the savage passions of men, released from their natural restraints, boiled over in lawlessness and crime. Sir John Arundel, a gentleman of some distinction, had gathered together a party of wild youths to make an expedition to Ireland. He was windbound either at Penzance or St Ives; and being in uneasy quarters, or the time hanging heavy on his hands, he requested hospitality from the abbess of a neighbouring nunnery. The abbess, horrified at the prospect of entertaining such unruly guests, begged him to excuse her. But neither excuses nor prayers availed. Arundel and his companions took possession of the convent, which they made the scene of unrestrained and frightful debauchery. The sisters were

sacrificed to their appetites, and when the weather changed were carried off to the ship and compelled to accompany their violators. As they neared the Irish coast the gale returned in its fury. Superstition is the inseparable companion of cowardice and cruelty, and the wretched women were flung overboard to propitiate the demon of the storm. 'Approbatum est non esse curæ Deis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem.' If Providence did not interfere to save the honour or the lives of the poor nuns, at least it revenged their fate. The ship drove before the south-wester, helpless as a disabled wreck. She was hurled on Scarriff, or possibly on Cape Clear, and was broken instantly to pieces. A handful of half-drowned wretches were saved by the inhabitants to relate their horrible tale. Arundel himself, being a powerful swimmer, had struggled upon the rocks alive, but he was caught by a returning wave before he could climb beyond its reach, and whirled away in the boiling foam.

With us, too, the sea was rising heavily. The wind had shifted to the west as the boatmen had foretold, and though as yet there was but little of it, the mercury was falling rapidly. A dark bank of clouds lay along the seaward horizon, and the huge waves which were rolling home, and flying in long green sheets up the side of the cliff, implied that it was blowing heavily outside. My friend had intended to take me on to the Skelligs, two other islands lying ten miles to the north-west of us, on the larger of which are the remains of a church and of three or four beehive houses,

which tradition says were once occupied by hermits. The Irish hermits, as we know, located themselves in many strange places round the coast, and may as well have chosen a home for themselves on the Skelligs as anywhere else. But it is to be noticed also, that even hermits, unless supported like Elijah by the ravens, must have found food somewhere. During the winter communication with the mainland must have been often impossible for weeks together, and as there is scarcely a square yard of grass on the whole place, they could have kept neither sheep nor cattle. Whoever dwelt in those houses must have lived by fishing. The cod fishing round the rocks is the very best on the whole coast; and remembering how indispensable the dried cod had been made by the fasting rules to the Catholic population of Europe, I cannot help fancying, however unromantic the suggestion may sound, that something more practical than devotion was connected with the community that resided there. We were obliged, however, to abandon all idea of going so far for the present. Could we have reached the islands we could not have landed. The cutter was already pitching so heavily that the top of Scarriff, though immediately over us, was occasionally hidden by the waves. If we ventured further we might have found it impossible to recover Kenmore Bay, and might have been obliged to run for Valencia; so we hauled our wind, went about, and turned our bows homewards. The motion became more easy as we fell off before the rollers. My friend gave up the tiller to one of the men, and we got out our

hamper and stretched ourselves on deck to eat our dinner, for which the tossing, strange to say, had sharpened our appetite. There is no medium at sea. You are either dead sick or ravenous, and we, not excluding the two boys, were the latter.

Among human pleasures there are few more agreeable than that of the cigar which follows a repast of this kind, the cold chicken and the claret having been disposed of, when St Emilion has tasted like the choicest Lafitte, the sun warm and not too warm, the wind at our backs, and the spring cushions from the cabin tossed about in the confusion which suits the posture in which we are most at ease. As we lay lazily enjoying ourselves, my host pointed out to me one more of the interesting features of the coast. Round the Lamb Head to the north, facing the islands among which we had been dodging, was another small bay, cut out by the action of the waves, at the bottom of which we saw the water breaking on a white line of sand. Behind the sand two valleys met, the slopes of which were covered prettily with wood; and among the trees we could see the smoke and the slated roof of the once famous Derrynane Abbey. There was the ancestral home of the world-celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the last of the old Irish. His forefathers, the Connells of Iveragh, like every other family on the coast of Kerry, had gone handsomely into the smuggling trade. Cargoes of tea and tobacco run on those sands were enclosed in butter casks and sent over the hills on horses' backs to Cork to the store of a confederate merchant,

and thence shipped for London as Irish produce. On those moors Dan the Great hunted his harriers. In the halls of that abbey he feasted friend or foe like an ancient chieftain, and entertained visitors from every corner of Europe. All is gone now. The famine which broke O'Connell's heart lies like an act of oblivion between the Old Ireland and the New, and his own memory is fading like the memory of the age which he represented. Some few local anecdotes of trifling interest hang about the mountains. They say of Dan, as they said of Charles II.: he was the father of his people, and by the powers 'twas a fine family he had of them. But Ireland has ceased to care for him. His fame blazed like a straw bonfire, and has left behind it scarce a shovelful of ashes. Never any public man had it in his power to do so much real good for his country, nor was there ever one who accomplished so little.

The Lamb Head once more closes in. The wind is fast rising; the crests of the rollers are beginning to break; the yacht flies down the slopes, and steers hard as the pursuing wave overtakes and lifts her. Down comes the topsail; we do not need it now: more than once we have plunged into the wave in front of us, and shipped green water over our bows. The clouds come up, with occasional heavy drops of rain. Macgillicuddy's Reeks are already covered; and on the lower mountains the mist is beginning to form. It will be a wet night, and the rivers will fish to-morrow. The harbour has been alive with salmon for the last fortnight, waiting for a fresh to take them up. We have

still an hour's daylight when we recover the mouth of Kilmakilloge, and are in sight of the woods of Derreen again. As we turn into the harbour the wind is broken off by the land. We are almost becalmed, and the yacht drags slowly through the water. Towards evening the whiting pollock take freely, so the lines are laid out again, and we trail a couple of spinners. One is instantly taken. A small fellow—three pounds weight—comes in unresistingly, and is basketed. A minute after the second line is snatched out of the hands of my young bathing companion, who had hold of it. One of the boatmen catches it, but is unused to light tackle, and drags as if he was hauling up an anchor. He gathers in a yard or two, and then comes a convulsive struggle. Each side pulls his best. One moment of uncertainty, a plunge and a splash at the end of the line in our wake, and then all is over; and we can imagine, without fear of contradiction, that we had hold of a conger eel at least, if not the sea-serpent himself.

The rain came down as we expected; rain like the torrents of the tropics, such as we rarely see in these islands outside Kerry. The mountains arrest the wet-laden currents as they come in from the Atlantic, condensing the moisture into masses of cloud, which at once discharge themselves in cataracts. We spend the evening hunting out our fishing-boxes, sorting flies, and trying casting-lines. The sky clears soon after sunrise. The keeper has been down early to examine the condition of the water, and is waiting for us with

his report on the rock outside the hall door after breakfast.

There is no haste. The rivers are still coming down brown and thick, and though the floods run off rapidly there will be no fishing till towards noon. We look about us, and the rock on which we are standing is itself a curiosity. The surface of it has been ground as smooth as a table. In the direction of the valley, and crossing the lines of cleavage, it is grooved by the ice-plane which has passed over it. The pebbles brought down from the hills and bedded in the under-surface of the glacier have cut into the stone like chisels, and have left marks which the rain of unnumbered years has failed to erase. Such is the modern theory, which is accepted as absolutely proved because we are at present unable to conceive any other agency by which the effect could have been brought about. Yet the inability to form another hypothesis may arise, it is at least possible, from limitations in ourselves, and attends as a matter of course every generally received scientific conjecture. The theory of epicycles was once considered to be proved, because no other explanation could then be offered of the retrogression of the planets; and when we consider the fate of so many past philosophies, accepted in their time as certain, and made the ridicule of later generations, misgivings obtrude themselves that even the glacier theory a hundred years hence may have gone the way of its predecessors, and that the ice may have become as mythical as the foot-prints of the fairies.

But the rock has a later and more human interest. The fortunate Englishman to whom at the close of the seventeenth century these vast estates passed by confiscation, was contented to leave the heads of the old families shorn of their independence, but still ruling as his representatives on the scene of their ancient dominions. So matters continued for more than a century. The O's and the Mac's retained their place, even under the penal laws; and the absentee landlord was contented with his rent and asked no questions. A change came after the Union. The noble owner of the Kenmare mountains awoke to the value and perhaps to the responsibilities of his inheritance. He prepared to draw his connection closer with it and to resume the privileges which had been too long spared. Macfinnan Dhu, the black Macfinnan, the predecessor of Morty, was then ruling at Derreen. The lord of the soil, to soften the blow which he was about to administer, sent Macfinnan a present of wine, which arrived duly from London in a large hamper. Macfinnan carried it to the top of the rock on which we were standing, called up every Irish curse which hung in song or prose in the recollection of the valley, on the intruding stranger who was robbing the Celt of the land of his fathers. At each imprecation he smashed a bottle on the stone, and only ceased his litany of vengeance when the last drop had been spilt of his infernal libation. Such is the story on the spot; true or false, who can tell? My host said that in the unusual heat of the summer before last the turf which covers the side of the rock had shrunk

a foot or two beyond its usual limits, and that fragments of broken bottles were indisputably found there; but whether they were the remains of Macfinnan's solemnity, or were the more vulgar relics of a later drinking bout, we are left to our own conjecture.

But I must introduce my readers to the keeper, who is a prominent person at Derreen. He is a Scot from Aberdeen, by name Jack Harper, descendant it may be of the Harper who called 'time' over the witches' caldron, but himself as healthy a piece of humanity as ever stood six feet in his stockings, or stalked a stag upon the Grampians. He was imported as a person not to be influenced by the ways and customs of the country. The agent, however, forgot to import a wife along with him. It was not in nature that a handsome young fellow of twenty-five should remain the solitary occupant of his lodge, and he soon found an Irish lassie who was not unwilling to share it with him. Jack was a Protestant and obstinate in his way, and declined the chapel ceremonial, but the registrar at Kenmare settled the legal part of the business. The priest arranged the rest with the wife, and a couple of children clinging to the skirts of Jack's kilt showed in face and figure the double race from which they had sprung: the boy thick-limbed, yellow-haired, with blue eyes, and a strong Scotch accent, which he had caught from his father; while the girl with dark skin, soft brown curls, and features of refined and exquisite delicacy, showed the blood of the pure Celt of Kerry, unspoilt by infiltration from Dane or Norman. Being alone in his creed

in the valley, Jack attends chapel, though holding the proceedings there in some disdain. He does not trouble himself about confession, but he pays the priest his dues, and the priest in turn he tells me is worth a dozen watchers to him. If his traps are stolen on the mountains, or a salmon is made away with on the spawning beds, he reports his grievances at the chapel, and the curses of the Church are at his service. Religion down here means right and wrong, and materially, perhaps, not much besides.

But the morning is growing on. I am left in Jack's hands for the day, my host having business elsewhere. He takes charge of rod and landing net, slings a big basket on his back, and whistling his dogs about him, and with a short pipe in his mouth, he leads the way down the drive to the gate. We halt on the bridge of the little river, but a glance at the bridge pool shows that we shall do no good there. The water is still muddy and thick, and not a fish will move in it for two hours at least. We must go to the second river, where the mountain floods are first intercepted by a lake: in this the dirt settles, and leaves the stream that runs out of it to the sea comparatively clear. We have a mile and a half to walk, and I hear on the way what Jack has to tell about the place and people. Before the famine the glen had been densely inhabited, and had suffered terribly in consequence. Ruined cottages in all directions showed where human creatures had once multiplied like rabbits in a warren. Miles upon miles of unfinished roads, now overgrown with gorse,

were monuments of the efforts which had been made to find them in work and food. But the disaster was too great and too sudden and too universal to be so encountered. Hundreds died, and hundreds more were provided with free passages to America, and the valley contains but a fourth of its old inhabitants. Its present occupants are now doing well. There are no signs of poverty among them. They are tenants at will, but so secure is the custom of the country that they have no fear of dispossession. An English political economist had once suggested that they should all be got rid of, and the glen be turned into a deer forest. But the much-abused Irish proprietors are less inhuman than the Scotch, and here at least there is no disposition to outrage the affection with which the people cling to their homes. There is, however, no wish among them to return to the old state of things. When a tenant dies his eldest son succeeds him. The brothers emigrate where friends are waiting for them in America, and they carry with them a hope, not always disappointed, of returning when they have a balance at the bank, and can stock a farm in the old country on their own account.

We pass a singular mound covered with trees at the road side, with a secluded field behind it sprinkled over with hawthorns. The field is the burying-place of the babies that die unbaptized, unconsecrated by the Church, but hallowed by sentiment, and treated seemingly with more reverence than the neglected graveyard. The mound is circular, with sloping sides

twenty feet high, and sixty feet in diameter at the top. It is a *rath*, of which there are ten or twelve in the glen, and many more in other parts of Kerry. This one has never been opened, being called the Fairy's house, and is protected by superstition; another like it, at the back of Derreen, has been cleared out, and can be entered without difficulty. The outer wall must have been first built of stone. The interior was then divided into narrow compartments, ten or twelve feet long by five feet broad, each with an air-hole through the wall, and communicating with one another by low but firmly constructed doors. Massive slabs were laid at the top to form a roof, and the whole structure was finally covered in with turf. They were evidently houses of some kind, though when built or by whom is a mystery. Human remains are rarely found in any of them, and whether these chambers were themselves occupied, or whether they were merely the cellars of some lighter building of timber and wicker-work raised above them, is a point on which the antiquarians are undecided. Whatever they were, however, they are monuments of some past age of Irish history; and the stone circles and gigantic pillars, standing wild and weird in the gorges of the mountains, are perhaps the tombs of the race who lived in them. No one knows at present, for Derreen lies out of the line of tourists. By and by, when the feeling of respect for burial-places, however ancient, which still clings to Kerry, has been civilized away, the tombs will be broken into and searched, and then as elsewhere the curious antiquary will find golden

torques and armlets among the crumbling bones of the chiefs of the age of Ossian.

But here we are at the river; we have passed two salt lagoons surrounded with banks of reeds, which are the haunts in winter of innumerable wildfowl, and even now are dotted over with broods of flappers which have been hatched among the flags. At the top of the farther of these we cross a bridge where the river enters it, for the wind is coming from the other side and is blowing three-quarters of a gale. We follow the bank for half a mile, where the water is broken and shallow, and the salmon pass through without resting. Then turning the angle of a rock, we come to a pool a quarter of a mile long, terminating in a circular basin eighty yards across, out of which the water plunges through a narrow gorge.

The pool has been cut through a peat bog, and the greater part of it is twenty feet deep. A broad fringe of water-lilies lines the banks, leaving, however, an available space for throwing a fly upon between them. This is the great resting-place of the fish on their way to the lake and the upper river. The water is high, and almost flowing over on the bog. The wind catches it fairly, tearing along the surface and sweeping up the crisp waves in white clouds of spray. The party of strangers who had cards to fish were before us, but they are on the wrong side, trying vainly to send their flies in the face of the south-wester, which whirls their casting lines back over their heads. They have caught a peal or two, and one of them reports that he was

broken by a tremendous fish at the end of the round pool. Jack directs them to a bend higher up, where they will find a second pool as good as this one, with a more favourable slant of wind, while I put my rod together and turn over the leaves of my fly-book. Among the marvels of art and nature I know nothing equal to a salmon-fly. It resembles no insect, winged or unwinged, which the fish can have seen. A shrimp, perhaps, is the most like it, if there are degrees in utter dissimilarity. Yet every river is supposed to have its favourite flies. Size, colour, shape, all are peculiar. Here vain tastes prevail for golden pheasant and blue and crimson paroquet. There the salmon are as sober as Quakers, and will look at nothing but drabs and browns. Nine parts of this are fancy, but there is still a portion of truth in it. Bold hungry fish will take anything in any river; shy fish will undoubtedly rise and splash at a stranger's fly, while they will swallow what is offered them by any one who knows their ways. It may be something in the colour of the water; it may be something in the colour of the banks: experience is too uniform to allow the fact itself to be questioned. Under Jack's direction, I select small flies about the size of green drakes: one a sombre grey, with silver twist about him, a claret hackle, a mallard wing, streaked faintly on the lower side with red and blue. The drop fly is still darker, with purple legs and olive green wings and body.

We move to the head of the pool and begin to cast in the gravelly shallows, on which the fish lie to feed

in a flood, a few yards above the deep water. A white trout or two rise, and presently I am fast in something which excites momentary hopes. The heavy rod bends to the butt. A yard or two of line runs out, but a few seconds show that it is only a large trout which has struck at the fly with his tail, and has been hooked foul. He cannot break me, and I do not care if he escapes, so I bear hard upon him and drag him by main force to the side, where Harper slips the net under his head, and the next moment he is on the bank. Two pounds within an ounce or so, but clean run from the sea, brought up by last night's flood, and without a stain of the bog-water on the pure silver of his scales. He has disturbed the shallow, so we move a few steps down.

There is an alder bush on the opposite side, where the strength of the river is running. It is a long cast. The wind is blowing so hard that I can scarcely keep my footing, and the gusts whirl so unsteadily that I cannot hit the exact spot where, if there is a salmon in the neighbourhood, he is lying.

The line flies out straight at last, but I have now thrown a few inches too far; my tail fly is in the bush, dangling across an overhanging bough. An impatient movement, a jerk, or a straight pull, and I am 'hung up,' as the phrase is, and delayed for half an hour at least. Happily there is a lull in the storm. I shake the point of the rod. The vibration runs along the line; the fly drops softly like a leaf upon the water—and as it floats away something turns heavily, and a

huge brown back is visible for an instant through a rift in the surface. But the line comes home. He was an old stager, as we could see by his colour, no longer ravenous as when fresh from the salt water. He was either lazy and missed the fly, or it was not entirely to his mind. He was not touched, and we drew back to consider. 'Over him again while he is angry,' is the saying in some rivers, and I have known it to answer where the fish feed greedily. But it will not do here; we must give him time; and we turn again to the fly-book. When a salmon rises at a small fly as if he meant business yet fails to take it, the rule is to try another of the same pattern a size larger. This too, however, just now Jack thinks unfavourably of. The salmon is evidently a very large one, and will give us enough to do if we hook him. He therefore, as one precaution, takes off the drop fly lest it catch in the water-lilies. He next puts the knots of the casting line through a severe trial; replaces an unsound joint with a fresh link of gut, and finally produces out of his hat a 'hook'—he will not call it a fly—of his own dressing. It is like a particoloured father-long-legs, a thing which only some frantic specimen of orchid ever seriously approached, a creature whose wings were two strips of the fringe of a peacock's tail, whose legs descended from blue jay through red to brown, and terminated in a pair of pink trailers two inches long. Jack had found it do, and he believed it would do for me. And so it did. I began to throw again six feet above the bush, for a salmon often shifts his ground

after rising. One cast—a second—another trout rises, which we receive with an anathema, and drag the fly out of his reach. The fourth throw there is a swirl like the wave which arises under the blade of an oar, a sharp sense of hard resistance, a pause, and then a rush for the dear life. The wheel shrieks, the line hisses through the rings, and thirty yards down the pool the great fish springs madly six feet into the air. The hook is firm in his upper jaw; he had not shaken its hold, for the hook had gone into the bone—pretty subject of delight for a reasonable man, an editor of a magazine, and a would-be philosopher, turned fifty! The enjoyments of the unreasoning part of us cannot be defended on grounds of reason, and experience shows that men who are all logic and morals, and have nothing of the animal left in them, are poor creatures after all.

Any way, I defy philosophy with a twenty-pound salmon fast hooked and a pool right ahead four hundred yards long, and half full of water-lilies. 'Keep him up the strame,' shrieked a Paddy, who, on the screaming of the wheel, had flung down his spade in the turf bog and rushed up to see the sport. 'Keep him up the strame, your honour—bloody wars! you'll lost him else.' We were at fault, Jack and I. We did not understand why down stream was particularly dangerous, and Pat was too eager and too busy swearing to explain himself. Alas, his meaning became soon but too intelligible. I had overtaken the fish on the bank and had wheeled in the line again, but he was only

collecting himself for a fresh rush, and the next minute it seemed as if the bottom had been knocked out of the pool and an opening made into infinity. Round flew the wheel again; fifty yards were gone in as many seconds, the rod was bending double, and the line pointed straight down; straight as if there was a lead at the end of it and unlimited space in which to sink. 'Ah, didn't I tell ye so?' said Pat; 'what will we do now?' Too late Jack remembered that fourteen feet down at the bottom of that pool lay the stem of a fallen oak, below which the water had made a clear channel. The fish had turned under it, and whether he was now up the river or down, or where he was, who could tell? He stopped at last. 'Hold him hard,' said Jack, hurling off his clothes, and while I was speculating whether it would be possible to drag him back the way that he had gone, a pink body flashed from behind me, bounded off the bank with a splendid header, and disappeared. He was under for a quarter of a minute; when he rose he had the line in his hand between the fish and the tree.

'All right!' he sputtered, swimming with the other hand to the bank and scrambling up. 'Run the rest of the line off the reel and out through the rings.' He had divined by a brilliant instinct the only remedy for our situation. The thing was done, fast as Pat and I could ply our fingers. The loose end was drawn round the log, and while Jack was humouring the fish with his hand, and dancing up and down the bank regardless of proprieties, we had carried it back down the

rings, replaced it on the reel, wound in the slack, and had again command of the situation.

The salmon had played his best stroke. It had failed him, and he now surrendered like a gentleman. A mean-spirited fish will go to the bottom, bury himself in the weeds, and sulk. Ours set his head towards the sea, and sailed down the length of the pool in the open water without attempting any more plunges. As his strength failed, he turned heavily on his back, and allowed himself to be drawn to the shore. The gaff was in his side and he was ours. He was larger than we had guessed him. Clean run he would have weighed twenty-five pounds. The fresh water had reduced him to twenty-two, but without softening his muscle or touching his strength.

The fight had tired us all. If middle age does not impair the enjoyment of sport, it makes the appetite for it less voracious, and a little pleases more than a great deal. I delight in a mountain walk when I must work hard for my five brace of grouse. I see no amusement in dawdling over a lowland moor where the packs are as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard. I like better than most things a day with my own dogs in scattered covers, when I know not what may rise, a woodcock, an odd pheasant, a snipe in the out-lying willow-bed, and perhaps a mallard or a teal. A hare or two falls in agreeably when the mistress of the house takes an interest in the bag. I detest battues and hot corners, and slaughter for slaughter's sake. I wish every tenant in England had his share in amusements, which in

moderation are good for us all, and was allowed to shoot such birds or beasts as were bred on his own farm, any clause in his lease to the contrary notwithstanding.

Anyhow I had had enough of salmon fishing for the day. We gave the rod and the basket to Pat to carry home, the big fish which he was too proud to conceal flapping on his back. Jack and I ate our luncheon and smoked our pipes beside the fall, and Jack, before we went home, undertook to show me the lake. The river followed the bend of the valley. We took a shorter cut over a desolate and bare piece of mountain, and as we crossed the ridge we found ourselves suddenly in the luxuriant softness of a miniature Killarney. The lake was scarcely a mile in length, but either the woodcutters had been less busy there, or nature had repaired the havoc that they had made. Half a dozen small islands were scattered on it, covered with arbutus and holly. The rocks on one side fell in grand precipices to the water. At the end was the opening of Glanmore valley, with its masses of forest, its emerald meadows and cooing wood-pigeons, and bright, limpid river reaches. For its size there is no more lovely spot in the south of Ireland than Glanmore. It winds among the mountains for six miles beyond the lake, closed in at the extremity with the huge mass of Hungry Hill, from the top of which you look down upon Berehaven. Here too the idea of sport pursued us—stray deer wandered over now and then from Glengariff—and my companion had stories of mighty bags of woodcocks made sometimes there when the snow was on the hills. My eye

however, was rather caught by a singular ruin of modern, unvenerable kind on the largest of the islands. Some chieftain's castle had once stood there, as we could see from the remains of massive walls on the water line; but this had been long destroyed, and in the place of it there had been a cottage of some pretensions, which in turn was now roofless. The story of it, so far as Jack could tell me, was this.

Forty years ago or thereabouts a Major ——, who had difficulties with his creditors, came into these parts to hide himself, built the cottage on the island, and lived there; and when the bailiffs found him out held them at bay with pistol and blunderbuss. The people of the glen provided him with food. The Irish are good friends to any one who is on bad terms with the authorities. Like Goethe's elves—

> Ob er heilig, ob er böse,
> Jammert sie der Unglücksmann—

So here Major —— fished and shot and laughed at the attempts to arrest him. His sin, however, found him out at last. You may break the English laws as you please in Ireland, but there are some laws which you may not break, as Major —— found. In the farm-house which supplied him with his milk and eggs, was a girl who anywhere but in Glanmore would have been called exceptionally beautiful. Major —— abused the confidence which was placed in him, and seduced her. He had to fly for his life. Such is the present legend, as true, perhaps, as much that passes by the name of history. Major —— himself might tell another story

My space has run out. My tale is still half told. The next day was Sunday. The day following was August 20, when Irish grouse-shooting begins. If the reader's patience is unexhausted he shall hear of the scratch-bag we made in a scramble of thirty miles; of the weird woman that we saw among the cliffs; of the 'crass bull' that we fell in with, and the double murder in Coomeengeera. I have to tell him too how the grandson of Macfinnan Dhu was caught red-handed spearing salmon, and how the bloody Saxon had to stand between him and eviction. How we held a land court in the hall at Derreen, and settled a disputed inheritance. How we went to the Holy Lake and saw the pilgrims from America there, and how when mass was over they made a night of it with the whisky booths and the card-sharpers. How we had another sail upon the river, how we attended a tenant-right meeting at the board of guardians at Kenmare, and how the chairman floored the middle-man there to the delight of all his audience — the chairman, the brightest of companions, the most charming of men of business, the hero of the seal fight in Mr Trench's *Realities of Irish Life*. All this the reader shall hear if his curiosity leads him to wish for it. If he is sick of this light fare and desires more solid pudding, we will dress our dishes to his mind, and the rest of my pleasant memories shall abide with myself, woven in bright colours in the web of my life by the fingers of the three sisters—my own, and never to be taken from me, let the Future bring what fate it will.

A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY.

II.

THE sketch which bears the above title was published in 'Fraser's Magazine' at the time when the Irish Land Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons. English prejudice and English ignorance were busy with the reputation of the unfortunate country, and clamorous with despair of its amendment by that or any other measure. I thought that at such a period a record of my own experience in Ireland might contribute, infinitesimally little, towards setting her condition in a truer light—towards showing how among the darker features there were redeeming traits of singular interest and attractiveness. Pleased with my own performance and intending to continue it, I trusted that if my friends in Kerry did not approve of all that I said, they would at least recognize my good-will. How great was my surprise to find that I was regarded as an intruder into business which was none of mine, affecting English airs of insolent superiority, and under

pretence of patronage turning the county and its inhabitants into ridicule! Struck by the absence of petty vices among the peasantry, their simplicity of habit, and the control for good which was exercised over them by the priests, I had said rashly that religion in Kerry appeared to me to mean the knowledge of right and wrong, and to mean little besides. What dark insinuations the writer never dreamt of may be discovered in an unguarded word! By 'little besides' I had myself intended to imply that no Fenian sermons were to be heard in the chapels there, that no hatred was preached against England or English landlords there, the subjects believed on this side St George's Channel to be eternally inculcated in Catholic pulpits. Our excellent priest at Tuosist—I take this opportunity of apologizing to him—declared in the county papers that he was cut to the heart; that he had suffered many wrongs in life, but never one that had afflicted him so deeply as the insinuation that his flock learnt nothing from him but the obligations of morality. He must excuse the English stupidity, the English preference for the practical results of religion, which betrayed me into forgetfulness of its mysteries. He must forgive me if I repeat and extend my offence, and insist that the influence of the Irish priesthood in the restraint of what is commonly called immorality cannot be overestimated. In the last century Ireland was one of the most licentious countries in Europe: at present, in proportion to its population, it is the purest in the world.

But the reflection on the chapel teaching was the

least of my crimes. I had stirred a hornet's nest. In describing the manners of a past generation I had sketched the likeness of a once notorious character in the neighbourhood. To avoid mentioning his real name I looked over a list of Irish chiefs three centuries old, and called him at hazard Morty O'Sullivan. A dozen living Morty O'Sullivans, and the representatives of a dozen more who were dead, clamorously appropriated my description, while they denounced the inaccuracy of its details.

More seriously, I had used expressions about 'the Liberator' for which I was called to account by a member of his family. 'The Liberator,' I conceive, made himself the property of the public. I do not think he was a friend to Ireland. If he cast out one devil in carrying Catholic Emancipation he let loose seven besides, which must be chained again before England and Ireland can work in harmony. His invectives never spared others, either alive or dead; and I see no cause why I or any one may not express our thoughts freely about him. If the anecdotes of his forefathers, which remain among the traditions of the coast, are untrue or exaggerated, I meant no dishonour to the past or present owner of Derrynane. In the days of high duties, English gentlemen who lived on the coast were not particular how they filled their wine cellars; the restrictions inflicted by English selfishness on Irish trade in the last century erected smuggling into patriotism; and if the O'Connells on the shore of the Atlantic submitted quietly to the despot-

ism of the officers of the revenue, tamer blood ran in their veins than might have been expected from the character of their famous representative.

Anyhow I had given mortal offence where I had least thought of offending. I was an instance in my own person of the mistakes which Englishmen seem doomed to make when they meddle, however lightly, with this singular people. I hesitated to take another step on so dangerous a soil, especially as (let me drop my disguise and acknowledge myself as the tenant of the spot to which I described myself as a visitor)—especially as my lease was unexpired. I had another season before me in the scene of my delinquency; and courteous as the Irish uniformly show themselves to strangers who have nothing to do with them, they are credited with disagreeable tendencies when they consider themselves injured. It was hinted to me that I should be a brave man if I again ventured into Kerry.

The storm was renewed in America—files were forwarded to me of the *Irish Republic*, in which I was denounced as a representative of the hereditary enemies of Ireland. And though I found a friend there—himself an exile, having loved his country not wisely, but too well, who could yet listen patiently to an Englishman who loved her too, but did not love her faults, I held it but prudence to suspend the prosecution of my enterprise till the summer should have again passed, and we birds of passage had migrated to our winter homes.

We went back to Derreen in spite of warnings, but

our hearts beat uneasily as we approached the charmed neighbourhood. At Mallow, where we changed carriages, a gigantic O'Connell was sternly pacing the platform. I felt relieved when he passed our luggage without glancing at the address. The clouds on the mountain-tops seemed to frown ominously. The first thing that met our eyes at the hotel where we stopped to luncheon was a denunciatory paragraph in a local paper. When we arrived at our beautiful home a canard reached us that we had been censured, if not denounced, at a neighbouring Catholic chapel. The children at the National School, for whom in past years we had provided an occasional holiday entertainment, had been forbidden, it was whispered, to come near us any more. For a few days—such was the effect of a guilty conscience—we imagined the people were less polite to us. The 'Good evening kindly' of the peasant coming home from his work, the sure sign of genuine good will, seemed less frequent than silence or an inaudible mutter. Fewer old women than usual brought their sore legs to be mended or pitied, fewer family quarrels were brought to us to arbitrate, interminable disputes about 'the grass of a cow,' or the interpretation of a will where a ragged testator had bequeathed an interest in a farm over which he had no more power than over a slice of the moon.

One day, so active is fancy in the uneasy atmosphere of Ireland, we conceived that we had been 'visited.' On a misty Sunday afternoon, when the servants about the place had gone to 'the dance,' and we were

alone in the house watching the alternate play of fog and sunlight on the lake, there appeared round the angle of a rock on the gravel walk before the windows a group of strangers. Going out to inquire their business, I found myself in the presence of ten or twelve men, not one of whose faces I recognized. I asked what they wanted. One of them said they were looking at the place, which was obvious without their information. I suggested that the grounds were private —they should have asked leave. He replied, as I thought, with an odd smile, that he saw no occasion for it. And when I insisted that there was occasion, and that if he put it in that way they must go away, the rest looked inquiringly at their leader, as if to ask whether they should make me understand practically that I was not in England. He hesitated, and, after a pause, moved off, and his companions followed. I found afterwards they were boys from beyond the mountains, out holiday-making. They had meant to pic-nic in the woods, and, looking on me as an interloper, had not troubled themselves to remember my existence. My alarms were utterly groundless; but we had been reading *Realities of Irish Life*, and our heads were full of chimæras.

Something had been amiss, but there was more smoke than fire. Our kind priest, when he understood at last that I had meant him no ill, but had rather intended to compliment him, forgave me on the score of 'invincible ignorance.' He had vindicated himself before the diocese in the —— *Chronicle*, and could now

admit that I was no worse than a stupid John Bull. We held our feast of reconciliation, at which he was generously present, with the school children on the lawn. They leapt, raced, wrestled, jumped in sacks, climbed greasy poles, and the rest of it—a hundred stout little fellows with as many of their sisters; four out of five of the boys to grow up, thanks to the paternal wisdom of our legislators, into citizens of the United States; the fifth to be a Fenian at home; the girls to be mothers of families on the Ohio or the Missouri, where the Irish race seems intended to close its eventful history and disappear in the American Republic.

Quit, then, of my self-made difficulties, I might resume my story where I let it fall, and fill in with more discretion the parts of my original canvas which I left untouched. Longer acquaintance with the county, however, presented other matters to me, of fresher, perhaps more serious, interest. I prefer therefore to wander on in somewhat desultory fashion.

I dropped my thread on the eve of the sportsman's festival—the day of sufficient consequence to be marked in almanacs—on which 'grouse-shooting commences.' The momentous event takes place in Ireland on the 20th of August. All things lag behind in the sister country, and even grouse and partridges do not attain their full size till England and Scotland have set the example. May Ireland in this department of her business lag behind for ever. The spoilt voluptuary of the Northern Moors, whose idea of sport is to stand behind a turf bank with a servant to load his guns for

him, while an army of gillies drive the grouse in clouds over his head, will find few charms in the Kerry mountains. Cattle graze the lower slopes; sheep and goats fatten on the soft sweet herbage of the higher ridges, which snow rarely covers or frost checks, and the warm winds from the Gulf Stream keep perennially green. Each family in the valley has its right of pasture on one or other of the ranges for its cows or its flocks, and the boys and girls that watch them disturb the solitudes elsewhere devoted to the sacred bird. Long may it remain so. Long may it be ere Irish landlords follow the precedents of Yorkshire or Sutherlandshire, and sacrifice their human tenants to a surfeit of amusements. The sportsman that would fill his bag in Kerry must be prepared to walk his twenty miles—keep his head steady among crags, where if he slip he may fall a thousand feet. He must miss little—kill his birds clean in places where he can find them; and, let him do his best, if he spare the hares he will shoot no more than he can carry conveniently on his own shoulders for the supply of the larder at home. He must be content to find the best reward of his toil in the exquisite air, in the most elaborate variety of the most perfect scenery in the world—cliff, cataract, and glen—fresh-water lake and inland sea—spirit-haunted all of them, with wild tales of Irish history—the mountain jewels set in the azure ring of the Atlantic, which circles round three sides of the horizon.

Sporting thus, and in such scenes, may be censured by the moralist, but it is still exquisite fooling. I at

least have not outgrown my taste for it. I must dare Mr Freeman's ill opinion, and as the time comes round take my turn with the rest.

Let us suppose, then, a morning late in August in this year of Grace 1870. We set out on foot—myself, the keeper, and a second gun, a guest trained unhappily in more luxurious shooting grounds, who condescends for once to waste a day with me. Carriages, even ponies, cannot help us to our ground over the broken tracks we have to follow. It is still—so still that the cutter floats double at her moorings, yacht and shadow; while here and there two lines of ripple, meeting at a point, show where a cormorant is following slowly a school of retreating sprats, or a seal is taking his morning's airing. The path leads for half a mile along the shore, and then strikes up into the valley, which narrows as we advance. A deep river, fringed with marshy meadows, drags slowly down the middle of it to the sea. The lake out of which it runs two miles up is scarcely thirty feet above high-water mark. The ground is gradually sinking, and in a little while —a geologist's little while, in a few thousand years or so—the precipices which wall in the glens will dip their bases in salt water.

The greater part of the valley on either side is raised above reach of floods; and the soil from its situation might be very easily drained, and has been evidently inhabited, and even thickly inhabited, from a very early era. Wild as is the scene at present, we see traces as we advance of three distinct eras of occupa-

tion. On the hill-side a quarter of a mile from us is a circular mound, flat at the top, with steep scarped grassy sides. It is a *rath*—one of many which are in the neighbourhood—called a fort by some, but fort it could have never been—rather a human rabbit burrow. Beneath the surface seven or eight feet down, and excavated where the soil is hardest, run a series of chambers communicating with each other by holes barely large enough to allow the body to pass through, the arches of both hole and chamber turned so accurately that one would think some animal working by instinct, some missing link, had made them rather than a Celt with a reason half grown.

Beside the road stands a circle of gray stones nine or ten feet high, raised, doubtless, by the hands which burrowed the mounds; perhaps the burial-spot of some famous chief, perhaps a House of Parliament or court of law, perhaps a temple to which ages before the Deluge honest folks plodded morning and evening on Sundays. Farther on, and lately exposed by the abrasion of the peat which had covered and protected it, is a broad slab of old red sandstone ground smooth by glacier action, and scored over with circles something like a genealogical tree. They are of all sizes, and disposed in all varieties of pattern. Sometimes the rings are concentric, two or even three lying one within the others. Sometimes single rings, large and small, are clustered into groups. These, too, are a mystery. Was the stone the starry map of some Druid astronomer? Was it a rude astrolabe—were the circles magical

signs—and did here stand the chair of justice of some Brehon, half rogue, half sage, that sat in judgment there on the quarrels of the glen? Even the rashest antiquarians forbear their conjectures. We know only that we are among the remains of a race which lies far away beyond the horizon of history.

Below us, among some trees at the side of a water-course, are the fragments of a ruined building, more modern infinitely than the monuments which I have just described, for it is composed of bricks, genuine burnt clay, and mortar. Yet it is still old. It has been standing certainly not less than two centuries. Looked at closer, it will explain how these valleys and mountain-sides, clothed not so long ago, as we can see by the stumps protruding from the ground, with forests of fir, and birch, and yew, assumed their present aspect of naked desolation. Sloping away from the foot of the wall lies a heap of what looks at first like broken stone, but proves on examination to be slag. We have before us all that is left of the once famous smelting furnaces established by Sir William Petty. The founder of the Lansdowne family secured, in the scramble for Irish land, for some trifling sum the lordship of this wilderness of mountains. His utilitarian eye discerned the wealth that lay stored in the mass of timber. He shipped cargoes of ore from Wales and Cornwall to the Kenmare river and stripped the district bare—bare to the very bone of rock—to melt it into metal. What harm? The woods were hiding-places for wolves and rapparees, or, worse than both, for Jesuits; and the

lovers of the picturesque had not yet come into being even in England.

And there is a third record before us of an order of things which, though nearer to us far than the other two, has still vanished as they have vanished. Far up the mountain-sides and on the sloping meadows are ridges which mark departed cultivation, now fast relapsing into peat. Ditches, too, we can see, which were once deep and effective drains, overgrown with briar and bush, and choked with reeds and mud. I mentioned in my former paper that these districts, before the potato famine, were densely peopled. One house stands now where a quarter of a century ago there were four. The holdings attached to them are thrown together, and subdivision under any pretext is sternly forbidden. Should hard times come again there are thus fewer inhabitants in danger of starvation, and those that remain are no longer utterly dependent upon a single root. They are so far better off than their fathers that they are above the reach of being overwhelmed by any sudden calamity like that which overtook them before; but the difference is rather relative than absolute. Their farms are now larger than they care to cultivate, or could cultivate if they wished it, where only spade husbandry is possible. They till just so much soil as will provide their own potatoes, and keep alive their cattle through the winter and spring. They make money by their wool, and butter, and pigs; but they keep their holdings as they keep their persons, in rags. Their fences are always broken. Their drains

are filled in. The cabins are still the common home of all the live stock, human and animal. Their habits are unchanged, and to all appearance unchangeable. They refuse to acquire a taste for any cleaner or better style of living. The turf bog provides them with fuel, and warmth is the only form of comfort which they value. Thus they have no motive for work when all their wants are satisfied. They tell you with a shrug that emigration has trebled the price of labour, and that they cannot afford to hire workmen. And thus everywhere in the south cultivation recedes with the decrease of population. The country, in its own language, is going back to bog. A stream at one place overran the road. In times of flood the ford was impassable; the cause was simply that an old drain had been closed by neglect, and the water at the same time was drowning and ruining twenty acres of excellent meadow. The tenant of said meadow told me he was going to apply to Lord —— to build a bridge at the ford. The bridge would cost sixty pounds, while five pounds laid out in labour would dry both road and fields. There is your Kerry farmer; and lease or no lease, Land Act or no Land Act, such he will remain till he is carried away from the land of his birth and released from its enchantments. While the holdings were small, they had to make the most of them, or they could not live. But no Irish peasant will work harder than necessity obliges; and if the soil is to be again adequately tilled by the Celtic race, it will be by subdivision, and not otherwise. I can easily understand the objections of the landlords.

The lesson of the famine is too terrible to be forgotten Ireland may become more and more a cattle-growing country, or in time Scotch and English labourers may be imported, and the agricultural system be revolutionized; but the fact remains, that the valleys in Kerry would support, if properly tilled, at least twice their present population with ease.

The grouse are waiting for us, but they must still wait; we have a long climb to make before we shall see them. Although the heather lies thickest on the lower slopes, they prefer the colder altitudes, and the Italian softness of the climate down below does not agree with them. Up, then, we must mount. The ranges for which we are bound are near two thousand feet above the sea; and as the keeper's wind is better than ours, he tells us a story as we rise. The ascent leads first by a rocky path where the river falls beside us in a series of cascades, the projecting rocks forming cool dripping caves where ferns of all varieties, from the tall Osmunda to the shy Killarney fern, which hides itself in the most sequestered corners, cluster in the transparent gloom. A few hundred feet up we emerge upon a level meadow half a mile wide and a mile deep, walled in by precipices, with a solitary farm-house at the upper end, which is throwing up its thin column of smoke against the cliff at its back. More desolate spot for a human habitation the eye has rarely rested on. In the winter months the occupants of it are cut off utterly from intercourse with the outer world. During summer the children descend to the valley school, and the old people to the

chapel to mass. From November to March the rain and wind keep them prisoners.

The river, where it leaves the plateau, leaps over a shelf of rock and falls thirty or forty feet into a rocky pool. It was here, said our guide as we passed it, that Kathleen Sullivan was murdered. The tale, when he told it, was as singular as it was wild. The ridge overhanging the glen forms the dividing line between Cork and Kerry. From the crest you look on one side over the Kenmare river, on the other upon Bantry Bay —Berehaven lies at your feet; and about forty years ago, when the English fleet was anchored there, a sailor who by some means had become possessed of a bag of sovereigns, secured them in a belt round his waist, deserted from his ship, climbed the crags by a goat track where they are generally considered inaccessible, and descended into this valley. He intended to hide himself there till the pursuit was over, and then to escape to America. A criminal flying from justice is a sacred person in most parts of Ireland. He made his way to the farmhouse, where he was offered shelter for the night; and presuming on his character, and perhaps warmed by whisky, he showed his host the treasure which he had brought with him. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. The sailor fell asleep by the fire. Kathleen, a girl belonging to the farm, who slept in the loft above, was disturbed by a light which glimmered through the chinks in the floor, and looking down she saw her master stand over the sleeping sailor and kill him. The body was carried out and buried.

The man's presence there was of course unknown, and no inquiry was made for him. The girl, terrified at the dreadful secret of which she had become the unwilling possessor, did not venture to speak. At last, in an evil moment for herself, in a quarrel with her master she let fall an incautious word, from which he gathered that she knew what he had done. One morning early, when she went out to milk the cows, he followed her to the top of the waterfall, watched his opportunity, and flung her over. She was killed on the spot. There was an inquest. She was supposed to have fallen accidentally, and the murderer, whom we will call O'Brien, was now assured of his safety. He was shrewd in his generation; quietly and without ostentation he laid out the sailor's money. He bought cows and sheep, he grew rich, and all that he did prospered with him. So passed seventeen years. Kathleen was forgotten. The lucky O'Brien was the sovereign of the glen, and the envy of the neighbourhood, till justice awoke suddenly from its long sleep.

As Kathleen had seen him kill the sailor, so there had been an unknown witness to the murder of Kathleen. A stranger had been on the mountains, himself after no good—shearing O'Brien's sheep to steal the wool. He had been on the watch lest he should be himself detected, and from a crag overhanging the fall he had observed all that took place. He, too, remained silent, from a consciousness of his own guilt. He went down to Berehaven, where he found employment as a labourer in the copper mines, and there he continued to

work, still keeping his secret, till, having grown an elderly man, he one day fell down a shaft: he was badly hurt, and believing himself to be dying, sent for a priest, and in confession told him all. The priest insisted that he must make his declaration public. A magistrate took his deposition upon oath, and a warrant was issued for O'Brien's arrest. Months elapsed before it could be executed: the murderer was protected by the customs which he had himself broken. By daylight his cabin commanded all the approaches to it; no one could come within half a mile of it unseen; the people in the valley below gave him warning by signals when danger was near, and he escaped into a cave high up among the crags, where he lay concealed till the coast was clear. At last one stormy night, when the watchers were under cover, and sounds were drowned in the warring of the wind and the waterfalls, a party of police made their way to his door and caught him. He was taken to Tralee, was tried, found guilty, and after a full confession was hanged.[1]

It is faring with the grouse as with Corporal Trim's story of 'The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles.' We cannot get beyond the first sentence for inter-

[1] I have altered the names. The story is otherwise true in all its parts, and in this summer of 1870 had a singular sequel. A man bearing marks of ill-usage appeared one day at a cabin near Kenmare, and complained of having been badly beaten. He was the son of the Berehaven miner. He had been in America since the trial, and had but newly returned. O'Brien's son had fallen in with him, recognized him, knocked him down and kicked him, and had sworn that if he saw him again his life should pay for his father's.

ruptions. No matter, we are near the ground now. While listening to the keeper's tale we have left the valley, and ascended gradually by the sheep walks. We are making for a gap in the ridge which is now immediately above our heads. The aneroid gives us 1700 feet above the sea level. Five minutes' hand-and-foot climbing, up to our waists in heather, lands us on the top, and we fling ourselves on the grass to recover breath and wet our throats in an ice-cold spring. Even here there is no breeze. The sky above us is cloudlessly blue; the gorges underneath are filled with a transparent haze; behind us is our own harbour of Kilmikalloge, with the Derreen woods and birch-fringed inlets. We trace the course of the broad river as it sweeps away to the Atlantic, Scarriff towering at its mouth, and then the Skelligs, and far away Mount Brandon and the Dingle range. An English yacht is drifting up with the tide, her sails hanging loose without a breath to fill them. Landwards Carran Tual has a veil of mist upon it. Every other peak throughout the mountain panorama is clear. In front the cliffs fall away to Bantry Bay, which lies stretched at our feet in summer calm. To the left is Sugar-loaf, keeping watch over the fairy Glengariff. Outside it, covering Bantry itself, is Whiddy Island, where the French fleet came in 1796—came, tempted by Irish promises, to find despair and destruction. Across the bay and over the hills, and far as we can see, lies the blue girdle of the illimitable ocean, flecked with white spots of sails, or crossed by lines of smoke where an Inman

or a Cunarder is forming a floating bridge between the Old and the New World.

We have now no more climbing for the day; we can walk along the high level till, if we please, we make the circuit of our bounds. At any rate, we shall pass round the head of the great valley, and descend ten miles distant. My companion looks in dismay at the wilderness of rocks, and exclaims that he would as soon expect to meet a tiger as a grouse there. He need not despair—he will meet a few, and that was as much as we promised him. The red grouse of Kerry differs in all his habits from his brothers in North Britain. He is larger, heavier, and stronger on the wing. The packs break up early; the birds lie about singly, or in twos and threes, chiefly on shelves of cliff or in the hollows between the high hummocks, where the heather is thick and the sheep least disturb them. They are wild; so, though we let the dogs range, we cannot afford to wait for a point, and must walk well up to them. When the grouse rise their flight is like a blackcock's, and if we let them go we shall see no more of them. The sheep and goats have chosen the highest ridges to-day, in the absurd hope of finding the air cooler there. They are as active as deer. With a fiendish ingenuity they divine the way that we are going, and while they keep steadily a few hundred yards ahead of us, ahead of them we see a continual flutter of brown wings, and mountain hares by dozens cantering leisurely away. It can't be helped. Sheep are of more consequence than sportsmen's pleasure

and meanwhile make the best of keepers. If they prevent the grouse from multiplying, they insure them effectively against being killed down. No matter—we shall get what we want. We separate that we may not talk. We must keep our eyes peeled, as the Americans say, for we know not where or when a bird may rise. A right and left from my friend, as we part, restores his good humour. We press a gossoon who is sheep-watching into our service to carry hares, and shoot whatever we come across. Why tire the reader with particulars? After three hours it is luncheon time. We have five brace of grouse, half a dozen hares, and a snipe or two; and for Kerry we have done respectably. We lie down in the heather beside a spring which spouts from a rift in the rock, cold as if it ran out of a glacier. Our flasks and sandwich boxes are emptied, the dogs lie curled at our feet, and we smoke our pipes in meditative inertness, gazing over the glorious scene. Go where we will among these hills there is always some fresh surprise. The abruptness with which the gorges fall off conceals their existence till we are close on them. We are sitting now on the rim of Glenarm, a narrow valley scarce a rifle-shot across, with a solitary lake at the bottom of it sixteen hundred feet down. The lake is a famous fishing-place, and had been the scene of a quarrel in the beginning of the summer, which, though happily it went no further than words, is extremely characteristic of the country. It may serve to amuse us for a few minutes till our pipes are finished.

I must premise that in the south of Ireland the priests and the fisheries go ill together. For some unknown reason the presence of a priest is supposed to bring ill-luck both to net and rod.

In a village a mile below the lake is a congregation of Soupers — Protestant converts so named by the Catholics from the means said to have been used to convince them of their errors. However this might be, there is now a church there, a school, two dozen or more useful Protestant families, and an excellent, high-spirited young clergyman, Irish born and Irish tempered, and one of the most hard-working of men. In this wild country we depend sometimes for our dinners on what we can catch or shoot. P., so let me call the clergyman, is a fisherman after the Apostles' model. One day he had gone with his rod to the lake. His rival the priest, Father T., an athletic young giant well known in the neighbourhood, was on another part of it on the same errand. Some boys who were fishing also passed P. and complained of bad sport; and P., who lives in normal militancy with the spiritual opposition, observed that they could expect no better when there was a priest on the lake.

The boys repeated the words to the father, who was seen shortly after coming up at a swinging trot.

'What's that you said about me?' he exclaimed when he reached P. P. made no answer, but fished on. 'What did you say about me?' reiterated the father more fiercely.

'I never mentioned your name,' replied P., not

caring to turn round. 'You did!' rejoined the other. 'Well, if you wish to have it,' said P., 'I told them there was neither grace nor luck where a priest came.' P.'s head scarcely touched T.'s shoulder. The father flourished his blackthorn. 'It is lucky for you,' he said, 'that we are in a land where the law is over us, or I'd break your head across. How dare you speak like that?'

'The law over us!' retorted P.; 'well, it is, and we must bear it. If there was no law, I was brought up where I learnt the use of my hands. But, if it comes to daring, how dared you take five shillings last winter from the fishermen for saying mass on their nets when they were after the herring, and you know as well as I that your mass would bring them neither bad nor good?'

How much further the conversation went, I know not. The most curious part of the matter was to follow. So far it might be thought each of the parties had got as good as he brought, and neither had much to complain of. P., however, sued his antagonist at the —— Sessions for exciting to commit a breach of the peace. One of the magistrates, I was told, was a Catholic; but, though they dismissed the case, poor Father T., notwithstanding, had to pay the costs of the summons.

Protestant clergy, it seems, can still have justice in Ireland, notwithstanding the disestablishment.

We have loitered long enough over our luncheon, and we must up and away. We still keep along the high ground skirting the head of the valley, and firing

an occasional shot. Our moderate game-bag is filled. By four o'clock we are on the range opposite to that on which we ascended in the morning, and, as the crow flies, we are not far from home. The harbour is just under us, and the house is just visible among the woods. The sea breeze, the sea turn, or Satan, as the people call it, which always blows from the ocean on summer afternoons, has brought in the English schooner, which lies at anchor half a mile from the boat-house. Our shooting is over. The gossoon has taken a short cut, and gone down with the hares. The keeper prepares to follow with the dogs and bag. We have ourselves a choice of ways—either to accompany him down the gently sloping shoulder of the mountain direct to Derreen, or to make a round by another glen as remarkable as any we had seen. My companion was tired, and selected to go with the keeper. It still wanted three hours of sunset, and I myself decided for the glen. Here, again, the cliffs were precipitous, falling sheer from below my feet to where the rocks which have been split off by wet and frost, lie piled in masses under the crags. There was a sort of chimney, however, where it was possible to descend with safety, and I had a special reason for my choice of way. All the glens are inhabited more or less. In this one there was a cabin, which I could see from the edge on which I was standing, where we had heard the day before that there was a woman lying dangerously ill. Her husband had applied to us for wine or medicine, but though there has been a school in the neighbourhood for thirty years,

where, besides the three R's, they are taught grammar, and geography, and the principles of mechanics, and natural history, and choice specimens of English composition in prose and verse are learnt by rote by pupils who do not understand a word of them, simpler matters of more immediate consequence are forgotten. The Irish of the glens do not yet distinguish between a physic-bottle and a charm. They would hang castor oil about their necks, and expect as much result as if it was in their stomachs, and would swallow a paper prescription with as much faith as the drugs which it indicated. They have a contempt for professional doctors, and unbounded belief in amateurs. We cannot escape our responsibilities, but we can venture on nothing without going in person to learn what is the matter, and without seeing our instructions obeyed with our own eyes.

The cabin to which I was going was a mile distant from any other habitation. It stood on a green bank across a river, and was only accessible over stepping-stones. Notwithstanding the dry weather the filth was ankle-deep before the door. The windows were blocked up with straw, and when I entered I could see nothing until my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. Gradually I made out two or three pigs, a spindle half overturned, and a plate or two. Human creatures there were none to be seen, old or young, nor sign of them. The place seemed so entirely deserted that I supposed I had made a mistake. Groping round, however, I found the latch of a second door, and on lifting it found

myself in a sort of outhouse more wretched than many an English pigsty; and there, on a rude shelf of boards, littered over with straw, lay the woman I was in search of. She had been left perfectly alone. Her pulse was scarcely perceptible. She had received the last sacraments, and might have died at any moment; yet of all her family (she had a husband and two grown sons, certainly—whether she had daughters I do not know) there was not one who cared to watch by her. They were in good circumstances; they had cows and sheep; they had a fair-sized farm, and relatives in America who had helped them with money to stock it. When she died she would be decently waked. The whisky would flow freely; the keen would ring along the valley as if a thousand hearts were breaking. Yet the poor soul could be left to start upon its last journey with no friendly hand to soothe the parting pain, or loving voice to whisper hope and comfort. I could but feel that the words of Swift, written a century and a half ago of Ireland, were still as applicable as ever: 'Whoever travels in this country, and observes the faces, habits, and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed'

The coming in of a yacht is always an event with us. It rarely happens but there is some one on board that we know or know about. At least they will have heard of Derreen, and will wish to see it; and living as we do at the end of all things, the sight of fresh faces is specially welcome. On the present occasion we were

more than usually fortunate. The owner, Mr ——, was a distant acquaintance. He had an American gentleman on board who was fresh from Gravelotte, who had stood on that bloody field beside the King of Prussia, and had been obliged, in leaving it, to pick his way for half a mile as he walked, lest he should tread upon the mangled bodies of men. We have supped full of horrors since that day. Death and destruction have become our common food. They have lost the dreadful charm of novelty, and we turn sick and weary from the monotonous tale. Here, at least, we need have no more of it. There was, besides, a person whose name I had often heard—Mr C. F.—an Irish landlord, whose stern rule had made him notorious for the crimes which he had provoked, who himself had borne a charmed life, so many a ball had whistled past him harmlessly.

We had a visitor, too, of our own, the Dean of — , the most accomplished of Irish antiquaries, long second only to Petrie, and by Petrie's death succeeding to his vacant chair. Taking advantage of our company we determined the next day to open one of the large raths which I mentioned above, that we might see if it contained any curiosities. Guarded by superstition, and believed to be inhabited by the good people, it had been left untouched till thirty years ago, when an adventurous treasure-seeker was reported to have attempted an entrance. Attempted, not succeeded. An old man in the neighbourhood told us, that being then a rash youth he had himself taken part in the adventure. They had penetrated into the first chamber, where they

had found a broken quern; their way had then been stopped by an iron door, and while struggling to force it they had been encountered by a black apparition resembling a man; they had fled for their lives: one of them (there were three) had broken his leg, a second had fallen and sprained an ankle, the third lost three of his cows. The neighbourhood was up in arms; it was feared that the whole valley would be ruined. The hole was instantly filled in, and the spectre returned to his den.

Thirty years of rationalism had not been without their effects. There was no open opposition to our project, but we had great difficulty in procuring workmen. A farmer was found at last who had spent ten years in America; another offered himself who was going the next week to America, and believed that the devil, if devil there were, would not follow him to the land of promise; the Scotch keeper and the gardener made two more; and to work we went with pickaxe and crowbar. We were obliged to be careful, for the mound having a supernatural reputation had been used as a burying-ground during the famine. The bodies lay within a few inches of the surface, and the chambers which we were in search of were far beneath them: we sank our shaft, however, out of their way at the extreme edge, on the traces of the treasure-seeker, being especially anxious to find the iron door. The first thing was to remove the stones which had been flung in to block up the entrance; this took us two hours of hard work: at length eight feet down we

came on a hole like the mouth of a fox's earth. Usually the raths are dry, the situations of them having been selected with a view to natural drainage: here the wet had penetrated where the soil had been loosened, and to enter we had to crawl through deep mud. A lighted candle pushed in at the end of a stick showed that the air was fresh. Clusters of boys were hanging round at a respectful distance, who refused to be bribed to make the first venture; so, disregarding the prayers and denunciations of a venerable old patriarch who was looking on in horror, one of our own party crawled in. He reported nothing of any door or other obstacle; there was a passage open, leading he knew not whither: so we procured a tape to measure the distance and guide us back if we lost our way, and entered in single file. After creeping on our stomachs for a few feet in three inches of mud we found ourselves in a cave eight feet long, five feet wide, and four feet and a half or five feet high; at the end of it was a second hole, through which we could barely squeeze ourselves, leading into a second cave like the first. Beyond this was another and another, seven in all: all but the first were dry.

The floors were covered with the undisturbed dust of centuries. At the far extremity, within a few feet of the opposite edge of the mound, was a rude stone fireplace with traces of ashes. There was no sign of any other opening; and how a fire could have been lighted in such a position without suffocating every one in the place there was nothing to show. On the floor lay the remains of the last dinner that had been eaten

there, a few mussel shells and the bones of a sheep's head. That was all. No instrument of any kind, of stone, or wood, or metal. There were marks of the tools which had been used in the excavation, but of the tools themselves, or of the hands in which they were held, not a trace.

What these places could have been baffles conjecture. They were not places of concealment, for the situations of all of them are purposely conspicuous; as little could they have been forts, for it was but to stop the earths and every creature inside must have been stifled. The Dean tells us that, like the present one, they are uniformly empty. Once, only, a rude crucifix was found, but this proves little. In the days of persecution, when supernatural terrors were more active than they are now, these strange caves might have served as safe retreats for hunted priests or friars.

We came out as wise as we had gone in, save that our imaginations could indulge no longer in possible discoveries. We had only inflicted an incurable wound on the spiritual temperament of the valley. The already wavering faith in the supernatural was confirmed into incredulity. We had made a way for scepticism, and another group of pious beliefs was withered.

As we walked home I had a talk with Mr F. He had earned his notoriety by the scale on which he had forced up rents, carried out evictions, and brought his vast property under economic and paying conditions. To make a property pay in the mountainous parts of Ireland is to drive off the inhabitants and substitute

sheep for them. I could not venture to touch on his personal experience; or the sensations of a man who had shot his covers under a guard of policemen, and to whom to take a solitary ride had been as dangerous as to lead a charge of cavalry, might have been curious to inquire into. Our conversation turned rather on the social condition of these two islands, with their scanty area of soil and their relatively vast population. Mr F.'s theory had at least the merit of boldness. The business and life of the empire, he said, lay in the great cities, where the wear and tear and anxiety of work became daily more exhausting. Our overtaxed constitutions required opportunities of escaping the strain close at hand and readily available. England, Scotland, and Ireland, therefore, ought to be divided into, on the one hand, swarming centres of industry, densely-crowded hives of people; and, on the other, wildernesses, solitudes of mountain and forest, where the deer ranged free as on the prairies, and wearied man could recuperate his energies in contact with primitive nature. It was a complete conception expressed without flinching. Artificial solitudes require strict exclusiveness. Itinerant tourist parties disturb game. Remains of picnic parties, fragments of newspapers, and chicken bones banish the illusions of the picturesque. The happy beings, therefore, who can command an entrance into these charmed circles must be the very rich and the very few—less than one in a thousand of us—while of these few the brain of a large percentage is never taxed by a severer effort than the adjustment

of a betting book, and their services to the community extend no further than the diligent use of their digestive apparatus. The resultant good, therefore, is slightly incommensurate with the cost of production. Mr F., however, was but stating nakedly the principle on which the Scotch Highlands have been now for some time administered. There may be other Irish proprietors besides my companion who would follow the example if they dared. Were our colonies brought closer to us, were the enormous area of fertile soil belonging to England in all parts of the world made accessible by easy and cheap communication, and some shreds of our enormous income expended in enabling our people to spread, something might be said in defence of Mr F.'s position. At all events, it would not be utterly detestable.

Our conversation came to an abrupt end. The Dean's lecture upon the Raths had led the rest of the party over a wide field of Irish antiquities. We found the subject more interesting than politics; and I myself, whose studies happened to have lain in that direction, contributed a story which illustrates curiously the condition of Kerry at the beginning of the last century. The correspondence in which it is contained is preserved in the Record Office, where any one who desires further information will find it.

To the south of Kerry Head, which divides the Bay of Tralee from the mouth of the Shannon, lie the long sands of Ballyhige. The Atlantic waves roll heavily on the shallow shore. Blown sand-hills covered with

grass form a bulwark against the sea, behind which low boggy marshes stretch for miles. At the north end of the sands, an elevation of dry ground, where the modern Castle of Ballyhige has been since erected, there stood in the year 1730 a considerable manor-house, occupied by Mr Thomas Crosbie. The family of Crosbie was one of the most important in Kerry. They were descended from John Crosbie, who was made Bishop of Ardfert by Queen Elizabeth. Sir Maurice, the head of the clan, sat in the Irish Parliament for the county, and was son-in-law of the Earl of Kerry. Thomas Crosbie of Ballyhige represented Dingle, and had married Lady Margaret, sister of the Earl of Barrymore. A third seat in another part of the county was held by a brother or cousin. Arthur Crosbie, Clerk of the Crown for Kerry, who figures in the story which I am about to tell, had a son who married a daughter of Lord Mornington, and was great uncle to Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

So much for the family connections. Attached to the house at Ballyhige was a linen manufactory, managed by a resident Scotch agent named Moses Dalrymple. The household indicated that Mr Crosbie was a gentleman of good fortune. There was a house steward, a butler, a coachman, footmen in livery, and a considerable retinue of other servants.

On October 28, 1730, at five in the morning, a Danish East Indiaman, which had been driven into the bay, and had failed to weather Kerry Head, came ashore under the house. She was powerfully armed and

manned, and was at first taken for a pirate. But the arms were merely for the protection of twelve large chests of silver bullion which they were taking out to the East. Her crew were harmless, and were anxious only for the safety of their precious cargo. The vessel, being strongly built, held together till the tide went back. The Danes, eighty-eight in all, scrambled half drowned through the surf with the chests, and were looking about for some place of safety to deposit them, when they were set upon by the peasantry of the neighbourhood. The commercial policy of England had converted the coast population of Ireland into organized gangs of smugglers, and wrecking formed a natural feature in the general lawlessness.

Mr Crosbie, being a man of character and apparently of conscience, rushed to the rescue. With the help of his servants and his factory hands he drove off the mob, and secured the treasure in his house. Most of the crew went to Dublin, and made their way home. The commander, Captain Heitman, with his son and a few of the seamen, remained in charge of the chests till arrangements could be made for their removal. Mr Crosbie, in his report to the Government, stated that he had risked his life in saving them. He had caught a cold besides in the raw wet morning air, which had brought on pleurisy, and he not unnaturally presented a heavy claim for salvage. A correspondence followed between the Dublin Custom-house and Copenhagen. Months passed on, and the chests remained at Ballyhige,

and meanwhile Mr Crosbie's pleurisy took an unfavourable turn, and he died.

Now, whether it was that there survived in Kerry some tradition of Palatine rights, under which property cast up by the sea had belonged to the Earls of Desmond and now belonged to nobody in particular, and therefore to everybody; or whether, by hesitating about the salvage money, the Danes were supposed to have forfeited their own claims; or whether, simply, there was a loose idea that chests of silver were chests of silver, and that to neglect windfalls of that kind was a wilful tempting of Providence; however it may have been, there grew up on that side of the country, among all classes of people, a very general idea that it would be well to make their hay while the sun was shining.

In the ensuing spring, accordingly, we catch glimpses of scenes of this kind. Four or five miles from Ballyhige there resided the Reverend Francis Lauder, a justice of the peace and Vicar-General of the Bishop of Limerick. One day in April the Vicar-General's steward, named Ryan, with a farm servant called Keven, were threshing corn in the barn. Some strangers from Tralee lounged in, and Ryan went out with them, and when he returned told Keven that there was a plot on foot to carry off the Danes' money, and asked him to be one of the party. Keven asked what the gentlemen of the county would say. Ryan answered that, except Lord Kerry, who had not been consulted, all the gentlemen had given their consent,

the Vicar-General included. 'Will the gentlemen be present?' Keven inquired. 'Either they or their servants,' was the answer. 'There is no fear of them.'

The next question was of Lady Margaret and the family in the house. The servants were all eager, and so was young Master James and another young fellow, a cousin perhaps, Thomas Crosbie, *alias* Godly. Lady Margaret's views were unknown. She was looked up to in the neighbourhood. No one would act against her inclination, and it was necessary to sound her. Lady Margaret, it appears, would have preferred to be left in the dark. Banner the butler undertook to speak to her; he told her that she had only to look through her fingers, and four chests, a third of the spoil, would be left for her use. Lady Margaret seemed to 'abhor the thought.' She said loudly, 'she would allow no such thing, and would go out in person to prevent it, if she was to lose her life.' The butler answered, 'it would be worse for her ladyship, unless she allowed it, for she would never get a farthing else.' She continued peremptory in words, but young 'Godly' hinted that she was chiefly angry at having been taken into confidence unnecessarily.

Gradually the scheme took shape. One night in May a gang of fifty men stole up through the sand-hills. One of them slipped in quietly to speak to the butler. The butler went up-stairs to consult 'Mr Arthur,' the Clerk of the Crown, who was asleep in bed. 'Mr Arthur,' being in the commission of the peace as well, replied that 'he would not for the world it was done

while he was in the house; when he was away, he did not care what they did.' 'Mr Arthur' took himself off, and left the coast clear.

The preparations were made with the utmost coolness. The Vicar-General's cars and carts were put in readiness. The house steward at Ballyhige sent the truckles and wheel-barrows to be repaired, as the load would be a heavy one. Captain Heitman and his son slept in the house. The treasure was in a detached turret at the east end, a party of seamen keeping guard over it. The gates being left open by the servants on the morning of June 4, an hour before dawn, another Crosbie *alias* Godly—David, perhaps Thomas's brother —came up from the sands with a party of labourers, gentlemen's servants, and Tralee artisans, armed with guns. They made straight for the turret, forced the postern with crowbars, killed two of the sailors, and wounded a third. Captain Heitman was roused by the noise. The butler and young James Crosbie affected terror, barricaded the door, and prevented him from stirring. The twelve chests were brought out into the yard in the grey of the summer morning, and the spoil was divided. The robbers, true to their word, portioned off Lady Margaret's share. Four boxes were hid away for her in the haggard under the straw, and were afterwards buried in the garden; and a part of one was carried off by David Crosbie in a boat to the 'Dolphin' sloop, which was waiting in the bay. One or two were taken to Tralee or Limerick. The rest were distributed between the Vicar's cars and carts and taken to his barn,

where 'the scum,' as the rank and file of the party were designated, were paid off with a few handfuls of dollars; and the remainder, on the ensuing day, was portioned out among the chief conspirators and the gentlemen who had consented to wink at them. At first, indeed, there was a notion that Lady Margaret's four chests were a sufficient acquittance to the great people concerned, and that the actors in the scene might keep the residue for themselves. They were given sharply to understand that this would not do. The gentlemen sent to know why they had not their share given to them, adding it would be worse for the robbers if it was not sent. Numbers of persons, it was given in evidence, rode up to the barn with scarcely any appearance of concealment and filled their hats and their pockets with silver.

So matters went for a fortnight. The strangest part of the story has yet to be told. Lady Margaret wrote in decent agitation to the authorities in Dublin. Captain Heitman appealed to the county, but the magistrates were strangely dilatory. There was loud talking and promising, but no one was arrested, and the affair was treated as an impenetrable mystery. Lord Carteret, whose term of office as Lord-Lieutenant was expired, had returned to England. His successor, the Duke of Dorset, had not arrived, and the government was in the hands of Irish Lords Justices. The Lords Justices appeared most anxious. They sent a sharp reprimand to the Kerry magistrates. They directed

the Earl of Kerry himself to undertake an instant and severe inquiry.

Lord Kerry took up the matter in earnest, with an honourable shame at the figure which the county was making. Dissatisfied parties among 'the scum' were willing to give evidence when any one could be found to receive it. Prisoners were taken and examined, the butler of Ballyhige and the Vicar-General's steward among them. The whole truth was brought out, and on July 31 Mr Lingen, the Chief Commissioner of Customs in Dublin, was able to send Lord Kerry his hearty thanks 'for the pains he had taken in unravelling such an enormous piece of villany, which was now set in the clearest light.'

The Danish ingots, however, remained after all too strong for justice. The judges came to Tralee to try the case, but not a single gentleman was placed at the bar. Three or four of the actors were convicted and sentenced to be hanged; but they were respited by private order. 'It was thought hard that the poor rogues should be hanged while the principals escaped.' If no one was to be punished, Captain Heitman at least expected that the spoils should be restored. The Government offered a free pardon to any person who would assist in recovering it. Immediately two of the leaders, Ryan and a man named Lalor, who were in gaol at Tralee, confessed and volunteered their services; and these two scoundrels, who ought to have been swinging on the gallows, were at once released by order of

the Knight of Kerry, Sir Maurice Crosbie, and the other magistrates. The entire management of the search was placed in their hands, which they took good care should come to nothing, while they went about the country talking of their exploit with the utmost frankness, and boasting that if it were still to do they would do it again.

Lord Kerry was furious; re-arrested Ryan and Lalor, and reported the magistrates to 'the Castle.' Sharp reproofs came back, with orders for the two prisoners to be sent instantly to Dublin; but a fatality hung over the transaction at every step that was taken in it. The judges declared that the assizes being over they had no longer power to command the prisoners' removal. The magistrates declined to act. The Knight of Kerry protested against 'being made instrumental in enthrapping poor creatures who had come in on conditions.' The Earl of Kerry, seeing how matters were going, began to fear for the consequences to himself. Every one, he said, who had been concerned in unravelling the story was alarmed to see the chief actors in it thus encouraged. He expected nightly to find his own house burning over his head.

The Danish Government took up the matter. Arthur Crosbie was prosecuted, tried in Dublin, and acquitted; the judges saying that there was a want of evidence against him. The Danes complained that the judges conspired to suppress the inquiry, and showed partiality against them to shield the Crosbies.

The Duke of Newcastle did what he could, but the

English Government could act only through the forms of the Irish constitution, and the Crosbies were too strong for him.

A certain quantity of the bullion was recovered, or was said to be recovered. Nine thousand pounds in plate and money were reported to have been found, and to be lying somewhere in a place of security; but the 'somewhere' was nowhere so far as the Danes were concerned.

Either the expenses of the inquiry, or some excuse of form, rose in the way of every petition which they presented. In July 1734, more than three years after the robbery, Newcastle complained to Lord Dorset 'that the master and sailors had not hitherto been able to obtain satisfaction for their loss and damage, nor restitution of the money and plate recovered.' He sent the strictest orders that justice should be done without delay. Justice never was done. Nobody was punished Falstaff himself had not more objections to 'paying back' than the good people of Kerry, and the lawyers of the Four Courts, who were in conspiracy with them. On the 3rd of January, 1736, the Danish ambassador laid his concluding protest before the English prime minister.

'Your Grace,' he said, 'has many times expressed to me your own private indignation at this affair. My master now desires me to tell you that if any English vessels happen to be lost on the coast of Denmark the Irish government will be to blame for the consequence which will probably befall them;'

Les complices et principaux auteurs de cet infâme complot sont aussy connus à votre grâce et aux Seigneurs du Gouvernement qu'à tout le reste de l'Irlande. Dans une affaire aussy odieuse que celle-ci on trouve le moyen par toute sorte de fourberies et de chicanes de soustraire à la justice et à la punition méritée les gens les plus notoirement impliquez dans le vol de l'argent.[1]

I have rambled on incoherently, wishing rather to convey an idea of the constituents of daily life as they present themselves to an English stranger in the wild parts of Ireland than to tell a consecutive story. As I have observed little order hitherto, I shall be no less abrupt in the rest of what I have to say, and I shall conclude these sketches by a few words on the long-vexed Irish problem. I have nothing to propose in the way of remedial measures: no measures could be expressed in words which could heal a chronic sore as little now as ever disposed to heal. I speak merely as one who knows something of Ireland and something of its history. Let it not be supposed that the late concessions to Irish agitation have removed as yet the source of disloyalty. They may have been right in themselves—I do not question it; but the wound remains, and will remain. The Irish, as a body, are disloyal to the English Crown, and disloyal they will, for some time at least, continue. The Church Bill was the removal of a scandal; the Land Bill will rescue the poorer tenants from the tyranny of middlemen and adventurers chiefly of their own race; but the people

[1] The Minister of Denmark to the Duke of Newcastle, Jan. 3, 1736, MS. Record Office.

generally regard these Bills, both of them, as extorted from us by the Clerkenwell explosion. They do not thank us for them. They rather gather courage to despise us for our fears. Their sympathies on all subjects are in antagonism to ours. If we are entangled in a war, they will rejoice in our defeat; and they will do their worst or their best, whatever their worst or best may be, to forward our misfortunes.

England had one great opportunity of thoroughly assimilating Ireland to herself, and she threw it wilfully away. The Celts, who had been conquered by the Normans, recovered their power and part of their lands when England was convulsed by the Wars of the Roses. The great Norman families maintained themselves by adopting their manners and their cause, and intermarrying with their families. The Tudor princes had to contend with the hostility of the united island, and the struggle for supremacy continued till it closed in the decisive subjugation of the Irish race after the battle of the Boyne. The Irish party, Celts and Catholics, were totally broken; their leaders went abroad and took service in foreign armies; the restless spirits were perennially drafted off into the Irish brigade on the Continent; their lands were distributed among Scotch and English immigrants; their creed was proscribed; and for the first half of the eighteenth century the Celts were of no more account in their own island than the Negroes in the Southern States of America before emancipation. The penal laws in the present state of opinion have become as execrable as

slavery: they are mentioned only with shame and regret: yet the essential injustice in yet more important matters with which the poor country was trampled upon by England at the time that they were in force was yet more execrable than the penal laws. After a hundred and seventy years of intermittent rebellion, massacre, and confusion, something might be said in favour of severe coercion. It was natural to seek for a perpetual removal of disturbing causes which were ineradicable except by excision. Yet, if it was found necessary to confiscate an entire country, to prohibit the exercise of its religion, to create a new proprietary, to sow the four provinces with colonies of aliens of another race and another creed, the justification of those stern measures was to be looked for only in the most unrelaxed exertions to benefit morally and materially the people who were so cruelly held down—to develope their industry, to teach them a purer faith, to make them feel that the conquerors whom they had resisted so desperately were, after all, their best and truest friends. At the close of the seventeenth century a third of the population of Ireland were Scots and English, French and Flemings—all Protestants. They had nine-tenths of the land; they possessed all the skill, knowledge, enterprise, and capital: they were covering the country with flocks and herds; they were growing flax on a great scale; they had established a lucrative foreign trade; they had founded woollen and linen manufactories which were employing tens of thousands of people; and by the laws of natural expan-

sion, had they been allowed to grow, they would have absorbed and provided with organized occupation the entire nation. They were sturdy Protestants, as I said —not lukewarm Anglicans misbegotten out of compromise, but men tried in the fire; sturdy Calvinists, who held the traditions of the Ironsides. Had such a race as these been allowed fair play, had England only abstained from interfering with them, it is absurd to doubt that the Celts of Ireland, broken down as they were, without leaders, mere helpless, ignorant peasants, would have yielded to the superior intelligence and irresistible influence of their masters, as their brothers of the same race yielded in Wales and the Highlands.

Worried as England had so long been by the Irish difficulty, it might have been thought that she would have rejoiced at last to see the troubles there so happily composed, and would have exerted herself to build vigorously upon a foundation which had been laid so fortunately at last. But the victory had been too complete. The mercantile element in English legislation —always short-sighted, always mean, always preferring the base profits of individuals, I will not say to duty and high principle, for that is not to be expected, but to patriotism and national interest—took advantage of Ireland's political weakness to destroy in the germ her promise of prosperity. English ship-owners took alarm at the growth of Irish commerce—English mill-owners at the dimensions of her woollen fabrics. Possessed as Ireland was of cheap labour and inexhaustible water power, they found that she could undersell them in the

world's markets, and the dread of diminished profits drove them mad with jealousy. The woollen factories were nipped in the bud by prohibitive statutes. The industrial immigration was not only checked, but twenty thousand skilled Protestant artisans already settled in the North moved instantly back across the Channel. Driven from their manufactures, the settlers turned their hands to the growth of raw material and multiplied their sheep. Again they were forbidden to export their wool to any country except England, and in England only to a few selected ports. These are but a few instances of the detailed tyranny by which Irish industry was broken down. The prospects of Ireland were deliberately sacrificed to fill the pockets of a few English rich men. In Kerry, Cork, and Galway, and all round the coast, the gentlemen were driven into smuggling and consequent lawlessness as the inevitable result of the repression of their legitimate employments, and the wretched natives were forced back upon their potato gardens as their only means of subsistence.

Spiritual matters went the same road. If the Irish Church was not oppressed in the same sense, it was oppressed in a worse; for the benefices, high and low, were distributed as patronage to make provision for persons who could not decently be promoted in England. The principle on which the vacant places in the hierarchy were supplied is immortalized in the bitter scorn of Dean Swift. The English Government, he said, nominated highly proper persons; but the reverend

gentlemen were waylaid by the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, who cut their throats, stole their papers, and came over and were inducted in their places. When the Church could hold no more, there were the Irish revenues to fall back upon. Wretched Ireland was compelled to place upon its pension list every scandalous blackguard who, in unmentionable or unproducible ways, had laid the Court or Cabinet of St James's under obligation.

Thus, hard as it might have seemed to ruin so fair a prospect, the English Government succeeded in doing it. The Protestant immigrants were driven back upon the Celts by this ingenious variety of ill-usage, and made common cause with them against a tyranny which had grown intolerable to both. In spite of the Government, their mere presence in Ireland had produced astonishing improvement. They had ruled, if not perfectly, yet with intelligence and justice, far greater than anything which had been known under the dominion of the chiefs. They maintained political order while England was convulsed with rebellion. The population increased threefold in ninety years. The selling value of the land rose in places twenty and thirty fold. Ireland in 1782 was still in essentials a Protestant country. Grattan's volunteers were Protestants. Even the United Irishmen of 1798 were most of them Protestants; but they had been driven into revolt by England's unendurable folly; and, cut off as they were from the source of their strength, their ascendancy inevitably declined. The era of agitation

recommenced. The Celts raised their heads again. Their relative numbers multiplied; they became once more the dominant race of the island. The Anglo-Irish authority, established so hardly, became a thing of the past, and the history of the last half-century has been of the recovery, step by step, by the Celtic and Catholic population, of the powers which had seemed gone from them for ever. The country has fallen back into the condition in which William found it, and the families of the old blood inevitably have resumed the aspirations which they displayed in the last Parliament of James.

England deserves what has come upon her; yet the two islands must remain where nature placed them. They are tied together like an ill-matched pair between whom no divorce is possible. Must they continue a thorn in each other's side till doomsday? Are the temperaments of the races so discordant that the secret of their reconciliation is for ever undiscoverable?

The present hope is, that by assiduous 'justice'—that is, by conceding everything which the Irish please to ask—we shall disarm their enmity and convince them of our good-will. It may be so. There are persons sanguine enough to hope that the Irish will be so moderate in what they demand, and the English so liberal in what they will grant, that at last we shall fling ourselves into each other's arms in tears of mutual forgiveness. I do not share that expectation. It is more likely that they will press their importunities till we turn upon them and refuse to yield further. There

will be a struggle once more; and either the emigration to America will increase in volume till it has carried the entire race beyond our reach, or in some shape or other they will again have to be coerced into submission. This only is certain—that the fortunes of the two islands are inseparably linked. Ireland can never be independent of England, nor is it likely that a fuller measure of what is called freedom will make Irishmen acquiesce more graciously in their forced connection with us.

It is said that in a country where liberty and equality were carried out in greatest perfection, a gentleman who had succeeded to the management of an excellent pack of foxhounds considered that he could not do better than apply the popular principle to his new charge. He went one day to the kennel. 'My dear hounds,' he said, 'you have been kept in slavery —the finest part of your nature has been destroyed for want of your natural rights—you have been taken out when you wished to stay at home—you have not been consulted either about your victuals or your lodging—you have been sent after foxes when you would have preferred hares—you have been treated as if you were mere dogs rather than as rational and responsible beings: I am going to alter that—I shall put before you what is right, but I shall leave you to take your own way if you prefer it, and you shall each of you vote every morning exactly what you like to do—you shall be admitted to your birthright of freedom, and you shall decide according to your own ideas how you

like to pass your lives.' The pack, it is needless to say, after worrying all the sheep in the neighbourhood, ended by tearing each other to pieces.

All of us are the better for authority. In schools and colleges, in fleet and army, discipline means success, and anarchy means ruin. The House of Commons has its whips, who might apply their instruments more frequently with nothing but advantage. The Irish have many faults: they have one predominant virtue. There is no race in the world whose character responds more admirably to government, or suffers more injury from the absence of it. It was an Irishman who, when some one said, 'One man was as good as another,' exclaimed, 'Ay, and better too.' He understands himself, if no one else understands him. He is the worst of leaders, but the truest and most loyal of followers. In the past he was devoted to his chiefs; in the present his allegiance is waiting for any one who will boldly claim it. Govern him firmly and justly—make him feel that you mean to be his master, not for your sake, but for his, that you may save him from himself, and you need have no more anxiety about him. The wildest village boy that ever flung up his cap for O'Donovan Rossa has but to be caught, laid under discipline, and, dressed in policeman's uniform, to be true as steel.

RECIPROCAL DUTIES OF STATE AND SUBJECT.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Times*, and the Liberal press in general tell us that the English intending emigrant can earn half-a-crown in the United States, where he can earn but a florin in Canada, and that it is therefore sentimental nonsense to expect or even desire him to prefer an English colony. The fact, in the first place, is not true. There is a better organization at New York for the reception and distribution of the emigrants, but the wages of labour in Canada are as high as they are in any part of the American continent except California, and the cost of living is less. If, however, the American wages were distinctly higher, it is the first time that the chief duty of man has been proclaimed so nakedly to lie in making money. Admiral Maury was offered rank and fortune if he would take charge of an observatory in Russia. He prefers a pittance as a schoolmaster in the crushed and still suffering Confederacy. At the risk of being called sentimental, I declare that I would sooner myself earn

reasonable wages in the English dominions than be a millionnaire in New York; and the most practical of Yankees could be bribed by nothing that we could offer him to become permanently a British subject. The working men themselves do not appreciate the kindness of their advocates. The Irish consider it the fault of the English Government that they cannot remain at home. Those who go hate us. Those who stay hate us. We have four millions of the bitterest enemies in the Irish Americans. We have Fenianism in Ireland itself, and the danger is growing steadily with every fresh shipload which is landed on the shores of the Union.

The English and Scotch labourer or artisan has struggled hard hitherto to hold fast his nationality. He has gone to Canada, to the Cape, to Australia, or to New Zealand. To the States, so far, he has gone sparingly and unwillingly. The tide is changing at last. The hundreds of a few years ago are now becoming thousands, but there is the same resentment among them which we see in the Irish. The English workman does not consider that he ought to be enabled to live at home, but he does not like to be flung aside as if he was of no value. The State, he thinks, ought to help him to go to one of its own dependencies. He too goes away, bitter and savage with the old country. His friends at home are no better pleased. In a few years we may have, we indisputably shall have, a million or two of Anglo-American citizens with an equally agreeable disposition to do us all the harm they can, and the

great mass of English working men at home looking to America as their best friend. Yet, in the face of these phenomena, even the Prime Minister holds up the Irish emigration as an example to be imitated, as a splendid proof of the success of the voluntary principle, and as an argument against the interposition of the State. The emigrant believes himself the victim of injurious neglect. His one thought thenceforward is the hope of revenge. He is a citizen of the great rival nationality, and should so frightful a calamity as a war with America overtake us, he may be relied on to do his worst for our humiliation. The situation is so transparent that writers who still insist that the State shall remain passive cannot be blind to it. The feelings or the principles therefore which lie at the bottom of their resolution should be acknowledged or at least examined. Either we must assume a determination to avoid war even at the cost of honour,—or there is a belief that in the present state of the world war is really impossible, —or else it is thought that the State as a State has no concern with such matters, and is unable in the nature of things to exercise any effective control over them. The distribution of human creatures over the globe must be held to be the work of general laws, with which it is absurd to interfere; these laws may act favourably towards England or they may act unfavourably; England can as little further them in the one case as it can hinder them in the other. We might wish the climate of these islands to be milder than it is or drier than it is—but we do not call on Government to alter

the position of the poles or raise the temperature of the Gulf-stream.

This is evidently the theory; but it does not satisfy those who complain. English and Irish working people imagine that they are injured, either because they are not provided with occupation at home,—a matter equally with which the Government declares that it has nothing to do,—or because they are not assisted to go where work is waiting for them in our own dependencies. They have an impression that the Government has duties towards them which the Government denies to exist. Their perplexity is increased because on these and many kindred subjects they see in other countries their own theories recognized and acted on. They see the same in the past history of their own country. The intellectual progress of the classes who profess the new doctrine has been so rapid that the mass of the people has been unable to keep up with them. It is worth while therefore to analyze the limits of an English Government's duty, as it is now understood by the representatives of Liberalism; and, if these limits are rightly defined, to point out the unreasonableness of resentment when statesmen decline to transgress them.

The sentimental relations, as they are scornfully called, between governors and governed can be traced historically. The father brings his children into the world, teaches and trains them, provides for them till they are able to provide for themselves, and receives in return loyal affection and support in his old age. The family develops into a clan. The elder branch retains

priority. The collateral kindred cling together with common interests and under a common leadership. The chief, either hereditary or elective, becomes the protector of the rest, leads them in battle, fights for them, and legislates for them. His person is made sacred. His remotest dependant gives his life cheerfully to save him from harm, with no consciousness of self-sacrifice, but as a matter of simple duty. There is devotion on one side, and benefits received or supposed to be received on the other. The devotion has been, perhaps, often in excess of the benefit; generosity does not look curiously into the account of debtor and creditor. It is enough that superiors and inferiors are thus bound together under a permanent tie which both sides in some sort recognize, and under those conditions a sentiment of loyalty develops itself of its own accord, which knows no limit either in this world or the next. At present we are told that a man ought to change his nationality for an extra sixpence a day. An old Scotch nurse once came to die, who was the sole depositary of a mysterious secret affecting the descent of property, and touching the good name of the house in which she had lived. A priest urged her to confess, and reminded her of providing for the safety of her soul. 'The safety of my soul!' she said, 'and would you put the honour of an auld Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?'

The clan passes into a nation, but the same idea continues. The chief becomes a sovereign. Tradition and rule of thumb are exchanged for written laws.

Society divides, cities spring up, and towns and villages, castles and churches, farmhouses and cottages spread over the country, and the human swarm separates into its countless occupations; but loyalty to the ruling power loses at first nothing of its tenacity, and to maintain the lawful king in his place is the first of the subjects' obligations. It mattered little to the material interests of the English nation whether it was ruled over by White Rose or by Red, but it mattered infinitely whether the lawful owner of the throne should be defrauded of his right. Rule and custom could not decide, and there was an appeal to the God of battles. The barons ranged themselves according to their convictions. The tenants gave their blood faithfully and devotedly under their lords' leaderships. The acknowledged sovereign in this and all other European countries was the representative of the Almighty. A Claudius could say:

> There is such majesty doth hedge a king
> That treason dare but peep at what it would.

The Duke in *Measure for Measure* would have even

> the devil
> Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.

Treason was the summing up of all real and all imaginable crimes. The most horrible tortures were held the just reward of the unsuccessful conspirator.

While the people were still in theory the prince's children, the people supported the prince and the prince in turn protected the people. A Church was maintained to care for their souls; an organization of public

servants to superintend their lives and labour. The State charged itself with the detailed care of the subject circumscribing his position in life, and defining his rights as well as his duties. It provided or attempted to provide that every one willing to work should be able to support himself by industry. The meanest child was not neglected. There was some one always who was charged with the duty of caring for it. Holders of land had obligations along with their tenures which they were responsible and punishable for neglecting. Their interests were held subordinate to the nation's interests; and the nation's interest was to have the moral rule of right and wrong observed in all transactions between man and man. That the State was often tyrannical, often selfish, often ignorant, mean, and unjust, might be expected from the nature of the case. The rulers were but men of limited knowledge, subject to all common temptations, and subject also to special temptations born out of their position of authority. It is now assumed that the harm that they did was incomparably greater than the good; that nine-tenths of the old English legislation was directly mischievous; that the remaining tenth was innocent only because it was inoperative; that in depriving men of their independence the Government took away from them the natural stimulus to exertion, and made impossible those manly virtues which are brought out only in those who are compelled to rely upon themselves. In the restriction of the functions of Government it is implied and admitted that the loyalty which was born of

them must be eliminated also; and as the Government to the masses of the people represents the unit of the country, there departs with loyalty the kindred obligation of patriotism. In these free modern times men govern themselves, and therefore their loyalty is to themselves. The sentimental virtues are treated as mistaken notions of duty, rising out of an unwholesome and exploded condition of society. The State no longer takes charge of the people, and the people, if they are wise, will understand that they no longer owe anything to the State. The inquiry, whether Englishmen may not wish to remain Englishmen even at some sacrifice to themselves, in another part of the world?—whether the offshoots of England might not remain attached to it as a clan to its chief?—is set aside as out of date, with a smile: and it is only because old-fashioned feelings still absurdly linger among such of us as are imperfectly educated in sound political philosophy, that so many false expectations, and so much irrational disappointment, are imported into the discussion of our social difficulties. The Government is now completely constitutional. It is a Government of the people themselves. It no longer resides in a person or a class. It has nothing sacred about it. It is born out of majorities in the House of Commons, and changes with the wavering of opinion. It disclaims abstract considerations of justice, and knows of nothing but expediency. It no longer rules the different classes which compose society, but represents them, and is a something gradually sinking into a nothing, begotten out of the collision

of their interests. To the imagination of the masses, meanwhile, it remains what it used to be. Old ideas that it owes duties to them still cling to their modes of thinking, and they have not themselves shaken off the sense of obligation on their own part. They know, for instance, that if they take service in the army or in the police they will fight, and, if necessary, be killed. They imagine vaguely that even in working for a private master they are, in some sense, serving their country. They do not recognize the reception of so much pay as a discharge in full of what society owes them. They are born on English soil, as part of the English nation; and they are hurt and indignant when England answers that it has nothing to do with them, that they are emancipated, that they are their own masters, and must take the rough side of freedom as well as the smooth. If this be emancipation they did not ask for it, and they do not value it when thrust upon them. I once heard a young athletic navvy say he cared nothing for politics. No reform that he had ever heard of had been of use to him or his. All he thought was that when a poor fellow had worked for a master the best part of his life, the master ought to keep him when he couldn't work any longer. In other words, he wished to return to serfdom.

What then are the functions of the State as they are now understood in England? And what effects are likely to be produced on the character of the people when the traditional sentiment has died out and they understand what it really means?

Modern English Government has been said to consist in collecting the taxes and spending them. More sympathetically it might be defined as a contrivance to secure the greatest liberty to the greatest number—liberty meaning the absence of restraint. We cannot —so liberal opinion says,—we cannot combine things which are essentially irreconcilable; we cannot have efficient administration and personal liberty, and liberty is the best of the two. According to this view, an ideal Government would interfere in nothing. In an imperfect world we have to be contented with approximations, with a Government which reduces its interference to a minimum. We are not to ask if there may not be a distinction of persons,—if the good may not have more liberty than the bad,—if the cheating shopkeeper, for instance, is to be allowed the same freedom in his calling as the honest tradesman. It is replied that distinctions of this kind have been tried but that they create more evils than they cure. The best condition of things is where all alike have a fair stage and no favour, where every man is permitted to order his life as he pleases, so that he abstains from breaking the criminal law, and where the laws which it shall be criminal to break are as few and as mild as the safety of society will allow. A thousand duties may lie beyond the boundaries enclosed by legal penalties, but it is assumed that the interest of every man lies in the long run on the side of right, that it will answer better to him to be industrious than idle, honest than dishonest, temperate than vicious. Let every man pursue his private advantage

with all the faculties that belong to him, and nature and competition will take care of the rest. The State is thus cleared of responsibilities which it cannot adequately discharge. There is an infinite saving of trouble. The enterprising and the able are stimulated to energy by the prospect of certain reward, and every one finds and takes the position in life to which his exertions entitle him and the gifts which he has brought with him into the world. The prudent and the industrious succeed; the worthless and the profligate reap as they have sown, and natural justice is fairly distributed to all.

Thus the sweeping-brush has been applied to the statute-book, and the complicated provisions established by our ancestors for our minds and bodies have been either cleared away or at least neutralized by the absence of machinery to make them effective. It used to be held that the State must profess a religion. It was the magistrate's business to execute justice and maintain truth. The State now recognizes that it represents a number of persons of different opinions in these matters, and therefore the Irish Church is disestablished, and the Anglican prelates are setting their houses in order. Property in land, once peculiarly the object of legislative supervision, is left to economic law. The parliaments of the Tudors, considering in their way the greatest happiness of the greatest number, charged themselves with the distribution of the produce of the soil. They encouraged the multiplication of yeomen and peasant proprietors. They attached four acres of

land to every poor man's cottage. They prohibited the enclosures of commons and the agglomeration of farms; and by reducing the power of landlords to do as they would with their own, they corrected the tendency which is now unresisted towards the absorption of the land in a diminishing number of hands.

The modern theory is that the greater the interest of the landlord in his property the more he is encouraged to develop the resources of it. The national wealth is increased by removing the restrictions which limited the landlord's opportunities of increasing his personal wealth. If peculiar circumstances are at this moment compelling legislation of a different kind in Ireland, it is adopted as a temporary expedient, a concession to the backward condition of the Irish people, which a few years of prosperity will render nugatory, and permit to be replaced by the natural system of contract.

The attitude towards trade is precisely of the same kind. For several centuries Crown, Council, and Parliament watched over every detail of commerce, from the village shop to the great transactions of the chartered companies. The development of industry was recognized as of an importance all but supreme; but it was held subsidiary always to the moral welfare of the nation. To repress needless luxury, to prevent capitalists from making fortunes at the cost of the poor, and to distribute in equitable proportions the profits of industry, were held to be functions of the State as completely as to repress burglary and murder. The State made mistakes. It maintained regulations which the

circumstances of one age had rendered necessary not only when they had ceased to be useful, but when they had become contrivances for defeating the very object for which they had been originally instituted. Root and branch these regulations have now been cleared away. Small remnants of them survive as means of revenue, but each year sees restrictive duties disappear, to be replaced by direct taxation. When Government interferes with commerce on a large scale, it is to coerce weak nations like the Chinese into the open system, and to forbid them to close their ports under pretence of morality against the introduction of drugs with which it has become our interest to poison them. So with the manufacturer and the shopkeeper. Trade inspectors used to be appointed to examine the quality of manufactured articles brought to the docks for export. They were said to be bribed, or to be incapable; their interference acted as a premium upon smuggling—any way it embarrassed trade, and the inspection dwindled to a name. The wardens and officers of the great companies appraised the value of what was sold in shops. Ideas of justice and equity determined prices. Morality, real or imagined, insisted that every article offered for sale was to be the thing which it pretended to be. Bread was to be real bread, and beer the genuine produce of malt and hops. A pound should be a true pound, an ounce a true ounce, the gallon and the quart should not be shrunk below their legitimate dimensions by false bottoms. The old English application of the order for good measure running over lingers yet,

though no longer to the benefit of the customer, in the extra pounds flung in to make the hundredweight. Such customs and such interferences were found either to work unwholesomely in themselves, or to be impossible to carry out with tolerable impartiality in the enormous complications of modern commercial life. Luxury, no longer deprecated as an evil, is encouraged as a stimulus to labour. The State has no creed. The State is no longer the guardian of morality. It is bound to the conscientious execution of its own functions, but what those functions are is more than ever uncertain. Personal morality is the affair of the individual soul. The increase of drunkenness is deplored as a national misfortune, but the only remedy for it is held to lie in personal self-restraint. Men cannot, we are told, be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. The natural punishment is misery, and if the misery fall on the innocent wife and children it cannot be helped. The wife must be more careful where she marries. The sale of liquors is as legitimate as any other trade. If the liquor sold is poisoned, the buyer must transfer his custom elsewhere, or abandon his evil habits. A public-house is a place of recreation, like a club. The law knows no distinction of persons. It may not curtail the pleasures of the poor, and leave untouched the pleasures of the rich. In all trades, drink trade, bread trade, trade in necessaries and trade in luxuries, the buyer is 'his own keeper.' If he is cheated he must improve his mind, and learn what he is doing. He is

paying the price of knowledge, which, when gained, will make him a wiser man.

Once more. The paternal theory implied that every English child was under the guardianship of the State. The law, however ill it was carried out, allowed no wandering outcasts, growing up to lie and steal because they had no means of maintaining themselves honestly. The emancipated street Arab of modern times was apprenticed either to farmer, shopkeeper, or artisan, according to his capacity, and those who could not find masters for themselves were allotted by the machinery of the parochial system. Every other Sunday, or once a month, the clerk, at the close of the sermon, summoned the parishioners to the vestry. The fathers and grandfathers of the present generation assembled with the rector in the chair. The case of any orphan or otherwise helpless child was mentioned, his condition inquired into, the means of his parents (if he had any), whether he was robust or lame or weak or stupid or promising; and, according to the answer, he was assigned to this or that farmer, cobbler, tailor, carpenter, or mason, to be clothed, fed, and brought up in industry. The arrangements for the labour of grown men have been disorganized from a far earlier date; but under the old constitution their wages were fixed by statute and adjusted to the price of food, and no able-bodied labourer was allowed to be idle. The masterless rogue found straying without occupation was taken before the nearest magistrate and set to labour on the roads, or passed back to the parish to which he

belonged. The incorrigible vagabond was sent to gaol and whipped; forced labour was found for him as long as the condition of England made it possible: later on, he was shipped to the colonies. In a rude way the State endeavoured, and always recognized, its obligation to provide an opportunity for every man to earn an honest subsistence.

This too has passed away. The able-bodied pauper now presents himself as ready to work, but no work can be found for him. At present, he is not permitted to starve: a bare subsistence is furnished for him at the expense of the community; but how long this will continue—still more how long it is desirable that this shall continue—may reasonably be doubted. If there are more hands than there is work for at home, there is more work than hands to do it elsewhere: and it may be cheaper as well as otherwise better to effect a combination between the two.

The state of things thus introduced among us has been called anarchy plus the policeman. In the primitive anarchy there is no law but that of strength and courage. Big bones and large muscles rule, the weak go to the wall. In the modern anarchy the superiority is with cleverness and energy. Open violence is not permitted. Cleverness of wit is master now as strength of body was master then. Of morality there is equally little in both. The time has passed away in which there was an attempt to regulate the rewards and punishments of life by principles of justice. The preamble of a Tudor statute used to speak with

reverence, real or pretended, of the law of God. The law of God is a thing with which modern politicians now disclaim a concern. If it exist at all, it is left to enforce its own penalties when broken. Crime is not punished as an offence against God but as prejudicial to society. Towards crime there is an increasing leniency—a disposition to meddle with it to the smallest possible degree—and treason, once the darkest of offences, is becoming a word without meaning.

The theory is carried resolutely out. The Irish agrarian assassin is but protecting his private interests in a rude way, and is not too closely looked after; an Irish riot, or a gathering of Fenians for drill, is an assembly of misguided, but well-meaning politicians. An Irish magistrate, especially if he has the misfortune to be a Protestant, knows well that if he is too zealous in keeping the peace, and an accident happen in the process, the cry will be to hang not the rioters but him. If he is to find favour with the authorities his road to it lies in looking through his fingers. A similar tenderness is creeping up towards murderers and rogues of all kinds. Murder is explained by physical tendencies towards homicide. An eminent foreigner, smarting from painful experience, said to me the other day that burglary was the only well-organized institution which England possessed. Armies of professional burglars are perfectly well known to the police—men who make no pretence of having other means of livelihood—yet the police may not meddle with them till they are caught red-handed; and

recently—it is said that things are mended now—penal servitude was an agreeable exchange for a life of ordinary labour. The work was less, the lodging better, the food more abundant and more secure.

To commercial fraud, even where of a kind still within the admitted province of the criminal law, we are yet more tender. Thousands of families may be tempted into ruin by the insincere prospectus of some fair-promising City company. The directors play the safest of games. If they win they stand to become millionnaires, if they fail they lose nothing, for in many instances they have nothing to lose; and when the crash comes they have the suspicious sympathy of the great houses that surround them. Should they be forced into a court of justice they are secure of a favourable construction of their most doubtful actions, and the wretched shareholder who prosecutes is rebuked for his revengeful feelings, and recommended cynically to become more cautious for the future.

So far has *laissez-faire* been carried that no prudent man will now venture a walk in the London streets unless his will is made, his affairs in order, and a card-case is in his pocket, that his body may be identified. Nearly three hundred people are killed annually in London by cabs and carts, and four times as many are wounded, yet no adequate precautions are taken, and no punishment follows. The chief delinquents are tradesmen's boys, whose advance in life depends on the rapidity with which they execute their commissions. The juries who sit on the inquests are tradesmen who

keep carts themselves, and a verdict of accidental death recurs with unerring uniformity. This is a small matter to all but the unfortunate creatures who are run over, and as in many cases they are paupers employed in street-sweeping, no great interest is likely to be felt in their fate. They are pensioners of the public, and *à fortiori* cannot claim to be looked after. It is, however, unhappily but one of a hundred instances of the universal indifference of the authorities, and, in one way or another, we all of us have our share in the common suffering. That we are not neglected entirely, we know from the periodic visits of the tax-collector and the rate-collector. Other evidences that we are still the State's children we are told that we are not to expect. We have grown to manhood with the progress of liberty; we must now walk alone, and if we slip and tumble we have no one to blame but ourselves.

The effects of the disintegrating theory are equally visible in the position of England as a member of the European community of nations. The several Powers once formed a general confederacy, held together on general principles, and bound to one another by general obligations. We are sliding out of our position, and no longer aspire to a voice in European councils. The nation is but a collection of individuals. Each individual is supposed to be occupied with his private concerns; and the aggregate of us are only interested in being let alone. We have in consequence no longer a foreign policy. The balance of power has ceased to

trouble us. We have paid dear for our meddling in past times; and eight hundred millions of national debt are an unpleasant and enduring reminder of our want of wisdom; we have bought our experience and do not mean to repeat our fault. Dynasties may change, frontiers shift, insurgent nationalities rise in arms for independence, and succeed or fail. We look on with a certain degree of interest, sympathy or sentiment inclines us to one party or the other, but we do not mean to burn our fingers; we shut ourselves up in our own island and look on as upon a scene in a play. We enter into no more Continental obligations, and we hope devoutly that no claims will be made upon us in the name of any which we have inherited. When occasion rises as it rose in Denmark we find a loophole of escape. The weight of English opinion abroad passes now for nothing, for it is known that it will be unsupported by force; and France and Germany and Russia arrange their differences among themselves as if Great Britain had ceased to exist. Were other consequences of our present tendencies equally innocent there would be little to regret. We do not look back even on the Crimean war with very enthusiastic self-satisfaction. We have nothing to gain from interfering further in European disputes, and we do wisely to keep clear of them. But the fact is as I have described. Our trade is still of consequence to Europe. The exports and imports of individual firms go on merrily as ever; but as a nation we are nothing; we are neither loved nor feared; we are for the present useful, and we

are content to remain so, and to pass current on these innocent terms.

But we pursue this neutral and negative policy, not only towards other nations, but towards our own colonies. Time was when we believed that our prosperity depended on our power. The maintenance of our commerce was held to be connected with the respect felt for the weight of our arm, and therefore we established English-speaking communities at convenient places all over the world—as stations for our fleets and troops, as nurseries for fresh offshoots of our people, as providing us with territory on which to expand, and as special markets for our manufactures which would be always open to us. We have changed all that; we prefer to rely on the natural demand for our productions. The colonies cost us money, and every tax is a burden upon trade. We tell our people at home that every one must take care of himself; we say to the colonies —the Colonial Office has said so consistently for the last five-and-twenty years—'You are collections of individuals who left England for your private convenience; you went to Australia, to New Zealand, to Canada to better your own condition. Better it by all means if you can, but you must do as we do at home, and rely upon yourselves only. You say you are loyal to England. We make no objection to your remaining so if you prefer it, but we do not tax you and you must not tax us. You are independent, and the sooner you will declare yourselves in name the free nations which we have virtually made you, the better it will be for all

parties.' When the colonies hesitate to take us at our word we are impatient. When they speak of us as the mother country we repudiate the name. We are impatient especially of the reluctance of Canada to part with us, for Canada we regard as a temptation to America to quarrel with us. Were we clear of Canada we imagine that war with America would be impossible, while so long as it continues a part of the empire and is willing to share in its own defence we feel that we cannot honourably throw it over. When I speak of 'we' I do not mean that I have been describing the sentiment of the great body of the English people. I have been describing rather the phase of Liberal opinion which at present has the direction of our affairs, and expresses itself in the leading columns of the principal Liberal journals. I mean the opinion on colonial matters which is the exact counterpart of the peculiar policy which is exhibiting itself on all sides in the administration of the Commonwealth.

In every department the same principle is at work; the one uniform object is to reduce the functions of Government as near to nothing as ingenuity can bring them, or as circumstances will allow; to leave every one to make his own fortune or to mar it by the light of his own ingenuity. We admit that Government must keep the peace. We expect it, with the help of volunteers, to protect the country from invasion. These duties it cannot disown, without destroying all reason for its own existence; but it is extremely unwilling to admit that it possesses others. It is a policy

which cannot as yet be carried out completely. There is the Irish land question, and there is also the demand for national education. The present legislation for Ireland, however, is intended, as I said, to be exceptional and temporary; the second is being forced upon the Government equally against the grain by the clamours of the people. Elsewhere education is recognized universally as the business of the State. In England it is considered the business of the parents, and only because parents unaccountably neglect their duty, the State is compelled to take it up. The recognition of such a fact as this may perhaps be an indication of a turn of the tide. If all mankind understood the full circle of their obligations, and discharged them of their own accord, there would then be really no need of governments, and the whole race would relapse into the primitive blessedness of Paradise. The selfishness and wickedness of individuals alone render authority necessary. Neglect in one instance is no more an occasion for interference than neglect in another, and it may be that the opinion is changing, that authority is about to reclaim some other portions of its old domain, which, to use the expressive phrase of the Irish, 'have gone back to bog.' For the present, however, the exception is made only in the case of children, who, on the face of it, cannot help themselves. When they have mastered their three R's, and can earn their living, they too will be turned adrift like the young nestlings who have learnt the use of their wings and beaks.

Well, then, what effect is likely to be produced on the individuals who compose an empire administered on these principles? The future was never less transparent than it is at present. We are on the brink, possibly, of a new order of things. Nationalities may be about to disappear. A time may be coming when there will be no more English, French, Germans, Americans, but only men and women, individuals with their private interests scattered over the globe. As yet, however, outside England there are no symptoms of the approach of any such consummation. Other nations are as self-asserting, ambitious, aggressive, imperial as ever; and if England has any rivalry with them, if England aspires to remain a leading political Power, it may turn out premature to carry out too logically a theory so far peculiar to this island. The State no longer acknowledges what were once considered its duties. Are the duties of the subject diminished correspondingly? Is there any longer a reason why an Englishman should wish to remain an Englishman if he can better his condition by going elsewhere? Liberal opinion answers frankly that there is none. The Scot of the Border before the union of the crowns might have bettered his condition considerably by taking service with a farmer in Yorkshire. He preferred a dog's life in the Cheviots to beef and bacon with his 'auld enemy.' The modern English working man is told that if he can earn an extra sixpence a day in the United States it is childish and useless to regret that he

should change his nationality; it is his interest to go to the United States, and he ought to go there.

Let us carry out this theory to its consequences. Whatever may be the case hereafter, it will not be seriously pretended that war is as yet impossible. A long persistent and universal devotion to self-interest—interest meaning money-making—may convert us at last to the views of the Peace Society. We remember the boy at school who calculated that an occasional kick hurt him less than a pitched battle, and acted accordingly. English capitalists may come to consider that a dishonourable peace will be less expensive than the shortest war, and will humbly turn their cheek to the smiter. But we are not yet at that state of progress. No English statesman would be allowed, if he wished it, to accept an ignominious alternative—and should things accidentally come to that, how will it then go with us? War is costly. The sacrifices which it involves must be large and may be ruinous. We have borne such sacrifices in past times not with patience only but with enthusiasm. Will the people generally be inclined to bear them again? We do not count upon the loyalty of the colonies; we would rather see them declare themselves neutral, and relieve us of the trouble of defending them. They have still probably sufficient English feeling to cling to our fortunes. They have learnt the new ideas imperfectly and unwillingly, and may prefer to take their chance with us for good or evil. At any rate, however, we expect nothing from them—we dis-

claim concern in them, and we do not ask them to concern themselves for us. But at home?—Why at home should there be any mighty effort to maintain a nationality which no longer believes in itself—which declares itself to be nothing more than a congregation of so many millions, labouring each for nothing but to grow rich; the few succeeding—the many, as it always must be, climbing a slippery hill-side, and sliding continually to the bottom? Why should those millions pay increased taxes?—why should they even fight?—for what could conquest take from the mass of them which they care to lose? Freedom they can find in America by simply going there—and if interest is to take them there in peace, why may they not go there to avoid the sufferings of war? why not? except for those traditional ideas of honour and national pride which are called in scorn sentimental?

Interest to a sensible man is the measure of his national obligations! Well, then, put an extreme case:—Suppose a hundred and fifty thousand French encamped round London; what interest have the English field-labourers, mechanics, and artisans in risking their lives to drive them away? We refuse, when they are in want, to make an effort to preserve them to our own flag by sending them to our colonies; we point to the United States as their natural refuge. What stake have they in the English Empire that they should fight for it? Is it said that so long as they remain in it England is their home? Men will fight for their home when it is something which they cannot take away with them,

when it is a substance that is more than a name, and carries associations with it which have a hold on their affections. But what value, substantial or sentimental, is there to a man in a single room in an alley in London or Manchester, without a yard of English soil owned or tenanted by himself or any one belonging to him; where he is uncared for, save for the work that can be got out of him, with foul air to breathe, foul water to drink, adulterated bread to eat,[1] and for his sole amusement the drink-shop at the corner, where he is poisoned with drugged beer or the oil of vitriol which gives fervour to his gin? The working man has no property but his skill, which he can carry with him, and which will secure him wages wherever he likes to go. Why should he endure inconvenience or danger, or increased taxation, for a country which does nothing for him, and in which he has nothing to lose? He has been taught that his sole business is to raise himself in life. His own interest is no longer in any sense whatever the interest of his country. What is his country to him? Should extremity come upon us, we should have to fall back on the old-world ideas of duty, and honour, and patriotism—and duty on one side involves duty on the other. The State cannot demand allegiance in time of danger, when it is loudly indifferent to it in prosperity. Or if nations are to be held together for the future by interest, there must be a community of interest to all. All must gain and all must lose together. There is no

[1] Mr Bright talks of a free breakfast-table; he says nothing of a pure breakfast-table

maintaining a one-sided bargain. We must not have the parks and pheasant preserves growing on one side, and the hovel and the garret remaining unchanged on the other. Those who have nothing to lose which defeat can take from them, and to whom success will bring no advantage, will be simple fools if they risk their skins for the sake of the rich who alone have any stake in the result. If all interests are indeed personal, if the beginning and the end of each man's business is to better his own condition, the attractive forces which bind together the constituents of society become repellent forces, and for a bar of steel we have a dust-heap of atoms.

As little can interest be depended on as an adequate incentive to justice and honesty. It may be true, that in the long run the honest man succeeds better than the dishonest, but there must be a correct idea to begin with of what success means, and a longer run than society can afford for the issue to be visibly decided. The lesson itself after all is never learnt by the community. The individual rogue is only convinced when he has found the truth of it in his own person. It is by no means the good man at any time who will make most money in this world. In the first place, the good man will never care exclusively for making money; in the next, he will be infallibly beaten by the selfish, shrewd, unscrupulous man, who, without breaking any written law, will take advantage of any opportunity which may offer itself—on the broad margin of undefined obligation, where law is silent and only morality has a voice.

Where money is the measure of worth the wrong persons are always uppermost. Unrestricted competition is held a security for probity in trade. The fair dealer, it is said, who provides good articles at reasonable prices, will beat the rogue who sells soft iron for steel, and hemp for silk, and coloured cider for port wine, and coloured water for milk, and cocoanut oil and lard for butter, and shoddy for woollen cloth. The sober banker who is contented with moderate profits, draws away the business at last from the speculator who tempts customers by high interest, pays for it for a few years out of capital, and bolts and leaves them ruined. It may be so. But society has suffered meanwhile from undetected or unpunished villany. The life of the honest labourer is a happier and a longer one than the life of the burglar and the pickpocket, but that is no reason why the burglar or the pickpocket should be left to prey upon us without interference. Short roads to fortune are so attractive; the natural penalties fall so unequally, the chief scoundrels so often escape altogether, while the comparatively innocent are left to suffer; that if we trust to the action of natural laws, there is no fear that the supply will fail of sharks and dog-fish to prey to the end upon the harmless members of the commonwealth. There is such a thing as a trade reputation. A house of business, by a long course of honourable dealing, has secured a good name, and a good name is in itself a property, which a change of ownership, a more expensive habit of life, an intention of retiring from business, or setting up as a gentleman,

may tempt the owner to realize. It is easily done. Inferior articles are substituted for the good. The profits increase. The name is not immediately forfeited —money for a number of years pours in with accumulated speed. Ultimately the business is destroyed, but the rogue has cleared off with his plunder. The concern has lasted his time, and he cares nothing for what comes after him. He has bought an estate, he has lived in luxury with his powdered footmen, his hothouses, and his seat in Parliament; what is it to him?

A nation in the same way may realize its reputation. The excellence of its manufactures may have given it supremacy in the markets of the world. Competition may have been distanced and trade driven into channels which cannot be immediately changed. Crowds of aspirants to fortune rush in to share the spoils. They underbid their rivals, and flood the markets with rubbish which the nation's fame is made available to float. The old houses are driven into the same courses to keep their place in the race. There is a period of 'unexampled prosperity.' Exports and imports rise; there are congratulations on the elasticity of the revenue and the infinite extensibility of commerce; while all the time the foundations have been undermined, the reputation accumulated by centuries of honest work has been realized and squandered by a single generation. The nation has been but a heedless spendthrift living upon his capital, and it can only recover its place by patiently, humbly, and painfully going back to its old-fashioned ways.

Whether the depression of trade so much complained of lately in England be due wholly or in part to a cause of this kind, outsiders can conjecture only from their own limited experience, and from such accounts as reach them from consumers at home and abroad. We observe, however, in the published reports that while other branches of business are still suffering, the trade in shoddy never was more vigorous.[1]

Nature doubtless will apply her remedy. Dishonesty will prove as usual the worst policy, but if England has gone or shall go very far upon that bad road, the consequences so far as we are concerned may well be irreparable, and it will be small comfort if we serve only to point a moral in the world's future history. It will then be a question whether the fashionable contempt of our fathers has not been folly after all: whether the supervision and control which have been flung away as an interference with natural liberty were not and are not as indispensable in transactions of commerce as in the prevention of violent forms of crime; whether swindling after all is less mischievous than burglary or piracy; whether the selfishness and folly of individuals do not require at all times and under all conditions to be held in hand by intelligence and probity. We talk of freedom. The old saw of the moralist is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. There is no real freedom except in obedience to the laws of the Maker of all things. Just

[1] March, 1870.

laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for the good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with. He is as free under the law as without the law, and he is grateful for its guidance when want of knowledge might lead him wrong. Liberty to the bad man, we have yet to learn, is of any profit to him or to his neighbours. Against unjust laws, against unwise laws, against the self-interested obstructions of dishonest authority, or the stupid meddling of ignorant authority, it is necessary to protest, and in extremity to rebel; but it has not yet been proved that because bad laws are mischievous, good laws are unattainable; that the self-interests of all sons of Adam are to be left to jostle one against another, and that the result by some wonderful arrangement will turn out harmony.

'I saw,' says the Preacher, 'that wisdom excelleth folly as far as light excelleth darkness. The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness; and I perceived that one event happeneth to them all. I said in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth to me. Why then was I more wise?' But the philosopher who was thus perplexed with the inscrutable mystery of the universe, and was driven 'to hate life' by the confusion and misery around him, was a king who had believed in *laissez-faire*, who had left justice and righteousness to nature and economic laws. He sums up the catalogue of his achievements: 'He had built him houses and vineyards,' 'he had planted gardens and orchards and made pools of water,' 'he had got him servants and maidens and great posses-

sions, and gold and silver, and all the delights of the sons of men.' This was the grand outcome of all his labours; and he wondered to find that it was 'vanity.' 'That which was crooked could not be made straight,' because he had never tried to straighten it, and preferred to gaze on the evils which were done under the sun in elegant despondency.

To bring these remarks to a conclusion. I regard the present constitution of government or no government in this country, not as the result of deliberate and wise foresight, not as an elaborate machine shaped into perfection by the successive efforts of political sagacity, but as a condition of things arising from causes historically traceable, very far removed from perfection, made possible only by peculiar external circumstances and no less inevitably transient. The House of Commons broke the power of the Crown. The House of Commons itself is composed of heterogeneous elements which, by degrees, have arranged themselves into two great sections,—the established families and those who aspire to be established, the country party and the town party, the agricultural party and the commercial party, with other lines of division parallel to these, and nearly coincident with them, the party of the past and the party of the future, those who believe in established usage and those who believe in change and progress, opposing sentiments combined with opposing interests. The full development of these tendencies was long interfered with by tradition and inherited associations. The English, like all great nations, are instinctively

conservative, and fear of change and novelty has been a drag upon the wheel. It is only since the masses were called to a share of the franchise, in the first Reform Bill, that the balance has been established in completeness, which is called government by party, and the responsibility of the virtual head of the State to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons alone. Like many other phenomena which have had their day in this world, it is attended by a philosophy which extols it as the most finished form of political organization. The result of it is the paralysis of authority, the limitation of statesmanship to the immediate necessities of the hour, and the surrounding the Prime Minister with so many intricacies of situation that he lives in a straitwaistcoat, with handcuffs on his wrists and fetters on his ankles. Were he a Moses or a Lycurgus he can do nothing without a majority at his back—a majority composed of men who are sent to Parliament, not for their ability, not for their patriotism or their probity, but because they can be relied on to defend the interest which they are elected to represent. The minister's first and last care is to avoid offending these persons. He must leave abuses untouched which he would not spare for an hour could he have his way, because this and that member of his party is interested in maintaining them. Every avenue of practical administration is obstructed. To get the slightest thing effectually done is made so difficult that any excuse is caught at for leaving it undone. The art of a statesman becomes the art of 'how not to do it,' and there is no wonder that,

harassed and tormented, he listens greedily to and learns himself to repeat the phrases of the prevailing theory, and has but one answer to every petition, that those who wish anything to be done must do it for themselves. Drunkenness cannot be checked, because it is dangerous to offend the brewers and the pot-house-keepers, who have so large influence in the elections; and those who are scandalized at the wreck and ruin which the drink trade is causing are treated to a lesson on moral self-restraint. Bakers who adulterate their bread must not be exposed and punished. The bakers, at the next dissolution, will vote as a class for the Opposition candidate. In the same way all patronage, all offices of which Governments have to dispose, all honours which they have to distribute, are similarly sacrificed to party, to rigging votes and wire-pulling majorities. The competitive examination system has been established in the lower branches of the public service, not as a thing good in itself—we shall believe that it is good in itself when merchants and bankers let the board of examiners choose their clerks for them—but as an expedient to rescue some parts of the service from jobbery, and to save ministers from the necessity of offending their supporters, by refusing requests which they could not in ordinary honesty grant. The establishment of the system is only a confession that the possessors of patronage can no longer exercise it conscientiously, while the popular voice sings its praises as a triumph of probity and sagacity. The fact and the theory are made to harmonize. Government is ineffi-

cient. It changes so frequently that a minister is superseded before he comes to understand his work. He can lay down no principles, for they are liable to be immediately reversed; but the object is that he should do nothing, and therefore it is well that he should be able to do nothing. A colonial policy is impossible, not because intelligent people do not believe that a closer union with the colonies is not in itself desirable, but because influential capitalists are interested in keeping down the labour market, and they know that such a union would be accompanied with a large and sustained emigration.

Among the infinite resultants from such a condition of things one of the most obvious is the enormous waste of ability. It is tragical to think of such a mind as Mr Gladstone's being occupied incessantly with petty thoughts of how he can keep his party together. He must fawn and flatter, and make himself common upon platforms, and give honour where honour is not due, and withhold it where he knows it ought to be bestowed. He stands in the front rank of the nation; its seeming idol, yet the servant of those who clamour that he is the greatest living man; yet little less helpless than the meanest of them to do what he knows that their welfare demands, and forced, when called on, to find reasons why such things are better left undone. He is bringing in measures for the improved government of Ireland. He is obliged to say that he expects good from them; yet every one who understands Ireland is aware that

there is but one possible end to the chronic disease of that unhappy country, without which if an angel brought a land law for it from heaven the symptoms would continue unabated; and that is a just, impartial, and *stable* administration. So long as parties go in and out and Governments live by majorities of votes, the Tory when he is in will court the Protestant landowner, and the Liberal who wishes to oust him will fawn on the Catholic priest, and the wretched peasantry will be fevered with exciting promises and fed on hopes which must be for ever disappointed.

When Lord Derby came last into office, and it was rumoured that the ground was to be cut from under Mr Gladstone's feet by the introduction of a Reform Bill, I asked some one—I must not indicate him more closely — why the Tories did not keep to their own peculiar province? Authority was everywhere falling to pieces; why did not they say frankly they would try to check, for instance, the dishonesty of trade, and that if the people wanted reform bills they must go to those who believed that reform would do them good? My friend said that they would be immediately thrown out. I agreed; but I said they would return in a year or two, with every right-minded Englishman at their backs. My friend was being educated. He said it would never do. The Tories had been long out of power, and they wanted patronage. There were House of Commons supporters to be made peers, barristers to be made judges, parsons to be made deans and bishops, hungry

hangers-on to be provided for, or their services could not be counted on for the future. *They must blood the noses of their hounds.*

It was enough. The system of party government had demoralized both sections of the ruling classes with equal completeness. It was and is idle to hope that any good can come to us as a nation while our affairs are managed on the principle of blooding the hounds' noses, though it be construed by all the newspapers in England into the development of constitutional liberty.

Constitutions are made for the country, and not the country for constitutions. Lord Bacon imagined that knowledge could be so formularized as to become mechanical, and that the inequalities of natural ability would be levelled or neutralized. No symptoms of such a change are as yet visible. The man of genius retains his supremacy in science. The intellect of a Stephenson or a Faraday remains a ruling power, which the world obeys and prospers in obeying. As little has society arrived, or can arrive, at a stage when the wisdom of the statesman is no longer needed for control and governance, where the sage and the blockhead, the knave and the honest man, can be trusted to rub on together with equal rights and equal liberties. In human things, as in all else, there is a right way in opposition to a wrong way, which only wisdom can discover, yet in the choice of which, or the rejection of which, success or failure depends; and the *laissez-faire* philosophy is but a phase of opinion, a flattering interpretation of transient political phenomena, which

could not survive a single spasm of severe national trial, which would vanish into air before a protracted war, or even before a chronic decay of trade, which might bring on us here in England a repetition of the Irish famine.

The heart of the nation, however, is still sound as ever. The popular political theories are but as a scum upon its surface, plausible formulas adapted to an accidental state of things, which are passed from mouth to mouth by multitudes who have never yet had occasion to think seriously, but which lie merely upon the lips, and have never penetrated and never will penetrate into the hearts of such a people as the English. The English are an order-loving people, who detest anarchy in whatever shining dress it may present itself. They have power at last in their hands. They must learn to make a wise use of it, and discover means by which it can be made available to their real good, by giving permanence and stability to authority. It is admitted on all sides that the two parties which divide the country represent each a form of thought which is the complement of the other. Her Majesty's Government is incomplete without her Majesty's Opposition. It may be difficult, but it cannot be impossible, to unite the energies which are now exhausted in neutralizing one another, and make available such political intelligence as we possess for some more wholesome and enduring administration. The great interests of the Empire must not and cannot remain at the mercy of parliamentary intrigues, or the transient gusts of popular opinion. It is true that there can be no such thing any more as

fixity of tenure in high office. That arrangement the world has outgrown. But without fixity of tenure, without sacrifice of eventual responsibility, there might be a longer and more secure lease of power under which a far-sighted statesmanship might become again possible, and ministers might use their opportunities and their ability in the true interests of the country without fear of being driven from their places by the passing gusts of interested or ignorant impatience.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS WIFE.

AN APOLOGUE FOR THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

'MY DEAR,' said a distinguished merchant one day to his wife, 'you cost me a great deal of money. Why do you not cultivate your own estates and relieve me of the burden of you?'

The wife was a little hurt at so abrupt an address. Her property was magnificent, but she wanted help to develop its resources. She had often applied to her husband, and if he would have put his hand to the work, he might have become the wealthiest man in the world. But he suspected that after he had laid out his capital and labour, she would run away from him, and he would have made a bad speculation.

His suspicions were groundless. She was heartily attached to him,—not an idea of desertion had floated before her imagination for a moment. She exerted herself, however, as he desired: she paid for her dresses, she paid for her carriage and her maid, she even took

charge of such of his children as he could not himself provide for, and set them up for life. The merchant ought to have been satisfied, but one morning he began again.

'My dear, you are now independent. I don't wish you to leave me, but if you have any such desire yourself, I shall not think of preventing you.'

'Leave you,' she said, 'leave you! what are you talking about?—what have I done to deserve that you should speak to me in this way?'

'Don't misunderstand me,' he replied. 'I have observed great unhappiness to arise from compulsory unions. I have taught you to depend upon yourself that you may be your own mistress; you can now stand alone, and your future is in your hands, to go or stay.'

'Are you mad?' she exclaimed; 'who talks of going? Why'—and here her voice choked a little—'why should such a word be mentioned between you and me?'

'My dear, don't be sentimental,' he said. 'The only sure bond between human creatures is mutual interest. As long as you consider it to be your interest to continue under this roof, I shall be delighted to see you here, and I think I am generous in allowing it. If I were alone, a smaller establishment would suffice for my wants. I could sell my house, dismiss the servants, live in chambers, and dine at the Club.'

'My dear husband,' she cried, 'do not speak such dreadful words! What family can hold together on

such terms as these? All I have, you well know, is yours; and surely, with your genius for business and your means, my property——'

'Don't talk to me of your property,' he interrupted impatiently, 'I have many times told you that I will have nothing to do with it. Manage your matters your own way. Do what you like, or go where you will. I interfere with you in nothing—one thing only you must not do, that is, ask me for money. I am not sending you away. I shall be sorry to lose you if you go, but the loss will be more yours than mine, and if you leave me, I shall endeavour to bear it.'

It was long before the wife could believe him serious. Day after day, however, he repeated the same lesson—at breakfast and at dinner, before they went to sleep at night, and before they rose in the morning. A wise word, the merchant thought, could not be heard too often.

At last he wearied her. She saw that he had no real affection for her. She was a high-spirited handsome woman, and her husband was the only person who seemed indifferent to her attractions. One day when he came home from business, he found she had taken him at his word, and had eloped with another man.

He professed to be astonished. He declared that he had allowed her her way in everything, and he complained that she had been deeply ungrateful to him. A neighbour, however, to whom he appealed for sympathy, told him that he had been an infatuated ass.

ON PROGRESS.

AMIDST the varied reflections which the nineteenth century is in the habit of making on its condition and its prospects, there is one common opinion in which all parties coincide—that we live in an era of progress. Earlier ages, however energetic in action, were retrospective in their sentiments. The contrast between a degenerate present and a glorious past was the theme alike of poets, moralists, and statesmen. When the troubled Israelite demanded of the angel why the old times were better than the new, the angel admitted the fact while rebuking the curiosity of the questioner. 'Ask not the cause,' he answered. 'Thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.' As the hero of Nestor's youth flung the stone with ease which twelve of the pigmy chiefs before Troy could scarcely lift from the ground, so 'the wisdom of our ancestors' was the received formula for ages with the English politician. Problems were fairly deemed insoluble

which had baffled his fathers, 'who had more wit and wisdom than he.' We now know better, or we imagine that we know better, what the past really was. We draw comparisons, but rather to encourage hope than to indulge despondency or foster a deluding reverence for exploded errors. The order of the ages is inverted. Stone and iron came first. We ourselves may possibly be in the silver stage. An age of gold, if the terms of our existence on this planet permit the contemplation of it as a possibility, lies unrealized in the future. Our lights are before us, and all behind is shadow. In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual convictions —we thank God that we are not like our fathers. And while we admit their merits, making allowance for their disadvantages, we do not blind ourselves in mistaken modesty to our own immeasurable superiority.

Changes analogous to those which we contemplate with so much satisfaction have been witnessed already in the history of other nations. The Roman in the time of the Antonines might have looked back with the same feelings on the last years of the Republic. The civil wars were at an end. From the Danube to the African deserts, from the Euphrates to the Irish Sea, the swords were beaten into ploughshares. The husbandman and the artisan, the manufacturer and the merchant, pursued their trades under the shelter of the eagles, secure from arbitrary violence, and scarcely conscious of their masters' rule. Order and law reigned

throughout the civilized world. Science was making rapid strides. The philosophers of Alexandria had tabulated the movements of the stars, had ascertained the periods of the planets, and were anticipating by conjecture the great discoveries of Copernicus. The mud cities of the old world were changed to marble. Greek art, Greek literature, Greek enlightenment, followed in the track of the legions. The harsher forms of slavery were modified. The bloody sacrifices of the Pagan creeds were suppressed by the law; the coarser and more sensuous superstitions were superseded by a broader philosophy. The period between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius has been selected by Gibbon as the time in which the human race had enjoyed more general happiness than they had ever known before, or had known since, up to the date when the historian was meditating on their fortunes. Yet during that very epoch, and in the midst of all that prosperity, the heart of the empire was dying out of it. The austere virtues of the ancient Romans were perishing with their faults. The principles, the habits, the convictions, which held society together were giving way, one after the other, before luxury and selfishness. The entire organization of the ancient world was on the point of collapsing into a heap of incoherent sand.

If the merit of human institutions is at all measured by their strength and stability, the increase of wealth, of production, of liberal sentiment, or even of knowledge, is not of itself a proof that we are advancing on

the right road. The unanimity of the belief therefore that we are advancing at present must be taken as a proof that we discern something else than this in the changes which we are undergoing. It would be well, however, if we could define more clearly what we precisely do discern. It would at once be a relief to the weaker brethren whose minds occasionally misgive them, and it would throw out into distinctness the convictions which we have at length arrived at on the true constituents of human worth, and the objects towards which human beings ought to direct their energies. We are satisfied that we are going forward. That is to be accepted as no longer needing proof. Let us ascertain or define in what particulars and in what direction we are going forward, and we shall then understand in what improvement really consists.

The question ought not to be a difficult one, for we have abundant and varied materials. The advance is not confined to ourselves. France, we have been told any time these twenty years, has been progressing enormously under the beneficent rule of Napoleon III. Lord Palmerston told us, as a justification of the Crimean war, that Turkey had made more progress in the two preceding generations than any country in the world. From these instances we might infer that Progress was something mystic and invisible, like the operation of the graces said to be conferred in baptism. The distinct idea which was present in Lord Palmerston's mind is difficult to discover. In the hope that some enlightened person will clear up an obscurity

which exists only perhaps in our own want of perception, I proceed to mention some other instances in which, while I recognize change, I am unable to catch the point of view from which to regard it with unmixed satisfaction. Rousseau maintained that the primitive state of man was the happiest, that civilization was corruption, and that human nature deteriorated with the complication of the conditions of its existence. A paradox of that kind may be defended as an entertaining speculation. I am not concerned with any such barren generalities. Accepting social organization as the school of all that is best in us, I look merely to the alterations which it is undergoing; and if in some things passing away it seems to me that we are lightly losing what we shall miss when they are gone and cannot easily replace, I shall learn gladly that I am only suffering under the proverbial infirmity of increasing years, and that, like Esdras, I perplex myself to no purpose.

Let me lightly, then, run over a list of subjects on which the believer in progress will meet me to most advantage.

I.

I will begin with the condition of the agricultural poor, the relation of the labourer to the soil, and his means of subsistence.

The country squire of the last century, whether he was a Squire Western or a Squire Allworthy, resided for the greater part of his life in the parish where he

was born. The number of freeholders was four times what it is at present; plurality of estates was the exception; the owner of land, like the peasant, was virtually *ascriptus glebæ*—a practical reality in the middle of the property committed to him. His habits, if he was vicious, were coarse and brutal—if he was a rational being, were liberal and temperate; but in either case the luxuries of modern generations were things unknown to him. His furniture was massive and enduring. His household expenditure, abundant in quantity, provided nothing of the costly delicacies which it is now said that every one expects and every one therefore feels bound to provide. His son at Christ-church was contented with half the allowance which a youth with expectations now holds to be the least on which he can live like a gentleman. His servants were brought up in the family as apprentices, and spent their lives under the same roof. His wife and his daughters made their own dresses, darned their own stockings, and hemmed their own handkerchiefs. The milliner was an unknown entity at houses where the milliner's bill has become the unvarying and not the most agreeable element of Christmas. A silk gown lasted a lifetime, and the change in fashions was counted rather by generations than by seasons. A London house was unthought of—a family trip to the Continent as unimaginable as an outing to the moon. If the annual migration was something farther than, as in Mr Primrose's parsonage, from the blue room to the brown, it was limited to the few weeks at the county town. Enjoyments were less

varied and less expensive. Home was a word with a real meaning. Home occupations, home pleasures, home associations and relationships, filled up the round of existence. Nothing else was looked for, because nothing else was attainable. Among other consequences, habits were far less expensive. The squire's income was small as measured by modern ideas. If he was self-indulgent, it was in pleasures which lay at his own door, and his wealth was distributed among those who were born dependent on him. Every family on the estate was known in its particulars, and had claims for consideration which the better sort of gentlemen were willing to recognize. If the poor were neglected, their means of taking care of themselves were immeasurably greater than at present. The average squire may have been morally no better than his great-grandson. In many respects he was probably worse. He was ignorant, he drank hard, his language was not particularly refined, but his private character was comparatively unimportant; he was controlled in his dealings with his people by the traditionary English habits which had held society together for centuries—habits which, though long gradually decaying, have melted entirely away only within living memories.

At the end of the sixteenth century an Act passed obliging the landlord to attach four acres of land to every cottage on his estate. The Act itself was an indication that the tide was on the turn. The English villein, like the serf all over Europe, had originally rights in the soil, which were only gradually stolen from him.

The statute of Elizabeth was a compromise reserving so much of the old privileges as appeared indispensable for a healthy life.

The four acres shrivelled like what had gone before; but generations had to pass before they had dwindled to nothing, and the labourer was inclosed between his four walls to live upon his daily wages.

Similarly, in most country parishes there were tracts of common land, where every householder could have his flock of sheep, his cow or two, his geese or his pig; and milk and bacon so produced went into the limbs of his children, and went to form the large English bone and sinew which are now becoming things of tradition. The thicket or the peat bog provided fuel. There were spots where the soil was favourable in which it was broken up for tillage, and the poor families in rotation raised a scanty crop there. It is true that the common land was wretchedly cultivated. What is every one's property is no one's property. The swamps were left undrained, the gorse was not stubbed up. The ground that was used for husbandry was racked. An inclosed common taken in hand by a man of capital produces four, five, or six times what it produced before. But the landlord who enters on possession is the only gainer by the change. The cottagers made little out of it, but they made something, and that something to them was the difference between comfort and penury. The inclosed land required some small additional labour. A family or two was added to the population on the estate, but it was a family living at the lower level to

which all had been reduced. The landlord's rent-roll shows a higher figure, or it may be he has only an additional pheasant preserve. The labouring poor have lost the faggot on their hearths, the milk for their children, the slice of meat at their own dinners.

Even the appropriation of the commons has not been sufficient without closer paring. When the commons went, there was still the liberal margin of grass on either side of the parish roads, to give pickings to the hobbled sheep or donkey. The landlord, with the right of the strong, which no custom can resist, is now moving forward his fences, taking possession of these ribands of green, and growing solid crops upon them. The land is turned to better purpose. The national wealth in some inappreciable way is supposed to have increased, but the only visible benefit is to the lord of the soil, and appears in some added splendour to the furniture of his drawing-room.

It is said that men are much richer than they were, that luxury is its natural consequence, and is directly beneficial to the community as creating fresh occupations and employing more labour. The relative produce of human industry, however, has not materially increased in proportion to the growth of population. 'If riches increase, they are increased that eat them.' If all the wealth which is now created in this country was distributed among the workers in the old ratio, the margin which could be spent upon personal self-indulgence would not be very much larger than it used to be. The economists insist that the growth of artificial

wants among the few is one of the symptoms of civilization—is a means provided by nature to spread abroad the superfluities of the great. If the same labour, however, which is now expended in the decorating and furnishing a Belgravian palace was laid out upon the cottages on the estates of its owner, an equal number of workmen would find employment, an equal fraction of the landlord's income would be divided in wages. For the economist's own purpose, the luxury could be dispensed with if the landlord took a different view of the nature of his obligations. Progress and civilization conceal the existence of his obligations, and destroy at the same time the old-fashioned customs which limited the sphere of his free will. The great estates have swallowed the small. The fat ears of corn have eaten up the lean. The same owner holds properties in a dozen counties. He cannot reside upon them all, or make personal acquaintance with his multiplied dependants. He has several country residences. He lives in London half the year, and most of the rest upon the Continent. Inevitably he comes to regard his land as an investment; his duty to it the development of its producing powers; the receipt of his rents the essence of the connection; and his personal interest in it the sport which it will provide for himself and his friends. Modern landlords frankly tell us that if the game laws are abolished, they will have lost the last temptation to visit their country seats. If this is their view of the matter, the sooner they sell their estates and pass them over to others, to whom life has not yet ceased to be

serious, the better it will be for the community. They complain of the growth of democracy and insubordination. The fault is wholly in themselves. They have lost the respect of the people because they have ceased to deserve it.

II.

If it be deemed a paradox to maintain that the relation between the owners of land and the peasantry was more satisfactory in the old days than in the present, additional hardiness is required to assert that there has been no marked improvement in the clergy. The bishop, rector, or vicar of the Established Church in the eighteenth century is a by-word in English ecclesiastical history. The exceptional distinction of a Warburton or a Wilson, a Butler or a Berkeley, points the contrast only more vividly with the worldliness of their brothers on the bench. The road to honours was through political subserviency. The prelates indemnified themselves for their ignominy by the abuse of their patronage, and nepotism and simony were too common to be a reproach. Such at least is the modern conception of these high dignitaries, which instances can be found to justify. In an age less inflated with self-esteem, the nobler specimens would have been taken for the rule, the meaner and baser for the exception. Enough, however, can be ascertained to justify the enemies of the Church in drawing an ugly picture of the condition of the hierarchy. Of the parochial clergy of those times the popular notion is probably derived

from Fielding's novels. Parson Trulliber is a ruffian who would scarcely find admittance into a third-rate farmers' club of the present day. Parson Adams, a low-life Don Quixote, retains our esteem for his character at the expense of contempt for his understanding. The best of them appear as hangers-on of the great, admitted to a precarious equality in the housekeeper's room, their social position being something lower than that of the nursery governess in the establishment of a vulgar millionnaire.

That such specimens as these were to be found in England in the last century is no less certain than that in some parts of the country the type may be found still surviving. That they were as much exceptions we take to be equally clear. Those who go for information to novels may remember that there was a Yorick as well as a Phutatorius or a Gastripheres. Then, more than now, the cadets of the great houses were promoted, as a matter of course, to the family livings, and were at least gentlemen. Sydney Smith's great prizes of the Church were as much an object of ambition to men of birth as the high places in the other professions; and between pluralities and sinecures, cathedral prebendaries, and the fortunate possessors of two or more of the larger benefices, held their own in society with the county families, and lived on equal terms with them. If in some places there was spiritual deadness and slovenliness, in others there was energy and seriousness. Clarissa Harlowe found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could find it now,

That the average character of the country clergy, however, was signally different from what it is at present, is not to be disputed. They were Protestants to the back-bone. They knew nothing and cared nothing about the Apostolical Succession. They had no sacerdotal pretensions; they made no claims to be essentially distinguished from the laity. Their official duties sat lightly on them. They read the Sunday services, administered the Communion four times a year, preached commonplace sermons, baptized the children, married them when they grew to maturity, and buried them when they died; and for the rest they lived much as other people lived, like country gentlemen of moderate fortune, and, on the whole, setting an example of respectability. The incumbents of benefices over a great part of England were men with small landed properties of their own. They farmed their own glebes. They were magistrates, and attended quarter sessions and petty sessions, and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, were the most effective guardians of the public peace. They affected neither austerity nor singularity. They rode, shot, hunted, ate and drank, like other people; occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon them, they kept the hounds. In dress and habit they were simply a superior class of small country gentlemen; very far from immaculate, but, taken altogether, wholesome and solid members of practical English life. It may seem like a purposed affront to their anxious and pallid successors, clad in

sacerdotal uniform, absorbed in their spiritual functions, glorying in their Divine commission, passionate theologians, occupied from week's end to week's end with the souls of their flocks, to contrast them unfavourably with secular parsons who, beyond their mechanical offices, had nothing of the priest to distinguish them; yet it is no less certain that the rector of the old school stood on sounder terms with his parishioners, and had stronger influence over their conduct. He had more in common with them. He understood them better, and they understood him better. The Establishment was far more deeply rooted in the affections of the people. The measure of its strength may be found in those very abuses, so much complained of, which, nevertheless, it was able to survive. The forgotten toast of Church and King was a matter of course at every county dinner. The omission of it would have been as much a scandal as the omission of grace. Dissenters sat quiescent under disabilities which the general sentiment approved. The revival of spiritual zeal has been accompanied with a revival of instability. As the clergy have learnt to magnify their office, the laity have become indifferent or hostile.

Many causes may be suggested to explain so singular a phenomenon. It is enough to mention one. The parson of the old school, however ignorant of theology, however outwardly worldly in character, did sincerely and faithfully believe in the truth of the Christian religion; and the congregation which he addressed was troubled with as few doubts as himself. Butler and

Berkeley speak alike of the spread of infidelity; but it was an infidelity confined to the cultivated classes—to the London wits who read Bolingbroke or Hume's *Essays* or *Candide*. To the masses of the English people, to the parishioners who gathered on Sundays into the churches, whose ideas were confined to the round of their common occupations, who never left their own neighbourhood, never saw a newspaper or read a book but the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the main facts of the Gospel history were as indisputably true as the elementary laws of the universe. That Christ had risen from the dead was as sure as that the sun had risen that morning. That they would themselves rise was as certain as that they would die; and as positively would one day be called to judgment for the good or ill that they had done in life. It is vain to appeal to their habits as a proof that their faith was unreal. Every one of us who will look candidly into his own conscience can answer that objection. Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practises, and recognizes a better law than he obeys. Belief and practice tend in the long run, and in some degree, to correspond; but in detail and in particular instances they may be wide asunder as the poles. The most lawless boys at school, and the loosest young men at college, have the keenest horror of intellectual scepticism. Their passions may carry them away; but they look forward to repenting in the end. Later in life they may take refuge in infidelity if they are unable to part with their vices;

but the compatibility of looseness of habit with an unshaken conviction of the general truths of religion is a feature of our nature which history and personal experience alike confirm.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the change which has passed over us all during the last forty years. The most ardent ritualist now knows at heart that the ground is hollow under him. He wrestles with his uncertainties. He conceals his misgivings from his own eyes by the passion with which he flings himself into his work. He recoils, as every generous-minded man must recoil, from the blankness of the prospect which threatens to open before him. To escape the cloud which is gathering over the foundations of his faith he busies himself with artificial enthusiasm in the external expressions of it. He buries his head in his vestments. He is vehement upon doctrinal minutiæ, as if only these were at stake. He clutches at the curtains of mediæval theology to hide his eyes from the lightning which is blinding him. His efforts are vain. His own convictions are undermined in spite of him. What men as able as he is to form an opinion doubt about, by the nature of the case is made doubtful. And neither in himself nor in the congregations whom he adjures so passionately is there any basis of unshaken belief remaining. He is like a man toiling with all his might to build a palace out of dry sand. Ecclesiastical revivals are going on all over the world, and all from the same cause. The Jew, the Turk, the Hindoo, the Roman Catholic, the Anglo-Catholic, the Protestant

English Dissenter, are striving with all their might to blow into flame the expiring ashes of their hearth fires. They are building synagogues and mosques, building and restoring churches, writing books and tracts; persuading themselves and others with spasmodic agony that the thing they love is not dead, but sleeping. Only the Germans, only those who have played no tricks with their souls, and have carried out boldly the spirit as well as the letter of the Reformation, are meeting the future with courage and manliness, and retain their faith in the living reality while the outward forms are passing away.

III.

The Education question is part of the Church question, and we find in looking at it precisely the same phenomena. Education has two aspects. On one side it is the cultivation of man's reason, the development of his spiritual nature. It elevates him above the pressure of material interests. It makes him superior to the pleasures and the pains of a world which is but his temporary home, in filling his mind with higher subjects than the occupations of life would themselves provide him with. One man in a million of peculiar gifts may be allowed to go no farther, and may spend his time in pursuits merely intellectual. A life of speculation to the multitude, however, would be a life of idleness and uselessness. They have to maintain themselves in industrious independence in a world in which it has been said there are but three possible

modes of existence, begging, stealing, and working; and education means also the equipping a man with means to earn his own living. Every nation which has come to anything considerable has grown by virtue of a vigorous and wholesome education. A nation is but the aggregate of the individuals of which it is composed. Where individuals grow up ignorant and incapable, the result is anarchy and torpor. Where there has been energy, and organized strength, there is or has been also an effective training of some kind. From a modern platform speech one would infer that before the present generation the schoolmaster had never been thought of, and that the English of past ages had been left to wander in darkness. Were this true, they would have never risen out of chaos. The problem was understood in Old England better probably than the platform orator understands it, and received a more practical solution than any which on our new principles has yet been arrived at. Five out of six of us have to earn our bread by manual labour, and will have to earn it so to the end of the chapter. Five out of six English children in past generations were in consequence apprenticed to some trade or calling by which that necessary feat could be surely accomplished. They learnt in their catechisms and at church that they were responsible to their Maker for the use which they made of their time. They were taught that there was an immortal part of them, the future of which depended on their conduct while they remained on earth. The first condition of a worthy life was to be able to live

honestly; and in the farm or at the forge, at the cobbler's bench or in the carpenter's yard, they learnt to stand on their own feet, to do good and valuable work for which society would thank and pay them. Thenceforward they could support themselves and those belonging to them without meanness, without cringing, without demoralizing obligation to others, and had laid in rugged self-dependence the only foundation for a firm and upright character. The old English education was the apprentice system. In every parish in England the larger householders, the squire and the parson, the farmers, smiths, joiners, shoemakers, were obliged by law to divide among themselves, according to their means the children of the poor who would otherwise grow up unprovided for, and clothe, feed, lodge, and teach them in return for their services till they were old enough to take care of themselves. This was the rule which was acted upon for many centuries. It broke down at last. The burden was found disagreeable; the inroad too heavy upon natural liberty. The gentlemen were the first to decline or evade their obligations. Their business was to take boys and girls for household service. They preferred to have their servants ready made. They did not care to encumber their establishments with awkward urchins or untidy slatterns, who broke their china and whom they were unable to dismiss. The farmers and the artisans objected naturally to bearing the entire charge—they who had sufficient trouble to keep their own heads above water: they had learnt from the gentlemen that

their first duties were to themselves, and their ill humour vented itself on the poor little wretches who were flung upon their unwilling hands. The children were ill-used, starved, beaten. In some instances they were killed. The benevolent instincts of the country took up their cause. The apprenticeship under its compulsory form passed away amidst universal execrations. The masters were relieved from the obligation to educate, the lads themselves from the obligation to be educated. They were left to their parents, to their own helplessness, to the chances and casualties of life, to grow up as they could, and drift untaught into whatever occupation they could find. Then first arose the cry for the schoolmaster. The English clergy deserve credit for having been the first to see the mischief that must follow, and to look for a remedy. If these forlorn waifs and strays could no longer be trained, they could not be permitted to become savages. They could learn, at least, to read and write. They could learn to keep themselves clean. They could be broken into habits of decency and obedience, and be taught something of the world into which they were to be flung out to sink or swim. Democracy gave an impulse to the movement. 'We must educate our masters,' said Mr Lowe sarcastically. Whether what is now meant by education will make their rule more intelligent remains to be seen. Still the thing is to be done. Children whose parents cannot help them are no longer utterly without a friend. The State charges itself with their minds, if not their

bodies. Henceforward they are to receive such equipment for the battle of life as the schoolmaster can provide.

It is something, but the event only can prove that it will be as useful as an apprenticeship to a trade, with the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments at its back. The conditions on which we have our being in this planet remain unchanged. Intelligent work is as much a necessity as ever, and the proportion of us who must set our hands to it is not reduced. Labour is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labour most productive. I do not undervalue book knowledge. Under any aspect it is a considerable thing. If the books be well chosen and their contents really mastered, it may be a beautiful thing; but the stubborn fact will remain, that after the years, be they more or be they less, which have been spent at school, the pupil will be launched into life as unable as when he first entered the school door to earn a sixpence, possessing neither skill nor knowledge for which any employer in England will be willing to hire his services. An enthusiastic clergyman who had meditated long on the unfairness of confining mental culture to the classes who had already so many other advantages, gave his village boys the same education which he had received himself. He taught them languages and literature, and moral science, and art and music. He unfitted them for the state of life in which they were born. He was unable to raise them into a better. He sent one of the most promising of them

with high recommendations to seek employment in a London banking-house. The lad was asked what he could do. It was found that, allowing for his age, he could pass a fair examination in two or three plays of Shakspeare.

Talent, it is urged, real talent, crippled hitherto by want of opportunity, will be enabled to show itself. It may be so. Real talent, however, is not the thing which we need be specially anxious about. It can take care of itself. If we look down the roll of English worthies in all the great professions, in church and law, in army and navy, in literature, science, and trade, we see at once that the road must have been always open for boys of genius to rise. We have to consider the million, not the units; the average, not the exceptions.

It is argued again that by educating boys' minds, and postponing till later their special industrial training, we learn better what each is fit for; time is left for special fitnesses to show themselves. We shall make fewer mistakes, and boys will choose the line of life for which nature has qualified them. This may sound plausible, but capacity of a peculiarly special kind is the same as genius, and may be left to find its own place. A Canova or a Faraday makes his way through all impediments into the occupation which belongs to him. Special qualifications, unless they are of the highest order, do not exist to a degree worth considering. A boy's nature runs naturally into the channel which is dug for it. Teach him to do any one thing, and in doing so

you create a capability; and you create a taste along with it; his further development will go as far and as wide as his strength of faculty can reach; and such varied knowledge as he may afterwards accumulate will grow as about a stem round the one paramount occupation which is the business of his life.

A sharp lad, with general acquirements, yet unable to turn his hand to one thing more than another, drifts through existence like a leaf blown before the wind. Even if he retains what he has learnt, it is useless to him. The great majority so taught do not retain, and cannot retain, what they learn merely as half-understood propositions, and which they have no chance of testing by practice. Virgil and Sophocles, logic and geometry, with the ordinary university pass-man, are as much lost to him in twenty years from his degree as if he had never construed a line or worked a problem. Why should we expect better of the pupil of the middle or lower class, whose education ends with his boyhood? Why should his memory remain burdened with generalities of popular science, names and dates from history which have never been more than words to him, or the commonplaces of political economy, which, if he attaches any meaning at all to them, he regards as the millionnaire's catechism, which he will believe when he is a millionnaire himself? The knowledge which a man can use is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it, and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain, or dries like raindrops off the stones.

The mind expands, we are told; larger information generates larger and nobler thoughts. Is it so? We must look to the facts. General knowledge means general ignorance, and an ignorance, unfortunately, which is unconscious of itself. Quick wits are sharpened up. Young fellows so educated learn that the world is a large place, and contains many pleasant things for those who can get hold of them. Their ideas doubtless are inflated, and with them their ambitions and desires. They have gained nothing towards the wholesome gratifying of those desires, while they have gained considerable discontent at the inequalities of what is called fortune. They are the ready-made prey of plausible palaver written or spoken, but they are without means of self-help, without seriousness, and without stability. They believe easily that the world is out of joint because they, with their little bits of talents, miss the instant recognition which they think their right. Their literature, which the precious art of reading has opened out to them, is the penny newspaper; their creed, the latest popular chimera which has taken possession of the air. They form the classes which breed like mushrooms in the modern towns, and are at once the scorn and the perplexity of the thoughtful statesman. They are Fenians in Ireland, trades-unionists in England, rabid partisans of slavery or rabid abolitionists in America, socialists and red republicans on the Continent. It is better that they should have any education than none. The evils caused by a smattering of information, sounder knowledge may

eventually cure. I refuse only to admit that the transition from the old industrial education to the modern book education is, for the present or the immediate future, a sign of what can be called progress.

Let there be more religion, men say. Education will not do without religion. Along with the secular lessons we must have Bible lessons, and then all will go well. It is perfectly true that a consciousness of moral responsibility, a sense of the obligation of truth and honesty and purity, lies at the bottom of all right action —that without it knowledge is useless, that with it everything will fall into its place. But it is with religion as with all else of which I am speaking. Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever. The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly, if the will is happily constituted; the doing it unwillingly, or under compulsion, if persuasion fails to convince. The general lesson lies in the commandment once taught with authority by the clergyman; the application of it in the details of practical life, in the execution of the particular duty which each moment brings with it. The book lesson, be it Bible lesson, or commentary, or catechism, can at best be nothing more than the communication of historical incidents of which half the educated world have begun to question the truth, or the dogmatic assertion of opinions over which theologians quarrel and will quarrel to the end of time. France has been held up

before us for the last twenty years as the leader of civilization, and Paris as the head-quarters of it. The one class in this supreme hour of trial for that distracted nation in which there is most hope of good is that into which the ideas of Paris have hitherto failed to penetrate. The French peasant sits as a child at the feet of the priesthood of an exploded idolatry. His ignorance of books is absolute; his superstitions are contemptible; but he has retained a practical remembrance that he has a Master in Heaven who will call him to account for his life. In the cultivation of his garden and vineyard, in the simple round of agricultural toil, he has been saved from the temptation of the prevailing delusions, and has led, for the most part, a thrifty, self-denying, industrious, and useful existence. Keener sarcasm it would be hard to find on the inflated enthusiasm of progress.

IV.

Admitting—and we suspect very few of our readers will be inclined to admit—that there is any truth in these criticisms, it will still be said that our shortcomings are on the way to cure themselves. We have but recently roused ourselves from past stagnation, and that a new constitution of things cannot work at once with all-sided perfection is no more than we might expect. Shortcomings there may be, and our business is to find them out and mend them. The means are now in our hands. The people have at last political power. All interests are now represented in Parliament. All are

sure of consideration. Class government is at an end. Aristocracies, landowners, established churches, can abuse their privileges no longer. The age of monopolies is gone. England belongs to herself. We are at last free

It would be well if there were some definition of freedom which would enable men to see clearly what they mean and do not mean by that vaguest of words. The English Liturgy says that freedom is to be found perfectly in the service of God. '*Intellectual emancipation,*' says Goethe, '*if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves, is poisonous.*' Undoubtedly the best imaginable state of human things would be one in which everybody thought with perfect correctness and acted perfectly well of his own free will, unconstrained, and even unguided, by external authority. But inasmuch as no such condition as this can be looked for this side of the day of judgment, the question for ever arises how far the unwise should be governed by the wise—how far society should be protected against the eccentricities of fools, and fools be protected against themselves. There is a right and a wrong principle on which each man's life can be organized. There is a right or a wrong in detail at every step which he takes. Much of this he must learn for himself. He must learn to act as he learns to walk. He obtains command of his limbs by freely using them. To hold him up each time that he totters is to deprive him of his only means of learning how not to fall. There are other things in which it is equally clear that he must not be left to

himself. Not only may he not in the exercise of his liberty do what is injurious to others—he must not seriously injure himself. A stumble or a fall is a wholesome lesson to take care, but he is not left to learn by the effects that poison is poison, or getting drunk is brutalizing. He is forbidden to do what wiser men than he know to be destructive to him. If he refuses to believe them, and acts on his own judgment, he is not gaining any salutary instruction—he is simply hurting himself, and has a just ground of complaint ever after against those who ought to have restrained him. As we 'become our own masters,' to use the popular phrase, we are left more and more to our own guidance, but we are never so entirely masters of ourselves that we are free from restraint altogether. The entire fabric of human existence is woven of the double threads of freedom and authority, which are for ever wrestling one against the other. Their legitimate spheres slide insensibly one into the other. The limits of each vary with time, circumstances, and character, and no rigid line can be drawn which neither ought to overpass. There are occupations in which error is the only educator. There are actions which it is right to blame, but not forcibly to check or punish. There are actions again—actions like suicide—which may concern no one but a man's self, yet which nevertheless it may be right forcibly to prevent. Precise rules cannot be laid down which will meet all cases.

The private and personal habits of grown men lie for the most part outside the pale of interference. It is

otherwise, however, in the relations of man to society. There, running through every fibre of those relations, is justice and injustice—justice which means the health and life of society, injustice which is poison and death. As a member of society a man parts with his natural rights, and society in turn incurs a debt to him which it is bound to discharge. Where the debt is adequately rendered, where on both sides there is a consciousness of obligation, where rulers and ruled alike understand that more is required of them than attention to their separate interests, and where they discern with clearness in what that 'more' consists, there at once is good government, there is supremacy of law—law written in the statute book, and law written in the statute book of Heaven; and there, and only there, is freedom.

Das Gesetz soll nur uns Freiheit geben.

As in personal morality liberty is self-restraint, and self-indulgence is slavery, so political freedom is possible only where justice is in the seat of authority, where all orders and degrees work in harmony with the organic laws which man neither made nor can alter—where the unwise are directed by the wise, and those who are trusted with power use it for the common good.

A country so governed is a free country, be the form of the constitution what it may. A country not so governed is in bondage, be its suffrage never so universal. Where justice is supreme, no subject is forbidden anything which he has a right to do or to desire; and therefore it is that political changes, revo-

lutions, reforms, transfers of power from one order to another, from kings to aristocracies, from aristocracies to peoples, are in themselves no necessary indications of political or moral advance. They mean merely that those in authority are no longer fit to be trusted with exclusive power. They mean that those high persons are either ignorant and so incapable, or have forgotten the public good in their own pleasures, ambitions, or superstitions; that they have ceased to be the representatives of any superior wisdom or deeper moral insight, and may therefore justly be deprived of privileges which they abuse for their own advantage and for public mischief. Healthy nations when justly governed never demand constitutional changes. Men talk of entrusting power to the people as a moral education, as enlarging their self-respect, elevating their imaginations, making them alive to their dignity as human beings. It is well, perhaps, that we should dress up in fine words a phenomenon which is less agreeable in his nakedness. But at the bottom of things the better sort are always loyal to governments which are doing their business well and impartially. They doubt the probability of being themselves likely to mend matters, and are thankful to let well alone. The growth of popular constitutions in a country originally governed by an aristocracy implies that the aristocracy is not any more a real aristocracy—that it is alive to its own interests and blind to other people's interests. It does not imply that those others are essentially wiser or better, but only that they understand where their own

shoe pinches; and that if it be merely a question of interest, they have a right to be considered as well as the class above them. In one sense it may be called an advance, that in the balance of power so introduced particular forms of aggravated injustice may be rendered impossible; but we are brought no nearer to the indispensable thing without which no human society can work healthily or happily—the sovereignty of wisdom over folly—the pre-eminence of justice and right over greediness and self-seeking. The unjust authority is put away, the right authority is not installed in its place. People suppose it a great thing that every English householder should have a share in choosing his governors. Is it that the functions of government being reduced to a cypher, the choice of its administrators may be left to haphazard? The crew of a man-of-war understand something of seamanship; the rank and file of a regiment are not absolutely without an inkling of the nature of military service; yet if seamen and soldiers were allowed to choose their own leaders, the fate of fleets and armies so officered would not be hard to predict. Because they are not utterly ignorant of their business, and because they do not court their own destruction, the first use which the best of them would make of such a privilege would be to refuse to act upon it.

No one seriously supposes that popular suffrage gives us a wiser Parliament than we used to have. Under the rotten borough system Parliament was notoriously a far better school of statesmanship than it is

or ever can be where the merits of candidates have first to be recognized by constituencies. The rotten borough system fell, not because it was bad in itself, but because it was abused to maintain injustice—to enrich the aristocracy and the landowners at the expense of the people. We do not look for a higher morality in the classes whom we have admitted to power; we expect them only to be sharp enough to understand their own concerns. We insist that each interest shall be represented, and we anticipate from the equipoise the utmost attainable amount of justice. It may be called progress, but it is a public confession of despair of human nature. It is as much as to say, that although wisdom may be higher than folly as far as heaven is above earth, the wise man has no more principle than the fool. Give him power and he will read the moral laws of the universe into a code which will only fill his own pocket, and being no better than the fool, has no more right to be listened to. The entire Civil Service of this country has been opened amidst universal acclamations to public competition. Any one who is not superannuated, and has not incurred notorious disgrace, may present himself to the Board of Examiners, and win himself a place in a public department. Everybody knows that if the heads of the departments were honestly to look for the fittest person that they could find to fill a vacant office, they could make better selections than can be made for them under the new method. The alteration means merely that these superior persons will not or cannot use their patronage disinterestedly,

and that of two bad methods of choice the choice by examination is the least mischievous.

The world calls all this progress. I call it only change; change which may bring us nearer to a better order of things, as the ploughing up and rooting the weeds out of a fallow is a step towards growing a clean crop of wheat there, but without a symptom at present showing of healthy organic growth. When a block of type from which a book has been printed is broken up into its constituent letters the letters so disintegrated are called 'pie.' The pie, a mere chaos, is afterwards sorted and distributed, preparatory to being built up into fresh combinations. A distinguished American friend describes Democracy as 'making pie.'

Meanwhile, beside the social confusion, the knowledge of outward things and the command of natural forces are progressing really with steps rapid, steady, and indeed gigantic. 'Knowledge comes' if 'wisdom lingers.' The man of science discovers; the mechanist and the engineer appropriate and utilize each invention as it is made; and thus each day tools are formed or forming, which hereafter, when under moral control, will elevate the material condition of the entire human race. The labour which a hundred years ago made a single shirt now makes a dozen or a score. Ultimately it is possible that the harder and grosser forms of work will be done entirely by machinery, and leisure be left to the human drudge which may lift him bodily into another scale of existence. For the present no such effect is visible. The mouths to be fed and the backs

to be covered multiply even faster than the means of feeding and clothing them; and conspicuous as have been the fruits of machinery in the increasing luxuries of the minority, the level of comfort in the families of the labouring millions has in this country been rather declining than rising. The important results have been so far rather political and social. Watt, Stephenson, and Wheatstone, already and while their discoveries are in their infancy, have altered the relation of every country in the world with its neighbours. The ocean barriers between continents which Nature seemed to have raised for eternal separation have been converted into easily travelled highways; mountain chains are tunnelled; distance, once the most troublesome of realities, has ceased to exist. The inventions of these three men determined the fate of the revolt of the Slave States. But for them and their work the Northern armies would have crossed the Potomac in mere handfuls, exhausted with enormous marches. The iron roads lent their help. The collected strength of all New England and the West was able to fling itself into the work; Negro slavery is at an end; and the Union is not to be split like Europe into a number of independent states, but is to remain a single power, to exercise an influence yet unimaginable on the future fortunes of mankind. Aided by the same mechanical facilities, Germany obliterates the dividing lines of centuries. The Americans preserved the unity which they had. The Germans conquer for themselves a unity which they had not. France interferes, and half

a million soldiers are collected and concentrated in a fortnight; armies, driven in like wedges, open rents and gaps from the Rhine to Orleans; and at the end of two months the nation whose military strength was supposed to be the greatest in the world was reeling paralyzed under blows to which these modern contrivances had exposed her. So far we may be satisfied; but who can foresee the ultimate changes of which these are but the initial symptoms? Who will be rash enough to say that they will promote necessarily the happiness of mankind? They are but weapons which may be turned to good or evil, according to the characters of those who best understand how to use them.

The same causes have created as rapidly a tendency no less momentous towards migration and interfusion, which may one day produce a revolution in the ideas of allegiance and nationality. English, French, Germans, Irish, even Chinese and Hindus, are scattering themselves over the world; some bonâ fide in search of new homes, some merely as temporary residents—but any way establishing themselves wherever a living is to be earned in every corner of the globe, careless of the flag under which they have passed. Far the largest part will never return: they will leave descendants, to whom their connection with the old country will be merely matter of history; but the ease with which we can now go from one place to the other will keep alive an intention of returning, though it be never carried out; and as the numbers of these denizens multiply, intricate problems have already risen as to their alle-

giance, and will become more and more complicated. The English at Hong Kong and Shanghai have no intention of becoming Chinese, but their presence there has shaken the stability of the Chinese empire, and has cost that country, if the returns are not enormously exaggerated, in the civil wars and rebellions of which they have been the indirect occasion, a hundred million lives.

From the earliest times we trace migrations of nations or the founding of colonies by spirited adventurers; but never was the process going on at such a rate as now, and never with so little order or organized communion of purpose. No ingenuity could have devised a plan for the dispersion of the superfluous part of the European populations so effective as the natural working of personal impulse, backed by these new facilities. The question still returns, however, To what purpose? Are the effects of emigration to be only as the effects of machinery? Are a few hundred millions to be added to the population of the globe merely that they may make money and spend it? In all the great movements at present visible there is as yet no trace of the working of intellectual or moral ideas—no sign of a conviction that man has more to live for than to labour and eat the fruit of his labour.

So far, perhaps, the finest result of scientific activity lies in the personal character which devotion of a life to science seems to produce. While almost every other occupation is pursued for the money which can be made out of it, and success is measured by the money result

which has been realized—while even artists and men of letters, with here and there a brilliant exception, let the bankers' book become more and more the criterion of their being on the right road, the men of science alone seem to value knowledge for its own sake, and to be valued in return for the addition which they are able to make to it. A dozen distinguished men might be named who have shown intellect enough to qualify them for the woolsack, or an archbishop's mitre: external rewards of this kind might be thought the natural recompense for work which produces results so splendid; but they are quietly and unconsciously indifferent—they are happy in their own occupations, and ask no more; and that here, and here only, there is real and undeniable progress is a significant proof that the laws remain unchanged under which true excellence of any kind is attainable.

To conclude.

The accumulation of wealth, with its daily services at the Stock Exchange and the Bourse, with international exhibitions for its religious festivals, and political economy for its gospel, is progress, if it be progress at all, towards the wrong place. Baal, the god of the merchants of Tyre, counted four hundred and fifty prophets when there was but one Elijah. Baal was a visible reality. Baal rose in his sun-chariot in the morning, scattered the evil spirits of the night, lightened the heart, quickened the seed in the soil, clothed the hill-side with waving corn, made the gardens bright with flowers, and loaded the vineyard with its purple

clusters. When Baal turned away his face the earth languished, and dressed herself in her winter mourning robe. Baal was the friend who held at bay the enemies of mankind—cold, nakedness, and hunger; who was kind alike to the evil and the good, to those who worshipped him and those who forgot their benefactor. Compared to him, what was the being that 'hid himself,' the name without a form—that was called on, but did not answer—who appeared in visions of the night, terrifying the uneasy sleeper with visions of horror? Baal was god. The other was but the creation of a frightened imagination—a phantom that had no existence outside the brain of fools and dreamers. Yet in the end Baal could not save Samaria from the Assyrians, any more than progress and 'unexampled prosperity' have rescued Paris from Von Moltke. Paris will rise from her fallen state, if rise she does, by a return to the uninviting virtues of harder and simpler times. The modern creed bids every man look first to his cash-box. Fact says that the cash-box must be the second concern—that a man's life consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses. The modern creed says, by the mouth of a President of the Board of Trade, that adulteration is the fruit of competition, and, at worst, venial delinquency. Fact says that this vile belief has gone like poison into the marrow of the nations. The modern creed looks complacently on luxury as a stimulus to trade. Fact says that luxury has disorganized society, severed the bonds of good-will which unite man to man, and class to class, and generated distrust and

hatred. The modern creed looks on impurity with an approbation none the less real that it dares not openly avow it, dreading the darkest sins less than over-population. Fact—which if it cannot otherwise secure a hearing, expresses itself at last in bayonets and bursting shells—declares that if our great mushroom towns cannot clear themselves of pollution, the world will not long endure their presence.

A serious person, when he is informed that any particular country is making strides in civilization, will ask two questions. First personally, Are the individual citizens growing more pure in their private habits? Are they true and just in their dealings? Is their intelligence, if they are becoming intelligent, directed towards learning and doing what is right, or are they looking only for more extended pleasures, and for the means of obtaining them? Are they making progress in what old-fashioned people used to call the fear of God, or are their personal selves and the indulgence of their own inclinations the end and aim of their existence? That is one question, and the other is its counterpart. Each nation has a certain portion of the earth's surface allotted to it, from which the means of its support are being wrung: are the proceeds of labour distributed justly, according to the work which each individual has done; or does one plough and another reap in virtue of superior strength, superior cleverness or cunning?

These are the criteria of progress. All else is merely misleading. In a state of nature there is no

law but physical force. As society becomes organized, strength is coerced by greater strength; arbitrary violence is restrained by the policeman; and the relations between man and man, in some degree, are humanized. That is true improvement. But large thews and sinews are only the rudest of the gifts which enable one man to take advantage of his neighbour. Sharpness of wit gives no higher title to superiority than bigness of muscle and bone. The power to overreach requires restraint as much as the power to rob and kill; and the progress of civilization depends on the extent of the domain which is reclaimed under the moral law. Nations have been historically great in proportion to their success in this direction. Religion, while it is sound, creates a basis of conviction on which legislation can act; and where the legislator drops the problem, the spiritual teacher takes it up. So long as a religion is believed, and so long as it retains a practical direction, the moral idea of right can be made the principle of government. When religion degenerates into superstition or doctrinalism, the statesman loses his ground, and laws intended, as it is scornfully said, to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament, either sink into desuetude or are formally abandoned. How far modern Europe has travelled in this direction would be too large an inquiry. Thus much, however, is patent, and, so far as our own country is concerned, is proudly avowed: Provinces of action once formally occupied by law have been abandoned to anarchy. Statutes which regulated wages, statutes

which assessed prices, statutes which interfered with personal liberty, in the supposed interests of the commonwealth, have been repealed as mischievous. It is now held that beyond the prevention of violence and the grossest forms of fraud, government can meddle only for mischief—that crime only needs repressing—and that a community prospers best where every one is left to scramble for himself, and find the place for which his gifts best qualify him. Justice, which was held formerly to be co-extensive with human conduct, is limited to the smallest corner of it. The labourer or artisan has a right only to such wages as he can extort out of the employer. The purchaser who is cheated in a shop must blame his own simplicity, and endeavour to be wiser for the future.

Habits of obedience, moral convictions inherited from earlier times, have enabled this singular theory to work for a time; men have submitted to be defrauded rather than quarrel violently with the institutions of their country. There are symptoms, however, which indicate that the period of forbearance is waning. Swindling has grown to a point among us where the political economist preaches patience unsuccessfully, and Trades-Unionism indicates that the higgling of the market is not the last word on the wages question. Government will have to take up again its abandoned functions, and will understand that the cause and meaning of its existence is the discovery and enforcement of the elementary rules of right and wrong Here lies the road of true progress,

and nowhere else. It is no primrose path—with exhibition flourishes, elasticity of revenue, and shining lists of exports and imports. The upward climb has been ever a steep and thorny one, involving, first of all, the forgetfulness of self, the worship of which, in the creed of the economist, is the mainspring of advance. That the change will come, if not to us in England, yet to our posterity somewhere upon the planet, experience forbids us to doubt. The probable manner of it is hopelessly obscure. Men never willingly acknowledge that they have been absurdly mistaken.

An indication of what may possibly happen can be found, perhaps, in a singular phenomenon of the spiritual development of mankind which occurred in a far distant age. The fact itself is, at all events, so curious that a passing thought may be usefully bestowed upon it.

The Egyptians were the first people upon the earth who emerged into what is now called civilization. How they lived, how they were governed during the tens of hundreds of generations which intervened between their earliest and latest monuments, there is little evidence to say. At the date when they become distinctly visible they present the usual features of effete Oriental societies; the labour executed by slave gangs, and a rich luxurious minority spending their time in feasting and revelry. Wealth accumulated, Art flourished. Enormous engineering works illustrated the talent or ministered to the vanity of the priestly and military classes. The favoured of fortune basked

in perpetual sunshine. The millions sweated in the heat under the lash of the task-master, and were paid with just so much of the leeks and onions and fleshpots as would continue them in a condition to work. Of these despised wretches some hundreds of thousands were enabled by Providence to shake off the yoke, to escape over the Red Sea into the Arabian desert, and there receive from heaven a code of laws under which they were to be governed in the land where they were to be planted.

What were those laws?

The Egyptians, in the midst of their corruptions, had inherited the doctrine from their fathers which is considered the foundation of all religion. They believed in a life beyond the grave—in the judgment bar of Osiris, at which they were to stand on leaving their bodies, and in a future of happiness or misery as they had lived well or ill upon earth. It was not a speculation of philosophers—it was the popular creed; and it was held with exactly the same kind of belief with which it has been held by the Western nations since their conversion to Christianity.

But what was the practical effect of their belief? There is no doctrine, however true, which works mechanically on the soul like a charm. The expectation of a future state may be a motive for the noblest exertion, or it may be an excuse for acquiescence in evil, and serve to conceal and perpetuate the most enormous iniquities. The magnate of Thebes or Memphis, with his huge estates, his town and country

palaces, his retinue of eunuchs, and his slaves whom he counted by thousands, was able to say to himself, if he thought at all, 'True enough, there are inequalities of fortune. These serfs of mine have a miserable time of it, but it is only a *time* after all; they have immortal souls, poor devils! and their wretched existence here is but a drop of water in the ocean of their being. They have as good a chance of Paradise as I have—perhaps better. Osiris will set all right hereafter; and for the present rich and poor are an ordinance of Providence, and there is no occasion to disturb established institutions. For myself, I have drawn a prize in the lottery, and I hope I am grateful. I subscribe handsomely to the temple services. I am myself punctual in my religious duties. The priests, who are wiser than I am, pray for me, and they tell me I may set my mind at rest.'

Under this theory of things the Israelites had been ground to powder. They broke away. They too were to become a nation. A revelation of the true God was bestowed on them, from which, as from a fountain, a deeper knowledge of the Divine nature was to flow out over the earth; and the central thought of it was the realization of the Divine government—not in a vague hereafter, but in the *living* present. The unpractical prospective justice which had become an excuse for tyranny was superseded by an immediate justice in time. They were to reap the harvest of their deeds, not in heaven, but on earth. There was no life in the grave whither they were going. The future state was

withdrawn from their sight till the mischief which it had wrought was forgotten. It was not denied, but it was veiled in a cloud It was left to private opinion to hope or to fear; but it was no longer held out either as an excitement to piety or a terror to evil-doers. The God of Israel was a living God, and His power was displayed visibly and immediately in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked while they remained in the flesh.

It would be unbecoming to press the parallel, but phenomena are showing themselves which indicate that an analogous suspension of belief provoked by the same causes may possibly be awaiting ourselves. The relations between man and man are now supposed to be governed by natural laws which enact themselves independent of considerations of justice. Political economy is erected into a science, and the shock to our moral nature is relieved by reflections that it refers only to earth, and that justice may take effect hereafter. Science, however, is an inexorable master. The evidence for a hereafter depends on considerations which science declines to entertain. To piety and conscientiousness it appears inherently probable; but to the calm, unprejudiced student of realities, piety and conscientiousness are insufficient witnesses to matters of fact. The religious passions have made too many mistakes to be accepted as of conclusive authority. Scientific habits of thought, which are more and more controlling us, demand external proofs which are difficult to find. It may be that we require once more to

have the living certainties of the Divine government brought home to us more palpably; that a doctrine which has been the consolation of the heavy-laden for eighteen hundred years may have generated once more a practical infidelity; and that by natural and intelligent agencies, in the furtherance of the everlasting purposes of our Father in heaven, the belief in a life beyond the grave may again be about to be withdrawn.

THE COLONIES ONCE MORE.

THE storm which has burst over the Continent may clear away as rapidly as it has risen, or it may rage till it has searched out and destroyed every unsound place in the organization of the European nations. Providence or Nature, or whatever the power is which determines the conditions under which human things are allowed to grow and prosper, uses still, as it has ever used, fierce surgery of this kind for the correction of wrong-doing; and if Providence, as Napoleon scornfully said, is on the side of the strongest battalions, it provides also, as Napoleon himself found at Leipsic, that in the times of these tremendous visitations the strong battalions shall be found in defence of the cause which it intends shall conquer. England for the present lies outside the lines of conflict. Whether she can escape her share of trial depends on causes which she can but faintly control; and whether at the close of [1] this pre-

[1] August, 1870.

sent summer France or Germany lies exhausted, unable to strike another blow, or whether the circle of conflagration is to widen its terrible area till the whole world is again in arms, it behoves us equally to look to ourselves. We have obligations on the Continent which we cannot disclaim without dishonour, and dishonour tamely borne means to England political ruin.

A nation of thirty millions, inferior in mental and physical capabilities to no other people in the world, moated by the sea, defended by a powerful fleet, and united in themselves by hearty loyalty to their country, ought to be in no fear of the strongest force which could be hurled against them. But it is on this point of loyalty, of which it has been the fashion of late to speak contemptuously as a sentimental virtue, that the result of such an attempt would perhaps eventually depend. At this moment, if we were taken by surprise as Prussia has been, and a hostile power could by any means obtain twenty-four hours' command of the Channel, London would inevitably be taken; but if we are sound at heart, if England is to us all a home which high and low among us are alike determined to defend, as the treasure-house which contains all that we value in life, the loss of London would but nerve us to a more determined struggle, and we might still look forward to the last result with confidence. We might lose fearfully in life and property, but we should keep our honour untarnished, and our great place in the world unshaken. Have we, then, a right to expect a spirit in the great masses of our people which would carry us

successfully through such a crisis? The English are instinctively brave and noble-minded. The traditions of the past are powerful, and there is a prestige attached to the present condition of the British Empire which for a time at least would raise all classes to a level with the demands on their endurance. How long their resolution would last, what amount and what duration of privations they would be contented to endure, depends, however, on the further question, what interest many of us have in England's stability—what each man would lose which is really precious to him if she fell from her place?

The attachment of a people to their country depends upon the sense in which it is really and truly their home. Men will fight for their homes, because without a home they and their families are turned shelterless adrift; and as the world has been hitherto constituted, they have had no means of finding a new home for themselves elsewhere. And the idea of home is inseparably connected with the possession or permanent occupation of land. Where a man's property is in money, a slip of paper will now transfer it to any part of the world to which he pleases to send it. Where it is in the skill of his hands there is another hemisphere now open to him, where employers speaking his own language are eager to secure his services. Land alone he cannot take with him. The fortunes of the possessors of the soil of any country are bound up in the fortunes of the country to which they belong, and thus those nations have always been the most stable in which

the land is most widely divided, or where the largest number of people have a personal concern in it. Interest and natural feeling coincide to produce the same result. Ridicule as we please what is now looked upon as sentimentalism, we cannot escape from our nature. Attachment to locality is part of the human constitution. Those who have been brought up in particular places have a feeling for them which they cannot transfer. A family which has occupied a farm for one or two years will leave it without difficulty. In one or two generations the wrench becomes severely painful. To remove tenants after half a dozen generations is like tearing up a grown tree by the roots. The world is not outgrowing associations of this kind. It never can or will outgrow them. The *aræ et foci*, the sense of home and the sacred associations which grow up along with it, are as warm in the new continent as in the old. It is not that every member of a family must remain on the same spot. The professions and the trades necessarily absorb a large proportion of the children as they grow to manhood; but it is the pride of the New Englander to point to his namesake and kinsman now occupying the farm which was first cleared by his Puritan ancestors. The home of the elder branch is still the home of the family, and the links of association, and all the passions which are born of it, hold together and bind in one the scattered kindred.

England was once the peculiar nursery of this kind of sentiment, and thus it was that an Englishman's patriotism was so peculiarly powerful. It has seemed

of late as if all other countries understood it better than we. In France, in Germany, in Russia, even in Spain and Italy, either revolution or the wisdom of the Government has divided the land. The great proprietors have been persuaded or induced to sell; when persuasion has failed they have been compelled. The laws of inheritance are so adjusted as to make accumulation of estates impossible. Two-thirds or, at least, half the population of those countries have their lives and fortunes interlinked inseparably with the soil; and their fidelity in time of trial is at once rewarded and guaranteed by the possession of it. England is alone an exception. When serfdom was extinguished in Russia, each serf had a share in his late owner's lands assigned to him as his own. The English villein was released from his bondage with no further compensation, and is now the agricultural labourer—the least cared for specimen of humanity in any civilized country. In France there are five million landed proprietors. In England the exact numbers are unknown, but it is notorious that during the last century the small agricultural freeholds have been generally devoured by the large. In the neighbourhood of the great towns estates have been broken up and sold in small portions for the villas of merchants and manufacturers, but the possibility of ownership recedes daily further from the reach of any but the favourites of fortune. The wealthy alone possess that original hold on English soil which entitles England in return to depend upon them in the day of trial; and thus it is that to persons who think seriously there

appears something precarious in England's greatness, as if with all her wealth and all her power a single disaster might end it. No nation ever suffered a more tremendous humiliation than France in the second occupation of Paris; a third time she has seen her capital occupied, and her entire social system crumbled into anarchy. But she rallied before, and she will unquestionably rally once more. Her population remain rooted in the soil to which they are passionately attached, and their permanent depression is impossible. Forty millions of people can neither be destroyed nor removed; and where the people are, and where the land is their own, their recovery is a matter of but a few years at most. They may lose men and money, and an outlying province, but that is all the injury which an external power can inflict on them. With England it is difficult to feel the same confidence. If the spell of our insular security be once broken; if it be once proved that the Channel is no longer an impassable barrier, and that we are now on a level with the Continent, the circumstances would be altered which have given us hitherto our exceptional advantages; and those of us who can choose a home elsewhere, who have been deprived of everything which should specially attach us to English soil—that is to say, ninety-nine families out of every hundred—will have lost all inducement to remain in so unprofitable a neighbourhood.

Let it be said at once that we are not blaming Government or blaming the laws because the small estates are absorbed into the large. The process of absorption

is the result of economic social and moral conditions which cannot be interfered with on a scale large enough to produce a sensible effect without paralyzing the entire system of our national industry. It is a state of things, however, for which provision was instinctively made in past generations. As English soil became visibly too strait for its increasing population, not the Government, but the English themselves, by their own courage and energy, secured to the flag enormous slices of the waste places of the newly discovered world; enormous areas of soil in which ten times as many people as are now choking and jostling one another in our lanes and alleys might take root and expand and thrive; and the question is, whether these spaces may not be utilized; whether, without rude changes at home, we may not exchange England for an English Empire in which every element shall be combined which can promise security to the whole? The fairest part of this vast inheritance was alienated from us by one set of incompetent ministers; it is now a rival, and may one day be a hostile power. The country, not the Government, explored and took possession of fresh dominions almost as splendid as what had been lost for them. What is to be done with these, whether they are to remain attached to us, or are to be affronted or encouraged into separation and what is called independence, is a matter on which Government may blunder a second time; the nation itself is alone competent to form and pronounce an opinion.

We make no apology for returning to a subject

which was discussed a few months back when the political sky was comparatively clear; and the subsequent treatment of which in Parliament makes an appeal to the country itself more than ever necessary.

It is well known that to a particular school the colonies appear only a burden. Young communities cost money before the resources of a new country can be adequately developed. We are informed that to part with them will be an immediate relief to the English taxpayer; that we can employ our people at home by developing our manufactures; and that the Government, untroubled with the responsibility of defending our remote and scattered dependencies, can provide cheaply, easily, and certainly for our own security at home. The promulgation of these opinions has created much uneasiness in the colonies themselves, whose own almost universal wish is to remain under the sovereignty of the Queen. At home also to some persons they have seemed singularly shallow. Without colonies the natural growth of our population must overflow into foreign countries. The indifference with which we have allowed Irish emigration to drift into America has created an element dangerously hostile to us across the Atlantic, while it has embittered the already alienated feelings with which we are regarded in Ireland itself. In our own emigrating artisans, if we allow them passively to become parts of another community, we are losing elements of strength which might be of more worth to us than the gold mines of Ballarat.

The present Government, however, has been suspected of secretly favouring the views of the separatists. They were several times called on during the session of last year to explain their real views, and the tone which they have taken in their replies indicates at any rate most signally the estimate which they have formed of the political magnitude of the question. Lord Granville has again and again repudiated all intention of shaking off the colonies. He insists that the policy which he pursues is that which on the whole gives most satisfaction to the colonists themselves, and tends more than any other which could be pursued to secure their attachment. He has said also, and whenever challenged he has repeated, as if with a consciousness that he was wronged by the suspicions entertained of him, that he admits the duty in case of war of defending the colonies against the aggression with the whole force of the empire. The assurance is good in itself, but it is little to the point. No one suspects the Government of meditating treason, and it would be nothing less than treason wilfully to abandon the protection of any part of her Majesty's dominions. But whereas there are two possible colonial policies—one to regard them as integral parts of the British Empire, as an inheritance of the nation in which the crowded hive at home may have room to expand and strengthen itself, in which English families may receive portions of the land belonging to us where they may take root though circumstances deny it to them at home; the other, to concentrate ourselves in these islands, to educate the colonies in

self-dependence, that at the earliest moment they may themselves sever the links which bind them to us—of these two policies it is believed that the Government deliberately prefer the second, and nothing that Lord Granville or any other member of the Cabinet has said upon the subject leads us to suppose that the belief is unfounded. A few words would have sufficed to remove the uneasiness, but those words have not been spoken.

Lord Granville is transferred to another department, but it is evident that there is to be no change in the colonial policy. Lord Kimberley's language is identical with his predecessor's. It is quite certain that in the opinion of Mr Gladstone's Administration the colonies are rather elements of weakness to us than of strength, that they belong to themselves rather than to us, and that any endeavour on our part to develop their resources or transport the overflow of our people there will be wasted effort and money thrown away.

We say nothing of the withdrawal of the troops. That is an entirely secondary matter. No civilized nation in the world pays so much for its army as we do, and in none is there so miserable a result; and if there were any chance that our scanty regiments would be maintained in full efficiency at home, and would not be allowed to dwindle into skeletons under the blight of our military mismanagement, it might be wise to concentrate at the heart of the empire such means of defence as we possess. The self-governed colonies are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, and they will de-

fend to the last each their own portion of the British Empire, if they may be assured that the empire is to continue to exist. But the entire drift of the action of the Colonial Office points to a desire on our part that as soon as possible they should rid us of all responsibility for them. Our statesmen avow in their conduct what in words they are still compelled to disclaim. Our leading colonists are not invited to a share in the established dignities of the empire. They are not made members of the Privy Council. They are not admitted to the Bath, still less to the high distinction of the Garter. A new order is created especially as the reward of colonial merit. The unanimous desire of the Australians for the annexation of the Fiji Islands is refused; as if to goad them into separate action on their own account, lest those islands should be appropriated for a naval or a penal station by some other power. When the Dominion of Canada was proclaimed, the Government organs declared, with no uncertain voice, that British North America might now be independent when it pleased. The present Governor-General, though he afterwards explained away his words, expressed a distinct wish that the gift of independence might be soon accepted. It is incredible that he would have dared to use such words unless they had been prompted from home. The late Governor, when Lord Granville disclaimed any desire to part with Canada, and denied that his policy tended towards separation, said in his place in the House of Lords that it undoubtedly had such a tendency, and for that reason he hoped the

Government would persevere. The new Knighthood was bestowed ostentatiously on a Canadian statesman who had avowed publicly his desire that Canada should be annexed to the United States. It was precisely as if Mr Smith O'Brien had been made a peer when he went to Paris to ask the Provisional Government to undertake the protection of Ireland. The proposed confederation of the Australian Colonies and New Zealand has been treated pointedly as the birth of a new nationality. All this can bear but one interpretation. Such confederations in themselves may be good things or bad. They need not necessarily involve a separation from England. But the separation is what the party at present in power desire to promote, and the purpose is but faintly concealed in a few reluctant and partial concessions to public opinion, the guarantee of a loan to New Zealand, and the delay in the complete evacuation of the Canadian Dominion till the Red River disturbances shall have been composed.

We do not believe that such a policy can be approved by the country in general. Were the issue fairly before the people it would be instantly repudiated. The fear is rather that they will look on inattentively, supposing that all is going well, till the mischief is consummated. It will then be past remedy, and the vengeance which will assuredly fall on the authors of it will be a poor compensation for an irreparable disaster. We choose the present moment, therefore, when the position of England must be causing serious thought to every one who is capable of understanding it, to recall

attention to a question which appears to us to be one of life or death.

It has two branches, which have unfortunately been argued apart, though, in fact, they cannot be separated; the political relations of the colonies with the mother country, and the possibility or the desirableness of a sustained and methodical emigration supported in part by the State in the general interests of the nation. These two subjects are factors in the same problem, for the only practicable means at present of attaching the colonies to us is by feeding them intelligently with emigrants who leave England grateful for the assistance which removes them from our surfeited towns to a situation where they can have a fairer prospect of a healthy and useful existence. No one in his senses proposes to reclaim for the discredited Colonial Office the control over dependencies which the home officials do not care to understand, and in the welfare of which they have no genuine interest. The object is to create or foster those natural links of affinity between Great Britain and her distant provinces which, to the disgrace of our political sagacity, we have permitted to grow unchecked between Ireland and the United States of America. At present, from causes far from honourable to us, those who emigrate on their own account prefer any flag to ours. The natural outflow is to New York, and every family which settles in the republic carries with it enmity to the home from which it has been driven, and leaves the germs of disloyalty behind in its kindred. The hope of those who see these things

and dread their consequences is to turn the stream before it becomes too late to prevent the spread to England and Scotland of the same process which in Ireland has been so fertile in mischief; to relieve our towns of a plethora of people which is breeding physical and moral disease, and in furnishing our colonies with the supply which they most need, to give them an interest in maintaining their connection with us.

That a great State emigration is in itself possible, possible in the sense that there are no insurmountable obstacles created by the nature of things, and that if carried into effect in union with the Colonial Governments it would, beyond all other means, tend to bind them to us, even Lord Granville himself would hardly deny. The extent of our dependencies is so vast, and the wealth waiting to be drawn out there by human industry so enormous, that with proper provisions and preparations they could receive among them at present at least a quarter of a million of our people annually. The number for whom work could be found would increase in geometrical proportion. The Irish who go to the States send for their families; the English would necessarily do the same; and the strain upon the State, which even at first would be comparatively slight, would in a short time disappear. That the emigration question, therefore, and the political question should have been argued separately, has been a serious misfortune. It has enabled those who wish to keep things as they are to break the sticks each by itself, to represent emigration to our colonies as of no special consequence to us

because our relations with them are uncertain, and to argue the impossibility of drawing those relations closer from experience of the bad results in the past of the mother country's interference.

In the early part of last spring a deputation waited on the Prime Minister to represent the distress in the manufacturing towns, and to recommend the establishment of an emigration system at the cost of the State. The Prime Minister gave a courteous but hesitating answer. He left it to be implied that he was himself in favour of the deputation's object, but that he must consult the Colonial Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He spoke, perhaps, in some irony, for the opinions of Mr Lowe and Lord Granville might have been anticipated without difficulty. Lord Carnarvon followed in the House of Lords. There had been an expectation that a subject of so much importance would have been alluded to in the Speech from the Throne, and the absence of it was significantly noticed by Lord Cairns. Lord Cairns, however, left England immediately after. Lord Carnarvon, as an ex-Colonial Minister, took upon himself to represent those who were dissatisfied with Lord Granville's proceedings; and he had an opportunity of rising above the position of a party leader, and treating the matter on the broadest grounds of statesmanship. Lord Russell, in the preface to an edition of his Speeches, had introduced a censure on Lord Granville so emphatic as to imply that, if his policy produced its natural result, though he escaped impeachment, he would deserve and receive eternal

infamy. Lord Carnarvon, however, confined himself to strictly political criticism. He evaded the larger bearings of the subject. He spoke merely as a member of the Opposition, anxious to avail himself of an opening to attack the Government in power. He gave Lord Granville an easy victory, for he had himself in office been no wiser than his antagonist. Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby were silent, and the discussion dropped as an unsuccessful party move.

A petition, very largely signed, from the working men of the metropolis was afterwards addressed to the Queen. It spoke the language of unbewitched common-sense. It set out that England was overcrowded, that work for the people was not to be found at home, that they were loyal to the Crown and wished to remain British subjects, and that her Majesty possessed dominions in other parts of the world were there was room and to spare for them. They therefore besought her Majesty to close her ears to those who advised her to part with those dominions, to declare emphatically that the colonies were integral parts of the empire, and that the State would assist those who were willing to remove to them.

This petition was received by the Home Minister in behalf of the Queen, and a reply was returned more than usually characteristic of what Mr Dickens called the 'Circumlocution Office.' Sympathy was of course expressed with the distress of the people. The value of emigration was ardently acknowledged. The Government, the petitioners were assured, would do everything

in its power to promote their welfare. There were, however, as Mr Bruce contended, laws of nature which it was hopeless and idle to resist. Emigration, like all other human movements, obeyed tendencies which were paramount and inexorable. Those who left their old homes in search of new, selected, necessarily, those countries to which access was most easy, where the climate was most favourable, and the land richest and most readily obtained. The United States, he said, possessed advantages in these respects superior to those of the English colonies, and therefore into the United States the main tide of emigration from these islands must continue to flow.

That Mr Bruce's view of these advantages is in itself incorrect, and that other causes operate besides these supposed laws of nature, may be proved by the increasing pressure of the American population upon the border of the districts between Chicago and the Red River, which are as fertile as any lands in the world, and which, it is notorious, would, if annexed to the Union, be immediately and densely occupied. The Americans are kept out by the British flag. In them it seems the sense of nationality is something not so wholly unsubstantial. We are inclined to think, too, that in assuming allegiance to be a mere word, and personal interest their solitary principle of action, Mr Bruce is passing a satirical comment on the character of the English which they have not yet deserved. Political economy, though supreme in the House of Commons, has not so far entirely superseded more old-

fashioned motives; nor are we as a people so completely different from all other nations in the world, present or past, that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we do or do not become subjects of an alien power. The Russians do not emigrate at all, though their climate is not less severe than that of British North America. The sense of home is always strongest in the inhabitants of northern latitudes, and with it the more robust qualities which are developed by their more energetic habits of life. The northern nations of the old world have been larger-limbed and stouter-hearted than the children of those effeminate regions where the soil yields its harvest without labour, and warmth generates indolence and languor. The future of America it is likely will resemble in this respect the past of Europe, and the hardy race which will hereafter dominate in that vast continent will probably be the men bred in New England and in that Dominion in which Mr Bruce tells us it is impossible to persuade English emigrants to remain.

Mr Gladstone, similarly taking up the other side of the matter in the House of Commons, stated as a reason why a closer union with the colonies was impossible, that the nearest of them, Canada, was divided from us by nature, by a waste of rolling water—and that what God had placed asunder it was in vain for man to try to join. The objection can be forgotten when there is a desire to overlook it. New Zealand is at least as difficult of access from Australia, yet a South Pacific confederation is considered not only not as an impossibility,

but is recommended as feasible and good. The ocean of which the Prime Minister speaks so fearfully is a highway, almost a railway, made ready by nature to our hands. To a nation like the English, whose strength is on the water, whose wealth is in its trade, Nature herself could have devised no fairer means of communication. Every fraction of the empire is easily accessible, and to speak of Canada as necessarily separate from us because the Atlantic intervenes is less reasonable than it would have been seventy years ago to make St George's Channel an objection to the union with Ireland.

But it was reserved for another minister to speak the last and most instructive words as to the opinion of the present cabinet. Mr Torrens, on the 17th of June,[1] called the attention of the House of Commons to the want of employment in the great towns, and the increasing distress of the people. He pointed to the effect of voluntary emigration as tending, if left to itself, to strengthen rival nations at the expense of England. He showed that the movement so much to be dreaded had actually commenced; that the English artisans were already following largely the Irish example, and that of 167,000 working men who had left this country during the past year, 133,000 had become citizens of the United States. He invited the Government to assist those among them who were willing to remain Englishmen, still to preserve their

[1] 1870.

allegiance. He recommended the establishment of cheap lines of communication with the colonies—cheap ships as we had cheap railway trains—and to enable any man who by contributing part of his passage money would give a proof that he was not a pauper, to remove in preference to Australia or to Canada. The adoption of such a scheme, he said, would, more than any other measure, attach the colonies to us, while the development of the colonies would as certainly be the surest means of increasing English trade. Lord George Hamilton spoke on the same side, but scarcely with the same effectiveness. He injured his argument by a side blow at the Irish Land Bill, and a proposition Imperial in its conception was degraded into a House of Commons movement intended only to embarrass the Government. In so plain a matter, however, it was difficult to go very far wrong, and his main arguments, like those of Mr Torrens, expressed the convictions of almost every reasonable man. The President of the Poor Law Board replied; and his speech will hereafter be looked back upon as we look back upon other strange utterances of men whom the tide of politics at critical times has drifted into power. Mr Goschen insisted that no case had been made out for Government interference. The supposed distress had been exaggerated. The people had been suffering slightly from one of those accidental fluctuations to which the commerce of the country was periodically liable, but the worst part of the trial was already over. Trade was fast reviving. The prosperity of the working

classes was returning, and as an infallible index of improvement he stated, amidst the cheers of the House, that they were consuming increasing quantities of beer, gin, and tobacco. The population was growing—growing at the rate of 300,000 a year—but England was not yet filled, and there was yet ample room for them all. The mills and mines would find them employment. The great towns would grow bigger. Great Britain tended more and more to become the workshop of the world, and the limit, if limit there was, to the capacity for internal expansion was still far off and invisible. Those who wished to emigrate at their own cost were of course at liberty to go, but Mr Goschen protested against doing violence to the acknowledged principles of political economy by attempting to divert the outflow to one country rather than another. The United States would not like it, and that was sufficient.

Plainer language of its kind has not been heard in Parliament within the present century, and the reformed House of Commons illustrated its origin and justified Mr Lowe's prediction of the effects to be anticipated from an extension of the suffrage, by the delight with which it listened.

All was well with the English working man because he was drinking more beer and gin. The Government was not at liberty to assist English subjects from one part of the Queen's dominions to another because it might happen to displease a foreign government. The last argument, we were told afterwards by the *Times*,

'went to the root of the whole difficulty'—truly a remarkable confession.

It is not to be supposed that such arguments as these express the real conviction of men so able as Mr Gladstone, Mr Bruce, or even Mr Goschen. Their off-hand answers may have served the purpose as tricks of defence to parry the attacks upon them, but the true ground of their resolution must be looked for deeper down. They must have convinced themselves that it is safe and desirable to allow the multitude of people which is now crowded into this island to become denser than it is—the feverish race for wealth, which is at present the sole motive-power of English industry, to grow yet hotter and more absorbing. We are to reap the harvest of manufacture while our coal and iron hold out, and to leave the future to care for itself. Mr Gladstone is not a cynic, still less is he in himself a mere worshipper of wealth. With one side of his mind he shares in the old convictions of wise and serious men. He 'thinks nobly of the soul.' He believes with Plato—at any rate he thinks that he believes—that the first aim of a well-ordered commonwealth should be the moral improvement of the human beings who constitute it. He would admit that the test of a wholesome condition of things in any country is not the balance-sheet, but the character of the people; that sobriety, prudence, honesty, chastity, fear of God, and a physical existence healthy and happy because natural and good, are better than all the cotton bales from all the mills of Lancashire. We must suppose him, there-

fore, to think seriously that the children of an English artisan dragged up among the gutters of Sheffield or Spitalfields, amidst gin and beer and their detestable concomitants, have as good a chance of growing up into healthy and worthy manhood as under the free sky of Canada or New Zealand, where land is to be had for the asking, and waits only for the spade to yield its crops. These may be sentimental considerations, but Mr Gladstone, at any rate, is not insensible to them. What can be the arguments, then, which are outweighing them in his mind?

It is easy to understand the cheers of the House of Commons. It is a house of rich men. Each Parliament that meets is richer than its predecessor. The present—returned by the enlarged constituency—is the wealthiest which has ever sat in England. To a rich man no country can be more agreeable, no system of things more convenient or delightful, than that in which we live. Inevitably, therefore, all that is going on will appear to him to be reasonable and just. The Noble Lords—I speak of some, not yet, happily, of all—are grown wise in their generation, and acknowledge the excellence of what they once despised. The growth of manufactures has doubled, quintupled, multiplied in some instances a hundredfold the value of their land. Their rents maintain them in splendour undreamt of in earlier generations, which has now become a necessity of existence. They have their half-dozen parks and palaces; their houses in London, their moors in Scotland, their yachts at Cowes. Their sons

have their hunters at Melton, their racing stables, their battues. In the dead season of sport they fall back to recruit their manliness with pigeon shooting at Hurlingham. These things have become a second nature to them, in which they live and move and have their being. Their grandfathers cared for the English commonwealth. It is hard to say what some of these high persons care for except idle luxury. To them, therefore, the system most commends itself which most raises the value of their property. The more densely England is peopled the greater grows the value of their acres without labour to themselves, and they well understand how to keep at arm's-length the inconveniences of the pressure. That such as they, therefore, should look with little favour on emigration is no more than might be expected. Still less favourably will those regard it who rank next to them, and who aspire to rise into their order—the great employers of labour. To the manufacturers abundance of labour means cheap labour, and cheap labour is the secret of their wealth, the condition of their prosperity, the means by which they undersell other nations and command a monopoly of the world's markets. Political economy, the employer's gospel, preaches a relation between themselves and their workmen which means to them the largest opportunity of profit with the smallest recognition of obligation to those upon whose labour they grow rich. Slavery, beyond its moral enormity, was condemned economically as extravagant. The slave born on the plantation was maintained while

he was too young to work at his master's expense. His master had charge of him when he was sick, and in his old age when he could do no more he was fed, clothed, and lodged for the remainder of his days. The daily wages system, besides having the advantage of being a free contract, leaves the master at the day's end discharged of further responsibilities. He is bound to his workman only so long as it is his interest to retain him. While trade flourishes and profits are large he gives him full employment. When a dead season supervenes he draws in his sails. He lies by till better times return, and discharges his hands to live upon their savings, or ultimately be supported by the poor-rate till he needs their services again. The State, therefore, in assisting emigration interferes to rob the rich man of his living. 'Keep the people at home,' said a noble Lord, 'we shall want them when trade revives.' Poor-rates can be borne with, for those who are themselves little more than paupers share the burden of them. Even trades-unions and strikes can be borne with so long as the men confine themselves to higgling over the wages rate. Hunger will bring them to terms in time. Anything but a large emigration, for with emigration wages will rise in earnest and profits lessen. The man by whose toil the master has prospered has gone where his toil is for himself, where he is taking root upon the land, a sturdy member of the commonwealth, and the home market is relieved of his competition. The nation is richer for the change so long as he remains an English subject, but the

capitalist employer loses a percentage of his profits.

Thus arguments of all kinds are pressed into the service to blind the working man to his obvious interest, and prevent him from demanding what if he asks for it resolutely cannot be refused. He is told that emigration supported by the State will lay an additional burden on the already heavy-laden taxpayers; that we shall be robbing the operatives who stay at home of part of their hard-won earnings, and making a present to others of what it is not ours to give. The objection is valid against the poor-rates as they are at present levied. There is something monstrous in compelling the petty shopkeeper, barely able to keep his own head above water, to contribute to the support of the discharged workman from whose labour when employed the shopkeeper drew no penny of advantage. But the advocates of State emigration do not contemplate a tax which shall touch the poor. The annual savings of this country are estimated by Lord Overstone at something near a hundred and forty millions. Mr Gladstone points to the fifteen millions contributed voluntarily by the Irish peasantry for their own exodus, and asks who can be so sanguine as to dream of any such sum being raised by rate for the emigration of the English working men? The fifteen millions are an index, on one side, of the affectionate feelings of the Irish people. One active member of a family is sent to America by a subscription among the rest. Out of the abundance which he finds there he sets apart a sufficient sum to bring his brothers and sisters after him. This

is the fairer aspect of it, but it is not all. Another and a darker passion animates the Celtic peasant to his efforts and his sacrifices, and that is hatred of England —hatred of the country which he charges unjustly with having been the cause of his misery, but which may be more fairly challenged for having attempted so little to remove it. The consequences of our long neglect of Ireland we have already experienced to our sorrow. The Church Act and the Land Act are the price which we have already had to furnish for Fenianism, and they are probably not the last payment. If we allow an English voluntary exodus in the same spirit as the Irish, and directed to the same quarter, a statesman who can look beyond the next five years or ten has cause to tremble at the too certain consequences. Suppose that out of these hundred and forty millions a fourteenth part was taken to divert the stream to Australia and Canada and the Cape, to carry off annually a quarter of a million people, settle them on vacant lands, maintain them for the first year till the first crop was grown; if instead of letting them become so many thousand hostile citizens of the American Republic, we preserved them as loyal citizens of the British Empire, and secured with it the regard and gratitude of the working millions whom they left at home; if the masses of the English people were made to see at last that those in power were not wholly forgetful of them; it would be a not unwise investment if only as an insurance for the rest. What is the use of enormous wealth if we cannot defend it? and how can we defend it un-

less the whole nation has an interest in the stability of the country?

I shall be told that the cost will fall on the operatives at last; for capital requires investment. The hundred and forty millions provide fresh labour, and find fresh multitudes in food. It is not wholly so, for more and more of English savings goes abroad in loans to foreign governments, in maintaining French and Prussian armies, or finds labour, not for English artisans, but for Russians, Americans, or Turks. But the money that remains at home does not improve the condition of our people who remain upon our hands; it only multiplies their number. It merely creates fresh manufactories, fresh workshops, fresh courts and alleys in our huge sweltering towns, and swells further the vast and weltering tide of human life in a space already grown too strait for it. Mr Goschen ridicules the idea of a maximum. Where, he asks, is the line to be drawn? When can it be said that England is so full of men that it can safely hold no more? The maximum we should say had been reached when the population had passed beyond all rational control; when, if religion and morals have not grown to be unmeaning words, the population has swollen into a bulk which is the despair of minister and priest, of the schoolmaster and even the policeman; when hundreds of thousands are added annually to our numbers to grow up heathens in a country calling itself Christian. We should point to that very torrent of drugged beer and poisoned gin, the increased consumption of which the House of Com-

mons seems to regard with such admirable complacency. Let but a severe war, or any one of the thousand calamities which nature has at its command, cripple or paralyze trade for a few successive years, and half our people will be left to immediate starvation, and to the furious passions which hunger will necessarily breed. If statesmen wait for other signs, the signs may come at last in the shape of catastrophes in which it will be too late to cry out for a remedy. There is, however, another symptom among us which we commend to the consideration of politicians who have not parted with their senses.

A few years ago the English public was shocked by the discovery of an institution at Torquay for the murder of babies. A woman named Charlotte Windsor undertook, for certain small sums of money, the charge of inconvenient infants, promising so to provide for them that their parents should be no longer troubled with the burden of their maintenance. The provision was a pillow or a handkerchief pressed upon their mouths, and a grave in Torbay or on the hill-side. The murderess was detected, but escaped execution by a legal subterfuge, and the example remained either to deter or encourage further experiments in the same line of business. Two other women were recently brought before the Lambeth Police Court on a charge somewhat similar. Charlotte Windsor was old. Many years had passed since she had 'given suck,' or seen a baby smiling on her face. Such restraint as animal emotions can exert no longer served as a check on her calculated

ferocity. These women were still of an age to be themselves mothers. One of them, the elder, had a child of her own at the breast. They put advertisements in the newspapers offering a home and a mother's care to any child whose parents desired to part with it; and for the small sum of five pounds they undertook to bring it up as their own, and educate it for service or a trade. The infants which passed into their hands were not smothered, but were allowed to die for want of nourishment, or were assisted out of the world by laudanum, lime water, or paregoric elixir. When death was evidently near, but before it arrived, they were carried away, the servants in the house being told that they were going back to their friends, and the next thing that was heard was that little dead bodies had been found by the police lying about in baskets or brown paper parcels.

Much natural horror is expressed at the exposure of so infamous a trade, but the trade itself is a mere bubble on the surface, an indication merely of a pervading poison at work everywhere in the under-current of society. The population of this country increases at the rate of something like a thousand a day. The increase would be nearer two thousand a day if the average mortality among the children of the poor was no greater than among the more prosperous classes. Vast numbers of the human creatures brought into life in this island die before they are five years old, who would have survived with adequate food, clothing, shelter, and care. We may be told that it is a law of

nature. One pair of magpies would fill the globe in a century if four out of five that are hatched were not starved when they left the nest. Society cannot provide for the issue of improvident marriages or illicit concubinage. We have more children already on our hands than we know what to do with, and must be grateful that we are relieved of their presence by causes for which we are not responsible. All civilized nations have experienced the same difficulty, and dealt with it as they could. The Greeks and Romans exposed their superfluous babies. The Chinese do the same at present. The English as a Christian people leave it to nature. Child-murder remains a crime, but we none the less congratulate ourselves that an abstraction which we can disguise under the name of a law provides a relief for our overburdened system. Natural selection decides who shall live. The robust survive to contribute to the sinews of society. The sickly drop off and are spared a struggle to which they would have been unequal.

The enlightened persons who form public opinion in these matters do not usually belong to the classes which suffer, or they might acquiesce in these arrangements with less equanimity. Their children for the most part live and assist to keep down the averages. We can be wonderfully submissive to laws of nature while others only suffer from them. When our own shoes pinch we discover that with a little effort the shape can be altered. It is a law of nature that the strong shall prey upon the weak. It is a law of nature that if a house is not drained, the occupants of it shall be in

danger of typhus fever. But there are very few laws indeed affecting man which are not conditional, and the chief purpose of human society is to control the brutal and elemental forces by reason and good sense. If the country cannot afford to rear more than a certain number of children, means ought to be attempted to prevent them from coming into existence. The infinite wretchedness produced by the present state of things ought not to pass for nothing. It has become not uncommon in these days to hear of miserable fathers and mothers, unable alike to support their families or see them starve, destroying their children and themselves, and making an end of their troubles thus. Again, if we please, we may call in Providence. The classes which suffer most are toughest-hearted. The poor old Devonshire woman with eight hungry mouths about her, and nine shillings a week to feed them, looks with envy on the Lord's mercy to her neighbours whose babies die in arms, and sighs out, 'We never have no luck;' but this callousness itself is frightful, and is in itself one of the causes of the enormous mortality.

Put it as we will, half the natural increase of the population of this country is made away with by preventible causes—by causes which are prevented in the more favoured classes of society, and might therefore, so far as the nature of things is responsible, be prevented in all. Part of the destruction is caused by positive crime; part by unavoidable distress; part, and by far the largest part, by indifference and neglect. Omitting for the present those who are starved and

those who are murdered, and confining ourselves to the great bulk of infant mortality, let us ask whether any means exist by which it can be successfully encountered. Encountered, I presume, it ought to be if possible; we have not yet wholly outgrown the idea that there is something in human life more sacred than in the lives of animals, and a murrain among the cattle is considered a sufficient subject for an Act of Parliament. Men say impatiently that the parents are to blame; if the father spent the money which he wastes at the ginshop, in providing better clothes and food for his family, this alone would save half of those who die; but duty is a matter of conscience, and you cannot make people moral by statute. We commend the consideration to the better thoughts of our governors. Children, however, are the property of the State as well as of their parents. Were it a question of sheep and oxen we should look about for some other answer. Unhappily, the supply of human creatures is in excess of the demand as English society is now constituted; and there is no interest public or private in keeping more babies than necessary alive. The fathers and mothers find them a burden, and statesmen with their hands full of other matters look on unconcerned. The neglect on both sides is monstrous, unnatural, and requires explanation; and the explanatien lies in the organization or disorganization of modern industry; in tendencies at work alike in town and country, which increase in force in geometrical proportion with the extension of the modern conditions of labour. The artisans in the

great cities, the agricultural labourers driven out of the old-fashioned hamlets and huddled into villages, are heaped together in masses where wholesome life is impossible. Their wages may be nominally rising, sufficiently, perhaps, to keep pace with the rise of prices, but wages form only a small part of the matter. The agricultural labourer lodges now many miles from his work. He leaves his home in the early morning, he returns to it late at night. The ground in town has become so enormously valuable that the factory hand and the mechanic can afford but a single room, at the best two. When his day's toil is over he has no temptation to return to the squalid nest which is all that society can allow him, and he finds the beer-house and the gin palace a grateful exchange. The wife, obliged herself to work to supply the empty platters, must be absent also many hours from home; she has no leisure to attend to her children, and they grow up as they can, to fall a prey to disease and accidents which lie in wait for them at every turn.

A stranger travelling on a railway from end to end of England would think that there was no civilized country in the world where there was so much elbow room. He sees enormous extents of pasture land and undulating fallows cultivated to the highest point of productiveness, with only at intervals symptoms of human habitations. He sees the palaces of the noble and the wealthy set in the midst of magnificent parks, studded with forest trees and sheets of ornamental water, or maintained for game preserves and artificial

wildernesses. In Scotland he sees whole counties kept as deer forests and grouse moors, that the great of the land may have their six weeks' enjoyment there in the autumn. Room enough and to spare he would naturally think there must be in a land where ground could be devoted so lavishly to mere amusement. If he is guest at one of these grand mansions he will be told, as Mr Goschen says, that over-population is a dream. He gazes across the broad-reaching lawns, or down the stately avenues. Miles distant he sees the belt of forest which bounds the domain and holds the outer world at bay. His host tells him with pride that from his own coal and iron are made the rails which shall link together the provinces of India, that there is no limit to English production, to English wealth, to English greatness. True enough, there never was in any country such productiveness, never any system which extracted larger material results from the loins and sinews of human beings, and never any which recognized less obligation to those beings by whose toil all this wealth has been created.

What would you have? it is impatiently asked. What ought to be done? I should say at any rate do not let the present condition of things develop further till you have learnt better how to govern it, and how to apportion better the moral and material proceeds of it. Remove as many of the people annually as will make room for the natural increase. You will then have breathing time to look about you and overtake the confusion which is every day becoming now more

intolerable. At best you will succeed but imperfectly in reducing the numbers, for as you relieve the pressure at home many of the children who now die will survive. The employer may take heart. When we have done our utmost we shall make no depletion in the labour market. But the rate at which our moral disorders are growing will at least be checked. If nothing else, we shall have saved a moiety of infants from a miserable death; and if England itself is to remain the land of those burning contrasts which are now so appalling, we shall be planting a race of Englishmen elsewhere who may grow up under the happier conditions which belonged to our fathers. The aged oak may decay at the heart and yet still stand for centuries, when it is fed by healthy juices from its extremities. Two alternatives lie palpably open to us at this moment. Shall there be a British Empire of which the inexhaustible resources shall be made available for the whole commonwealth? Shall there be tens of millions of British subjects rooted in different parts of the globe loyal all to one crown, and loyal to each other because sharing equally and fairly in the common patrimony? Or shall there be an England of rich men in which the multitude are sacrificed to the luxuries of the few, an England of which the pleasant parks and woodlands are the preserves of the great; and the millions, the creators of the wealth, swill and starve amidst dirt and disease and vice and drunkenness and infanticide?

Every day makes it more clear that the true objection to emigration, the true cause of all this feeling so

lately broken out among us that England is sufficient for itself, and that the colonies are a burden to it, is the interest of the landowners and the employers of labour. The time may come, perhaps may be very near, when their wealth may not be tenable on those terms. If we are put to the test we shall require all our strength, and it will be well for us if we have a nation to fall back upon whose loyalty we have deserved, and whose tempers we may safely trust. But we cannot have everything. We cannot have patriotism in the people, and political economy the sole rule of statesmanship. Money will not save us. We cannot buy off invasion as the failing Roman Empire tried to buy off the barbarians. We must rely upon the sentimental virtues, and we must take means to foster those virtues. If we tell the people in the name of our Government that they and theirs have no inheritance in the land of their fathers, that the world is a great market where they must higgle for themselves, and make their own bargains, the mill hand or farm labourer will be a mere fool if he risk his life or bear taxation for a country which disowns concern in him.

We are not particularly sanguine that a large Imperial policy will receive consideration, at this time especially, when immediate peril seems to be no longer at our doors. Were we even in positive danger it is unlikely that the wealthy part of England would consent to a self-denying ordinance which would demand immediate sacrifices; and yet ten millions would be a cheap investment if it secured the attachment of the

colonies, and taught our people that the commonwealth, in the old sense of that most meaning word, was still the care of English statesmen. After all, what are those hundred and forty millions of savings? They are savings from what? The whole of it is the produce of English labour, the earnings of the working men themselves, however directed by intelligence, and assisted by capital. It is no very great thing to ask that a portion of this great sum should be expended in their interests.

Doubtless, however, a Parliament which would take this view of the matter would be a Parliament returned by the working men themselves, and the working men, if they take the power into their own hands, will not use it for such a wholesome purpose as emigration. The working men have set far different ends before them. They see their masters growing in splendour and luxury. They see their own condition unimproved, and under the existing system unimprovable. They see the soil of England becoming the demesne of an ever-diminishing number of fortune's favourites, and their cherished idea, it is well known, is a redivision of the land, and their own restoration to a share in the general inheritance. They know that the land laws of England are different from the land laws of any other country in the world. They do not ask how far the monopoly which they deprecate may be due to causes which legislation did not produce and cannot remedy. They do not inquire what the effect would be of a violent disturbance of landed tenures, or how far they would obtain from a division of the soil the happiness

they anticipate. They insist that the land is national property, and they demand that they shall be no longer excluded from their natural rights.

Men possessed with an idea cannot be reasoned with. Divide England, Scotland, and Ireland as they will, two-thirds of our thirty millions could not live on the produce of the land, and an interference with the rights of property would paralyze manufactures and destroy the means of support for the rest. As little can the trades-unions do for the distribution of the profits of labour with their arbitrary restrictions upon work and their wild notions of a dead level of reward, where the idle and incapable shall share alike with the skilful and industrious. The problem as they approach it is insoluble. They are like children grasping at the moon.

Nevertheless, it is in these directions that their thoughts are running, and sooner or later the organization of the unions will be turned upon politics, and upon securing a majority in the House of Commons to carry out these notions. The gin and beer are doubtless elements of conservatism. The satisfaction of the vulgar politician at the increased consumption of such things is not without reason. The thriftless vagabond who carries his week's wages on Saturday afternoon to the pot-house, and emerges out of his bestiality on Tuesday morning to earn the materials for a fresh debauch—this delightful being has nothing politically dangerous about him. He will sell his vote to the highest bidder, and look no further than his quart of half-and-half. The working men, however, as a body,

are alive to the disgrace of their order. Some day or other they may check for themselves what they have vainly petitioned the Legislature to assist them in restraining; and whether or no, the present elements of confusion in English society are sufficiently threatening. If we allow our industrial system to extend in the same manner and at the same rate of increase as hitherto, every feature most fraught with danger must increase along with it. The boundary line between rich and poor will be more and more sharply defined. The number of those who can afford to hold land must diminish as by a law of nature. The wealthy will become more wealthy, the luxurious more luxurious, while there will be an ever enlarging multitude deeply tinctured with mere heathenism, left to shift for themselves, and resentful of the neglect, with the cost of living keeping pace with the advance of wages, and therefore in the presence of an enormous accumulation of capital, condemned, apparently for ever, to the same hopeless condition, and yet with political power in their hands if they care to use it.

No one who is not wilfully blind can suppose that such a state of things can continue. Human society is made possible only by the observance of certain moral conditions; and tendencies which, if not positively immoral, are yet not positively moral, but material and mechanical, must and will issue at last in a convulsive effort to restore the social equilibrium.

England, itself, is committed for good or evil to be a great manufacturing country. Let her manufactures

cease, and her political greatness is at an end. It is not equally necessary that they should be extended beyond their present limit. It is not equally necessary that the stability of the Empire should exclusively depend on them. Providence or our fathers' energy has brought splendid territories under the British flag, where fresh communities of us may spring up dependent on less precarious terms. The millions to be hereafter added to our numbers may be occupied in the cultivation of land, whilst our efforts at home may be turned, for the future, rather to improving the quality of what we produce than multiplying the quantity of it, and to bringing under control the dirt, and ignorance, and disease, and crime which are making our great towns into nurseries of barbarism. The employers might allay their alarms. The initial loss, if loss there was, would compensate itself in the good-will of the employed, and in the improved work in which that good-will would show itself. The surest road to the development of trade, it has been proved to demonstration, lies in the development of the colonies.

Little sanguine as we are, therefore, we conclude, as they say in the House of Commons, with a motion—we invite the Ministry no longer to indulge in indolent satisfaction with the revival of trade, but to look upon it merely as a reprieve, as a breathing time in which they may take precautions against the return of evil days. We invite them to reconsider the political effects of the exodus of the Irish, and to regard it not as an example but as a warning. We invite them to reflect

that, although our colonies might be considered an embarrassment to us if they were embedded in continents and accessible only through the territories of other nations, yet that with a water highway to their doors they are so disposed as to contribute to a mercantile state such as ours not weakness but enormous strength; that the ten millions by whom those colonies are now occupied might become fifty millions, yet the addition be felt only in providing openings for yet vaster numbers; that the sovereign of this country would be possessed of so many more devoted and prosperous subjects; and that by providing this outlet, the only sure measures would have been taken for the improvement of our people at home.

The terms on which the colonies are to remain attached to us may be left to settle themselves. There is no occasion for present change, if it be understood that we have no desire to part with them, and if colonists are admitted freely to such honours and privileges as the State confers on distinguished subjects. Healthy confederations must grow, and cannot be made. The only stable bond of union is mutual good-will.

EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS AT ST ANDREW'S, MARCH 19, 1869.

MY first duty, in the observations which I am about to address to you, is to make my personal acknowledgments on the occasion which has brought me to this place. When we begin our work in this world, we value most the approbation of those older than ourselves. To be regarded favourably by those who have obtained distinction bids us hope that we too, by and by, may come to be distinguished in turn. As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities. Our expectations for the future shrink to modest dimensions. The question with us is no longer what we shall do, but what we have done. We call ourselves to account for the time and talents which we have used or misused, and then it is that the good opinion of those who are coming after us becomes so peculiarly agreeable. If we have been roughly handled by our contemporaries, it flatters our self-conceit to have in-

terested another generation. If we feel that we have before long to pass away, we can dream of a second future for ourselves in the thoughts of those who are about to take their turn upon the stage.

Therefore it is that no recognition of efforts of mine which I have ever received has given me so much pleasure as my election by you as your Rector; an honour as spontaneously and generously bestowed by you as it was unlooked for, I may say undreamt of, by me.

Many years ago, when I was first studying the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, rising out of the grey waters, a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it.

'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place.'

Gentlemen, that town was St Andrew's, that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back and did 'glorify God' in this place and others to some purpose.

Well, if anybody had told me, when I was reading about this, that I also should one day come to St An-

drew's and be called on to address the University, I should have listened with more absolute incredulity than Knox's comrade listened to that prophecy.

Yet, inconceivable as it would then have seemed, the unlikely has become fact. I am addressing the successors of that remote generation of students whom Knox, at the end of his life, 'called round him,' in the yard of this very College, 'and exhorted them,' as James Melville tells us, 'to know God and stand by the good cause, and use their time well.' It will be happy for me if I, too, can read a few words to you out of the same lesson-book; for to make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists. Duty changes, truth expands, one age cannot teach another either the details of its obligations or the matter of its knowledge, but the principle of obligation is everlasting. The consciousness of duty, whatever its origin, is to the moral nature of man what *life* is in the seed-cells of all organized creatures: the condition of its coherence, the elementary force in virtue of which it grows.

Every one admits this in words. Rather, it has become a cant now-a-days to make a parade of noble intentions. But when we pass beyond the verbal proposition our guides fail us, and we are left in practice to grope our way or guess it as we can. So far as our special occupations go, there is no uncertainty. Are we traders, mechanics, lawyers, doctors?

—we know our work. Our duty is to do it as honestly and as well as we can. When we pass to our larger interests, to those which concern us as men—to what Knox meant 'by knowing God and standing by the good cause'—I suppose there has been rarely a time in the history of the world when intelligent people have held more opposite opinions. The Scots to whom Knox was speaking knew well enough. They had their Bibles as the rule of their lives. They had broken down the tyranny of a contemptible superstition. They were growing up into yeomen, farmers, artisans, traders, scholars, or ministers, each with the business of his life clearly marked out before him. Their duty was to walk uprightly by the light of the Ten Commandments, and to fight with soul and body against the high-born scoundreldom and spiritual sorcery which were combining to make them again into slaves.

I will read you a description of the leaders of the great party in Scotland against whom the Protestants and Knox were contending. I am not going to quote any fierce old Calvinist who will be set down as a bigot and a liar. My witness is M. Fontenay, brother of the secretary of Mary Stuart, who was residing here on Mary Stuart's business. The persons of whom he was speaking were the so-called Catholic Lords; and the occasion was in a letter to herself:—

'The Sirens,' wrote this M. Fontenay, 'which bewitch the lords of this country are money and power. If I preach to them of their duty to their Sovereign—if I talk to them of honour, of justice, of virtue, of the

illustrious actions of their forefathers, and of the example which they should themselves bequeath to their posterity—they think me *a fool.* They can talk of these things themselves—talk as well as the best philosophers in Europe. But, when it comes to action, they are like the Athenians, who knew what was good, but would not do it. The misfortune of Scotland is that the noble lords will not look beyond the points of their shoes. They care nothing for the future and less for the past.'

To free Scotland from the control of an unworthy aristocracy, to bid the dead virtues live again, and plant the eternal rules in the consciences of the people —this, as I understand it, was what Knox was working at, and it was comparatively a simple thing. It was simple, because the difficulty was not to know what to do, but how to do it. It required no special discernment to see into the fitness for government of lords like those described by Fontenay; or to see the difference as a rule of life between the New Testament and a creed that issued in Jesuitism and the massacre of St Bartholomew. The truth was plain as the sun. The thing then wanted was *courage;* courage in common men to risk their persons, to venture the high probability that before the work was done they might have their throats cut, or see their houses burnt over their heads.

Times are changed; we are still surrounded by temptations, but they no longer appear in the shape of stake and gallows. They come rather as intellectual

perplexities, on the largest and gravest questions which concern us as human creatures; perplexities with regard to which self-interest is perpetually tempting us to be false to our real convictions. The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little. Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art. The drawing-master can direct his pupil generally in the principles of art. He can teach him here and there to avoid familiar stumbling-blocks. But the pupil must himself realize every rule which the master gives him. He must spoil a hundred copy-books before the lesson will yield its meaning to him. Action is the real teacher. Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all. In every accomplishment, every mastery of truth, moral, spiritual, or mechanical,

> Necesse est
> Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris:

our acquirements must grow into us in marvellous ways —marvellous—as anything connected with man has been, is, and will be.

I have but the doubtful advantage, in speaking to you, of a few more years of life; and even whether years bring wisdom or do not bring it is far from certain. The fact of growing older teaches many of us to respect notions which we once believed to be antiquated. Our intellectual joints stiffen, and our fathers' crutches have attractions for us. You must therefore take the remarks that I am going to make at what appears to

you their intrinsic value. Stranger as I am to all of you, and in a relation with you which is only transient, I can but offer you some few general conclusions which have forced themselves on me during my own experience, in the hope that you may find them not wholly useless. And as it is desirable to give form to remarks which might otherwise be desultory, I will follow the train of thought suggested by our presence at this place and the purpose which brings you here. You stand on the margin of the great world, into which you are about to be plunged, to sink or swim. We will consider the stock-in-trade, the moral and mental furniture, with which you will start upon your journey.

In the first place you are Scots; you come of a fine stock, and much will be expected of you. If we except the Athenians and Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as you have done. No people have a juster right to be proud of their blood. I suppose, if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant or to be the heir of an Indian rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer: we should none of us object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed who would have sold his birthright for them. Well, then, *Noblesse oblige;* all blood is noble here, and a noble life should go along with it. It is not for nothing that you here and we in England come, both of us, of our respective races; we inherit honourable traditions and memories; we inherit quali-

ties inherent in our bone and blood, which have been earned for us, no thanks to ourselves, by twenty generations of ancestors; our fortunes are now linked together for good and evil, never more to be divided; but when we examine our several contributions to the common stock, the account is more in your favour than ours.

More than once you saved English Protestantism; you may have to save it again, for all that I know, at the rate at which our English parsons are now running. You gave us the Stuarts, but you helped us to get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery. For shrewdness of head, thorough-going completeness, contempt of compromise, and moral backbone, no set of people were ever started into life more generously provided. You did not make these things; it takes many generations to breed high qualities either of mind or body; but you have them, they are a fine capital to commence business with, and, as I said, *Noblesse oblige.*

So much for what you bring with you into the world. And the other part of your equipment is only second in importance to it: I mean your education. There is no occasion to tell a Scotchman to value education. On this, too, you have set us an example which we are beginning to imitate: I only wish our prejudices and jealousies would allow us to imitate it thoroughly. In the form of your education, whether in the parish

school or here at the university, there is little to be desired. It is fair all round to poor and rich alike. You have broken down, or you never permitted to rise, the enormous barrier of expense which makes the highest education in England a privilege of the wealthy. The subject-matter is another thing. Whether the subjects to which, either with you or with us, the precious years of boyhood and youth continue to be given, are the best in themselves, whether they should be altered or added to, and if so, in what direction and to what extent; are questions which all the world is busy with. Education is on everybody's lips. Our own great schools and colleges are in the middle of a revolution, which, like most revolutions, means discontent with what we have, and no clear idea of what we would have. You yourselves cannot here have wholly escaped the infection, or if you have, you will not escape it long. The causes are not far to seek. On the one hand there is the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, through the progress of science, and the investigation on all sides into the present and past condition of this planet and its inhabitants; on the other, the equally increased range of occupations, among which the working part of mankind are now distributed, and for one or other of which our education is intended to qualify us. It is admitted by every one that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century. Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and

literatures of our own and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious student cannot be expected to cope with.

It may seem presumptuous in a person like myself, unconnected as I have been for many years with any educational body, to obtrude my opinion on these things. Yet outsiders, it is said, sometimes see deeper into a game than those who are engaged in playing it.

In everything that we do or mean to do, the first condition of success is that we understand clearly the result which we desire to produce. The house-builder does not gather together a mass of bricks and timber and mortar, and trust that somehow a house will shape itself out of its materials. Wheels, springs, screws, and dial-plate will not constitute a watch, unless they are shaped and fitted with the proper relations to one another. I have long thought that, to educate successfully, you should first ascertain clearly, with sharp and distinct outline, what you mean by an educated man.

Now our ancestors, whatever their other shortcomings, understood what they meant perfectly well. In their primary education and in their higher education they knew what they wanted to produce, and they suited their means to their ends. They set out with the principle that every child born in the world should be taught his duty to God and man. The majority of people had to live, as they always must, by bodily labour; therefore every boy was as early as was con-

venient set to labour. He was not permitted to idle about the streets or lanes. He was apprenticed to some honest industry. Either he was sent to a farm, or, if his wits were sharper, he was allotted to the village carpenter, bricklayer, tailor, shoemaker, or whatever it might be. He was instructed in some positive calling by which he could earn his bread and become a profitable member of the commonwealth. Besides this, but not, you will observe, independent of it, you had in Scotland, established by Knox, your parish schools where he was taught to read, and, if he showed special talent that way, he was made a scholar of and trained for the ministry. But neither Knox nor any one in those days thought of what we call enlarging the mind. A boy was taught reading that he might read his Bible and learn to fear God and be ashamed and afraid to do wrong.

An eminent American was once talking to me of the school system in the United States. The boast and glory of it, in his mind, was that every citizen born had a fair and equal start in life. Every one of them knew that he had a chance of becoming President of the Republic, and was spurred to energy by the hope. Here, too, you see, is a distinct object. Young Americans are all educated alike. The aim put before them is to get on. They are like runners in a race, set to push and shoulder for the best places; never to rest contented, but to struggle forward in never-ending competition. It has answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, where the centre of gravity has not

yet determined into its place; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life so looked at are at best but few and the competitors many. 'For myself,' said the great Spinoza, 'I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's.' At any rate, it was not any such notion as this which Knox had before him when he instituted your parish schools. We had no parish schools in England for centuries after he was gone, but the object was answered by the Church catechizing and the Sunday school. Our boys, like yours, were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And, in both countries, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest, by industrial training. The essential thing was, that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself and his family in honour and independence.

Pass to the education of a scholar, and you find the same principle otherwise applied. There are two ways of being independent. If you require much, you must produce much. If you produce little, you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. They were a burden on others, and the

burden was made as light as possible. The thirty thousand students who gathered out of Europe to Paris to listen to Abelard did not travel in carriages, and they brought no portmanteaus with them. They carried their wardrobes on their backs. They walked from Paris to Padua, from Padua to Salamanca, and they begged their way along the roads. The laws against mendicancy in all countries were suspended in favour of scholars wandering in pursuit of knowledge, and formal licenses were issued to them to ask alms. At home, at his college, the scholar's fare was the hardest, his lodging was the barest. If rich in mind, he was expected to be poor in body; and so deeply was this theory grafted into English feeling that earls and dukes, when they began to frequent universities, shared the common simplicity. The furniture of a noble earl's room at an English university at present may cost, including the pictures of opera-dancers and race-horses and such like, perhaps five hundred pounds. When the magnificent Earl of Essex was sent to Cambridge, in Elizabeth's time, his guardians provided him with a deal table covered with green baize, a truckle bed, half-a-dozen chairs, and a wash-hand basin. The cost of all, I think, was five pounds.

You see what was meant. The scholar was held in high honour; but his contributions to the commonwealth were not appreciable in money, and were not rewarded with money. He went without what he could not produce, that he might keep his independence and his self-respect unharmed. Neither scholarship nor

science starved under this treatment; more noble souls have been smothered in luxury than were ever killed by hunger. Your Knox was brought up in this way, Buchanan was brought up in this way, Luther was brought up in this way, and Tyndal, who translated the Bible, and Milton and Kepler and Spinoza, and your Robert Burns. Compare Burns, bred behind the plough, and our English Byron!

This was the old education, which formed the character of the English and Scotch nations. It is dying away at both extremities, as no longer suited to what is called modern civilization. The apprenticeship as a system of instruction is gone. The discipline of poverty —not here as yet, I am happy to think, but in England—is gone also; and we have got instead what are called enlarged minds.

I ask a modern march-of-intellect man what education is for; and he tells me it is to make educated men. I ask what an educated man is: he tells me it is a man whose intelligence has been cultivated, who knows something of the world he lives in—the different races of men, their languages, their histories, and the books that they have written; and again, modern science, astronomy, geology, physiology, political economy, mathematics, mechanics—everything in fact which an educated man ought to know.

Education, according to this, means instruction in everything which human beings have done, thought, or discovered; all history, all languages, all sciences.

The demands which intelligent people imagine that

they can make on the minds of students in this way are something amazing. I will give you a curious illustration of it. When the competitive examination system was first set on foot, a board of examiners met to draw up their papers of questions. The scale of requirement had first to be settled. Among them a highly distinguished man, who was to examine in English history, announced that, for himself, he meant to set a paper for which Macaulay might possibly get full marks; and he wished the rest of the examiners to imitate him in the other subjects. I saw the paper which he set. I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen. And it was gravely expected that ordinary young men of twenty-one, who were to be examined also in Greek and Latin, in moral philosophy, in ancient history, in mathematics, and in two modern languages, were to show a proficiency in each and all of these subjects, which a man of mature age and extraordinary talents, like Macaulay, who had devoted his whole time to that special study, had attained only in one of them.

Under this system teaching becomes cramming; an enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds is thrust down the students' throats, to be poured out again, I might say vomited out, into examiners' laps; and this when it is notorious that the sole condition of making progress in any branch of art or knowledge is to leave on one side everything irrelevant to it, and to throw your undivided energy on the special thing you have in hand.

Our old Universities are struggling against these

absurdities. Yet, when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is scarcely more satisfactory. A young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty along with it. In his three years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable: while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, he cannot earn a sixpence for himself. An Oxford education fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man who has taken high honours there, who has learnt faithfully all that the University undertakes to teach him, has been seen in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia. That was all which he was found to be fit for when brought in contact with the primary realities of things.

It has become necessary to alter all this; but how and in what direction? If I go into modern model schools, I find first of all the three R's, about which we are all agreed; I find next the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honours to these; and then, by way of

keeping up with the times, 'abridgments,' 'text-books,' 'elements,' or whatever they are called, of a mixed multitude of matters, history, natural history, physiology, chronology, geology, political economy, and I know not what besides; general knowledge which, in my experience, means knowledge of nothing: stuff arranged admirably for one purpose, and one purpose only—to make a show in examinations. To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him—this, in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles. It is wonderful what a quantity of things of this kind a quick boy will commit to memory, how smartly he will answer questions, how he will show off in school inspections, and delight the heart of his master. But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as far as he will, if, when he leaves school, he has to make his own living? Lord Brougham once said he hoped a time would come when every man in England would read Bacon. William Cobbett, that you may have heard of, said he would be contented if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon. People talk about enlarging the mind. Some years ago I attended a lecture on education in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. Seven or eight thousand people were present, and among the speakers was one of the most popular orators of the day He talked in the usual way of the neglect of past generations, the benighted

peasant, in whose besotted brain even thought was extinct, and whose sole spiritual instruction was the dull and dubious parson's sermon. Then came the contrasted picture: the broad river of modern discovery flowing through town and hamlet, science shining as an intellectual sun, and knowledge and justice, as her handmaids, redressing the wrongs and healing the miseries of mankind. Then, rapt with inspired frenzy, the musical voice thrilling with transcendent emotion—'I seem,' the orator said, 'I seem to hear again the echo of that voice which rolled over the primeval chaos, saying, "Let there be light."'

As you may see a breeze of wind pass over standing corn and every stalk bends and a long wave sweeps across the field, so all that listening multitude swayed and wavered under the words. Yet, in plain prose, what did this gentleman definitely mean? First and foremost, a man has to earn his living, and all the 'ologies will not of themselves enable him to earn it. Light! yes, we want light, but it must be light which will help us to work and find food and clothes and lodging for ourselves. A modern school will undoubtedly sharpen the wits of a clever boy. He will go out into the world with the knowledge that there are a great many good things in it which it will be highly pleasant to get hold of; able as yet to do no one thing for which anybody will pay him, yet bent on pushing himself forward into the pleasant places somehow. Some intelligent people think that this is a promising state of mind, that an ardent desire to better our position is the most

powerful incentive that we can feel to energy and industry. A great political economist has defended the existence of a luxuriously-living idle class as supplying a motive for exertion to those who are less highly favoured. They are like Olympian gods, condescending to show themselves in their Empyrean, and saying to their worshippers, 'Make money, money enough, and you and your descendants shall become as we are, and shoot grouse and drink champagne all the days of your lives.'

No doubt this would be a highly influential incitement to activity of a sort; only it must be remembered that there are many sorts of activity, and short smooth cuts to wealth as well as long hilly roads. In civilized and artificial communities there are many ways, where fools have money and rogues want it, of effecting a change of possession. The process is at once an intellectual pleasure, extremely rapid, and every way more agreeable than dull mechanical labour. I doubt very much indeed whether the honesty of the country has been improved by the substitution so generally of mental education for industrial; and the three R's, if no industrial training has gone along with them, are apt, as Miss Nightingale observes, to produce a fourth R of rascaldom.

But it is only fair, if I quarrel alike with those who go forward and those who stand still, to offer an opinion of my own. If I call other people's systems absurd, in justice I must give them a system of my own to retort upon. Well, then, to recur once more to my question.

Before we begin to build, let us have a plan of the house that we would construct. Before we begin to train a boy's mind, I will try to explain what I, for my part, would desire to see done with it.

I will take the lowest scale first.

I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers, that every boy born into the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in honest independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said; by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. A poor man's child is brought here with no will of his own. We have no right to condemn him to be a mendicant or a rogue; he may fairly demand therefore to be put in the way of earning his bread by labour. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built. The old apprenticeship therefore was, in my opinion, an excellent system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments and a handicraft made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down: partly because it was abused

for purposes of tyranny; partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labour was unprofitable; partly because it opened no road for exceptional clever lads to rise into higher positions; they were started in a groove from which they could never afterwards escape.

Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability, the being able to do something and not merely to answer questions, must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labour.

Add knowledge afterwards as much as you will, but let it be knowledge which will lead to the doing better each particular work which a boy is practising; every fraction of it will thus be useful to him; and if he has it in him to rise, there is no fear but he will find opportunity. The poet Coleridge once said that every man might have two versions of his Bible; one the book that he read, the other the trade that he pursued, where he would find perpetual illustrations of every Bible truth in the thoughts which his occupation might open to him.

I would say, less fancifully, that every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

Every occupation, even the meanest—I don't say the scavenger's or the chimney-sweep's—but every productive occupation which adds anything to the capital of

mankind, if followed assiduously with a desire to understand everything connected with it, is an ascending stair whose summit is nowhere, and from the successive steps of which the horizon of knowledge perpetually enlarges. Take the lowest and most unskilled labour of all, that of the peasant in the field. The peasant's business is to make the earth grow food; the elementary rules of his art are the simplest, and the rude practice of it the easiest; yet between the worst agriculture and the best lies agricultural chemistry, the application of machinery, the laws of the economy of force, and the most curious problems of physiology. Each step of knowledge gained in these things can be immediately applied and realized. Each point of the science which the labourer masters will make him not only a wiser man but a better workman; and will either lift him, if he is ambitious, to a higher position, or make him more intelligent and more valuable if he remains where he is. If he be one of Lord Brougham's geniuses, he need not go to the Novum Organon; there is no direction in which his own subject will not lead him, if he cares to follow it, to the furthest boundary of thought. Only I insist on this, that information shall go along with practice, and the man's work become more profitable while he himself becomes wiser. He may then go far, or he may stop short; but whichever he do, what he has gained will be real gain, and become part and parcel of himself.

It sounds like mockery to talk thus of the possible prospects of the toil-worn drudge who drags his limbs

at the day's end to his straw pallet, sleeps heavily, and wakes only to renew the weary round. I am but comparing two systems of education, from each of which the expected results may be equally extravagant. I mean only that if there is to be this voice rolling over chaos again, ushering in a millennium, the way of it lies through industrial teaching, where the practical underlies the intellectual. The millions must ever be condemned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labour more productive by being more scientific; which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being, by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind.

I spoke of the field labourer. I might have gone through the catalogue of manual craftsmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, cobblers, fishermen, what you will. The same rule applies to them all. Detached facts on miscellaneous subjects, as they are taught at a modern school, are like separate letters of endless alphabets. You may load the mechanical memory with them till it becomes a marvel of retentiveness. Your young prodigy may amaze examiners, and delight inspectors. His achievements may be emblazoned in blue-books, and furnish matter for flattering reports on the excellence of our educational system; and all this while you have been feeding him with chips of granite. But arrange your letters into words, and each becomes a thought, a symbol waking in the mind an image of a real thing. Group your words

into sentences, and thought is married to thought, and produces other thoughts, and the chips of granite become soft bread, wholesome, nutritious, and invigorating. Teach your boys subjects which they can only remember mechanically, and you teach them nothing which it is worth their while to know. Teach them facts and principles which they can apply and use in the work of their lives; and if the object be to give your clever working lads a chance of rising to become Presidents of the United States, or millionnaires with palaces and powdered footmen, the ascent into those blessed conditions will be easier and healthier, along the track of an instructed industry, than by the paths which the most keenly sharpened wits would be apt to choose for themselves.

To pass to the next scale, which more properly concerns us here. As the world requires handicrafts, so it requires those whose work is with the brain, or with the brain and hand combined—doctors, lawyers, engineers, ministers of religion. Bodies become deranged, affairs become deranged, sick souls require their sores to be attended to; and so arise the learned professions, to one or other of which I presume that most of you whom I am addressing intend to belong. Well, to the education for the professions I would apply the same principle. The student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after he leaves it as possible. I am well aware that a professional education cannot be completed at a University; but it is true also that with every profes-

sion there is a theoretic or scientific groundwork which can be learnt nowhere so well, and, if those precious years are wasted on what is useless, will never be learnt properly at all. You are going to be a lawyer: you must learn Latin, for you cannot understand the laws of Scotland without it; but if you must learn another language, Norman French will be more useful to you than Greek, and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland more important reading than Livy or Thucydides. Are you to be a doctor?—you must learn Latin too; but neither Thucydides nor the Acts of Parliament will be of use to you—you must learn chemistry; and if you intend hereafter to keep on a level with your science, you must learn modern French and German, and learn them thoroughly well, for mistakes in your work are dangerous.

Are you to be an engineer? You must work now, when you have time, at mathematics. You will make no progress without it. You must work at chemistry; it is the grammar of all physical sciences, and there is hardly one of the physical sciences with which you may not require to be acquainted. The world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island. You may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad: therefore now also, while you have time, learn French, or German, or Russian, or Chinese. The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English or Scotch engineer instant and unbounded occupation.

The principle that I advocate is of earth, earthy. I

am quite aware of it. We are ourselves made of earth; our work is on the earth; and most of us are commonplace people, who are obliged to make the most of our time. History, poetry, logic, moral philosophy, classical literature, are excellent as ornament. If you care for such things, they may be the amusement of your leisure hereafter; but they will not help you to stand on your feet and walk alone; and no one is properly a man till he can do that. You cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all. You must choose among them, and the only reasonable guide to choice in such matters is utility. The old saying, Non multa sed multum, becomes every day more pressingly true. If we mean to thrive, we must take one line and rigidly and sternly confine our energies to it. Am I told that it will make men into machines? I answer that no men are machines who are doing good work conscientiously and honestly, with the fear of their Maker before them. And if a doctor or a lawyer has it in him to become a *great* man, he can ascend through his profession to any height to which his talents are equal. All that is open to the handicraftsman is open to him, only that he starts a great many rounds higher up the ladder.

What I deplore in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life. We had a theory at Oxford that our system, however defective in many ways, yet developed in us

some especially precious human qualities. Classics and philosophy are called there literæ humaniores. They are supposed to have an effect on character, and to be specially adapted for creating ministers of religion. The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special object of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of colleges, the resident fellows, tutors, professors are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves.

Well, then, if they have hold of the right idea, the effect ought to have been considerable. We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us: churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers have been poured out by the hundreds of thousands; while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on

the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never, during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal.

The late Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of his having been once late in life at the University Church at Cambridge, and of having seen a verger there whom he remembered when he was himself an undergraduate. The Bishop said he was glad to see him looking so well at such a great age. 'Oh yes, my Lord,' the fellow said, 'I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still.'

Classical philosophy, classical history and literature, taking, as they do, no hold upon the living hearts and imagination of men in this modern age, leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome, if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually round them instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air.

But it was not of this that I came here to speak.

What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal 'Not yours' set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled—such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. It is a right which was recognized in one shape or another by our ancestors. It must be recognized now and always, if we are not to become a mutinous rabble. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low. We have not to look any longer to this island only. There is an abiding place now for Englishmen and Scots wherever our flag is flying. This narrow Britain, once our only home, has become the breeding-place and nursery of a race which is spreading over the world. Year after year we are swarming as the bees swarm; and year after year, and I hope more and more, high-minded young men of all ranks will prefer free air and free elbow-room for mind and body to the stool and desk of the dingy office, the ill-paid drudgery of the crowded ranks of the professions, or the hopeless labour of our home farmsteads and workshops.

Education always should contemplate this larger sphere, and cultivate the capacities which will command success there. Britain may have yet a future before

it grander than its past; instead of a country standing alone, complete in itself, it may become the metropolis of an enormous and coherent empire: but on this condition only, that her children, when they leave her shores, shall look back upon her, not—like the poor Irish when they fly to America—as a stepmother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after-prosperity. Whether this shall be so, whether England has reached its highest point of greatness, and will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends on ourselves, and depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured, and wisely taught and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honour of the name he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Canadian lakes or in New Zealand. Our island shores will be stretched till they cover half the globe. It was not so that we colonized America, and we are reaping now the reward of our carelessness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, You are a burden upon the rates; go find

a home elsewhere. Had we offered him a home in the enormous territories that belong to us, we might have sent him to places where he would have been no burden but a blessing. But we bade him carelessly go where he would, and shift as he could for himself; he went with a sense of burning wrong, and he left a festering sore behind him. Injustice and heedlessness have borne their proper fruits. We have raised up against us a mighty empire to be the rival, it may be the successful rival, of our power.

Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we are doing when we trifle with feelings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us—most beautiful, most enduring, most hard to be obliterated—yet feelings which, when they are obliterated, cannot change to neutrality and cold friendship. Americans still, in spite of themselves, speak of England as home. They tell us they must be our brothers or our enemies, and which of the two they will ultimately be is still uncertain.

I beg your pardon for this digression; but there are subjects on which we feel sometimes compelled to speak in season and out of it.

To go back.

I shall be asked whether, after all, this earning our living, this getting on in the world, are not low objects for human beings to set before themselves. Is not spirit more than matter? Is there no such thing as pure intellectual culture? 'Philosophy,' says Novalis, 'will bake no bread, but it gives us our souls; it gives us

Heaven; it gives us knowledge of those grand truths which concern us as immortal beings.' Was it not said, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' This is not entirely a dream! But such high counsels as these are addressed only to few; and perhaps fewer still have heart to follow them. If you choose the counsels of perfection, count the cost, and understand what they mean. I knew a student once from whose tongue dropped the sublimest of sentiments; who was never weary of discoursing on beauty and truth and lofty motives; who seemed to be longing for some gulf to jump into, like the Roman Curtius—some 'fine opening for a young man' into which to plunge and devote himself for the benefit of mankind. Yet he was running all the while into debt, squandering the money on idle luxuries which his father was sparing out of a narrow income to give him a college education; dreaming of martyrdom, and unable to sacrifice a single pleasure!

The words which I quoted were not spoken to all the disciples, but to the Apostles who were about to wander over the world as barefoot missionaries.

High above all occupations which have their beginning and end in the seventy years of mortal life, stand undoubtedly the unproductive callings which belong to spiritual culture. Only, let not those who say we will

devote ourselves to truth, to wisdom, to science, to art, expect to be rewarded with the wages of the other professions.

University education in England was devoted to spiritual culture, and assumed its present character in consequence; but, as I told you before, it taught originally the accompanying necessary lesson of poverty. The ancient scholar lived, during his course, upon alms —alms either from living patrons, or founders and benefactors. But the scale of his allowance provided for no indulgences; either he learnt something besides his Latin, or he learnt to endure hardship. And if a University persists in teaching nothing but what it calls the Humanities, it is bound to insist also on rough clothing, hard beds, and common food. For myself, I admire that ancient rule of the Jews that every man, no matter of what grade or calling, shall learn some handicraft; that the man of intellect, while, like St Paul, he is teaching the world, yet, like St Paul, may be burdensome to no one. A man was not considered entitled to live if he could not keep himself from starving. Surely those University men who had taken honours, breaking stones on an Australian road, were sorry spectacles; and still more sorry and disgraceful is the outcry coming by every mail from our colonies: 'Send us no more of what you call educated men; send us smiths, masons, carpenters, day labourers; all of those will thrive, will earn their eight, ten, or twelve shillings a day; but your educated man is a log on our hands; he loafs in uselessness till his means are spent, he

then turns billiard-marker, enlists as a soldier, or starves.' It hurts no intellect to be able to make a boat or a house, or a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes, or hammer a horse-shoe; and if you can do either of these, you have nothing to fear from fortune. 'I will work with my hands, and keep my brain for myself,' said some one proudly, when it was proposed to him that he should make a profession of literature. Spinoza, the most powerful intellectual worker that Europe has produced during the last two centuries, waving aside the pensions and legacies that were thrust upon him, chose to maintain himself by grinding object-glasses for microscopes and telescopes.

If a son of mine told me that he wished to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, I would act as I should act if he wished to make an imprudent marriage. I would absolutely prohibit him for a time, till the firmness of his purpose had been tried. If he stood the test, and showed real talent, I would insist that he should in some way make himself independent of the profits of intellectual work for subsistence. Scholars and philosophers were originally clergymen. Now-a-days a great many people whose tendencies lie in the clerical direction yet for various reasons shrink from the obligations which the office imposes. They take, therefore, to literature, and attempt and expect to make a profession of it.

Now, without taking a transcendental view of the matter, literature happens to be the only occupation in which the wages are not in proportion to the goodness

of the work done. It is not that they are generally small, but the adjustment of them is awry. It is true that in all callings nothing great will be produced if the first object be what you can make by them. To do what you do well should be the first thing, the wages the second; but except in the instances of which I am speaking, the rewards of a man are in proportion to his skill and industry. The best carpenter receives the highest pay. The better he works, the better for his prospects. The best lawyer, the best doctor, commands most practice and makes the largest fortune. But with literature, a different element is introduced into the problem. The present rule on which authors are paid is by the page and the sheet; the more words the more pay. It ought to be exactly the reverse. Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought and patient and painful elaboration. Work of this kind, done hastily, would be better not done at all. When completed, it will be small in bulk; it will address itself for a long time to the few and not to the many. The reward for it will not be measurable, and not obtainable in money except after many generations, when the brain out of which it was spun has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular, in the sense of being widely bought. No collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was demanded in Shakespeare's life. Milton received five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' The distilled essence of the thought

of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced, fills a moderate-sized octavo volume; Spinoza's works, including his surviving letters, fill but three; and though they have revolutionized the philosophy of Europe, have no attractions for the multitude. A really great man has to create the taste with which he is to be enjoyed. There are splendid exceptions of merit eagerly recognized and early rewarded—our honoured English Laureate, for instance, Alfred Tennyson, or your own countryman Thomas Carlyle. Yet even Tennyson waited through ten years of depreciation before poems which are now on every one's lips passed into a second edition. Carlyle, whose transcendent powers were welcomed in their infancy by Goethe, who long years ago was recognized by statesmen and thinkers in both hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men; yet, if success be measured by what has been paid him for his services, stands far below your Belgravian novelist. A hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among them.

If you make literature a trade to live by, you will be tempted always to take your talents to the most profitable market; and the most profitable market will be no assurance to you that you are making a noble or even a worthy use of them. Better a thousand times, if your object is to advance your position in life, that you should choose some other calling of which making money is a legitimate aim, and where your success will vary as the goodness of your work; better for your-

selves, for your consciences, for your own souls, as we use to say, and for the world you live in.

Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor: care only for what is true and right and good. On those conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter.

I have detained you long, but I cannot close without a few more general words. We live in times of change—political change, intellectual change, change of all kinds. You whose minds are active, especially such of you as give yourselves much to speculation, will be drawn inevitably into profoundly interesting yet perplexing questions, of which our fathers and grandfathers knew nothing. Practical men engaged in business take formulas for granted. They cannot be for ever running to first principles. They hate to see established opinions disturbed. Opinions, however, will and must be disturbed from time to time. There is no help for it. The minds of ardent and clever students are particularly apt to move fast in these directions; and thus when they go out into the world, they find themselves exposed to one of two temptations, according to their temperament: either to lend themselves to what is popular and plausible, to conceal their

real convictions, to take up with what we call in England humbug, to humbug others, or, perhaps, to keep matters still smoother, to humbug themselves; or else to quarrel violently with things which they imagine to be passing away, and which they consider should be quick in doing it, as having no basis in truth. A young man of ability now-a-days is extremely likely to be tempted into one or other of these lines. The first is the more common on my side of the Tweed; the harsher and more thorough-going, perhaps, on yours. Things are changing, and have to change, but they change very slowly. The established authorities are in possession of the field, and are naturally desirous to keep it. And there is no kind of service which they more eagerly reward than the support of clever fellows who have dipped over the edge of latitudinarianism, who profess to have sounded the disturbing currents of the intellectual seas, and discovered that they are accidental or unimportant.

On the other hand, men who cannot away with this kind of thing are likely to be exasperated into unwise demonstrativeness, to become radicals in politics and radicals in thought. Their private disapprobation bursts into open enmity; and this road too, if they continue long upon it, leads to no healthy conclusions. No one can thrive upon denials: positive truth of some kind is essential as food both for mind and character. Depend upon it that in all long-established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt

to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions which you are in a hurry to solve. And again, intellectually impatient people should remember the rules of social courtesy, which forbid us in private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others. These rules, if they do not absolutely forbid us to obtrude opinions which offend those who do not share them, yet require us to pause and consider. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own. We may say justly to any one, You shall not make me profess to think true what I believe to be false; you shall not make me do what I do not think just: but there our natural liberty ends. Others have as good a right to their opinion as we have to ours. To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious subjects, I recommend a long suffering reticence and the reflection that, after all, he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals or Conservatives we require to be often reminded that truth or falsehood, justice or injustice, are no creatures of our own belief. We cannot make true things false, or false things true, by choosing to think them so. We cannot vote right into wrong or wrong into right. The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation. If we discover and obey them, it is well with us; but that is all we can do. You can no more make a social regulation

work well which is not just than you can make water run uphill.

I tell you therefore, who take up with plausibilities, not to trust your weight too far upon them, and not to condemn others for having misgivings which at the bottom of your own minds, if you look so deep, you will find that you share yourselves with them. You, who believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it, as you may and must show it, unless you are misled by your own dreams, in leading wider, simpler, and nobler lives. Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly and quietly; respecting others as you wish to be respected yourselves. Only and especially I would say this: be honest with yourselves, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own minds.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, *insincerity* is the most dangerous.

> This above all. To your own selves be true,
> And it will follow, as the night the day,
> You cannot then be false to any man.

ENGLAND'S WAR.

WHEN the last shot had been fired at Waterloo, Great Britain was indisputably the first Power in the world. From that day to this we have run a career, almost without a check, of what has been called unexampled prosperity. Yet at the end of these fifty-five years English officers tell us that they can scarcely show their faces at a table d'hôte in Germany without danger of affront. English opinion is without weight. English power is ridiculed. Our influence in the councils of Europe is a thing of the past. We are told, half officially, that it is time for us to withdraw altogether from the concerns of the Continent; while, on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr Emerson calmly intimates to an approving audience, that the time is not far off when the Union must throw its protecting shield over us in our approaching decrepitude. We are still able to make ourselves hated; we cannot save ourselves from being despised; and, however we may

resent the attitude which the world is assuming towards us, we are painfully aware that we owe our exemption from immediate danger to our geographical position alone, and that if our fleet were accidentally disabled, and a well-appointed army of a hundred thousand men were thrown upon our shores, we could offer no effective resistance. We are perplexed, impatient, irritated; and with perfect justice. We are not conscious of any serious decay in our national character and spirit; we have not been niggardly in our supplies; even in our humours of extremest economy we vote sums annually for our military service which suffice elsewhere to provide troops in any numbers of the most admirable efficiency. There are some among us who conceive that we should catch at the first available opportunity, the first affront or diplomatic embroilment, to court a quarrel for its own sake, as if the discipline of war would rouse us out of our lethargy, put life into our languid movements, and enable us to let the nations know that our arms have not lost their sinew nor our hearts their courage.

Only a few years ago, when the Exhibition of 1851 was opened in Hyde Park, we were supposed to be standing on the threshold of a new era. Commerce and free trade were to work a revolution which Christianity had tried to produce, and failed. War was to be at an end for ever, and the inhabitants of the earth were to compete thenceforward only in the arts of peace. The world smiled kindly on our enthusiasm, or seemed to share our expectations. When the first un-

successful cable was laid across the Atlantic, the single message which it bore from Washington to England was 'Peace on earth, and good-will towards men.' The peace proved a cycle of storms which in one quarter or another have raged since scarcely with intermission, and, though at home our streak of sea has stood our friend, we have borne our share already in the East, and danger may very easily come to seek us at our own doors without our going out of the way to look for it. Many idle wars have been undertaken at one time or another for the sake of national prestige; but the notion of going into such a business for the sake of the moral improvement of our characters would have occurred to no one but an Englishman in the second half of the nineteenth century. If we are suffering from the 'long canker of peace,' it is to be hoped there are other ways of curing it besides sacrificing hundreds of thousands of our own people, and killing hundreds of thousands of others.

Before we look for enemies abroad we have enemies to make war upon among ourselves, or we shall gather little honour or profit in any other field of glory. And when our home war is over, when we have tracked out and disarmed the real sources of our weakness, we shall find perhaps that both our moral health and our prestige abroad will have returned in the process without need of a more desperate remedy.

We are not respected because we are supposed to be powerless. Why are we powerless? We have money without limit, we have coal and iron, and with them

ample command of all mechanical resources; and to make use of these things we have thirty millions of men and women in our own islands, and ten millions besides in our colonies, of a race which in times of trial has been found at least equal to any other upon earth. Individuals among us, or voluntary combinations which we form among ourselves for special purposes, do their work punctually and effectively. Private English enterprise built up our Indian Empire, founded English-speaking communities in every quarter of the globe, realized in steamships, as Emerson says, the fable of Æolus's bag, and enclosed the four-and-twenty winds in their boilers; invented rail-roads and the telegraph, and in this very crisis of our supposed decadence holds a virtual monopoly of the commerce of mankind. Our time of degeneracy may come. We may founder on the rock on which every other commercial community has made shipwreck before us, and perish in the greediness of money-making. But the evil day has not yet arrived. The poison may be in the skin, but it has not touched the bones. Individual Englishmen can still do what they undertake to do as effectively as when English statesmen ruled the resolutions of the Congress of Vienna. Individuals, unless when they are deliberately dishonest, are as capable as ever they were; but the business of national defence belongs to the Government, and the touch of the Government is like the touch of a torpedo, sending paralysis through the nerves and veins of every or-

ganization[1] which it ventures to meddle with. Here is the seat of the disorder, and here, if anywhere, it must be encountered.

All nations have their idols, the creatures of their own hands, which, having manufactured, they bow down before as gods. The Spanish peasant adores his image of the Virgin. The Englishman adores the British Constitution. It is his ideal of political perfection, and under the shadow of it, when it was once finished, he believed that he would be safe from the malice of his earthly enemies. The origin of the satisfaction in both instances is probably the same. Each is well pleased with a divinity which cannot interfere with him. So far as we are concerned at home, we have taken very good care that the Government shall be as powerless as the doll. We are contented to believe that we cannot have both good government and liberty; and liberty we think the better of the two.

There are persons who would reverse the position entirely, and maintain that good government was the essential of liberty—that there was no liberty in any human community without it. That, however, is not the present opinion of the citizens of the British Empire. So far as our domestic administration is concerned, we select, indeed, some conspicuous person to

[1] The Post-office is the single exception. The admirable management of the Post-office is an evidence of what Government can do in a matter in which the nation cannot afford to be trifled with.

act at the head of each department; but we usually interpose so many checks upon his activity that he is virtually powerless. Had he the strength of a steam engine, unless he had Parliament in a state of excitement at his back, that strength would be exhausted in friction, and would issue in acts soft as the touch of a three-year-old child.

Nor, indeed, would it seem wise, according to the principles on which Ministers are selected for their several posts, to trust them with larger powers than they possess. The Lord Chancellor, indeed, is necessarily the most eminent person in the legal profession who can be found among the adherents of the party in power; but all the remaining seats in the Cabinet are treated simply as the prizes of the Parliamentary campaign, and are distributed, not only without reference to the special acquaintance with their subjects of the persons who are to occupy them, but with a disregard of all particular qualifications so cynical as to show that the possession of fitness for the work is held a matter of no consequence whatsoever. In the House of Commons there are some eminent engineers, some eminent merchants and bankers; but an engineer is not selected for the Board of Works, or a banker for the Exchequer. Cabinets are not composed of distinguished soldiers or sailors, distinguished men of business, or men of science. When a Ministry is formed, the selection lies between peers of great territorial influence, for whom places must be found as the price of their support to the party, and politicians remarkable for readiness of speech, debat-

ing power, and dexterity in influencing divisions. The object of the party in office is to secure its working majority in the Lower House; and this or that prominent person has to be provided for—to be appointed, that is, to the headship of some important department of public business, though he may be guiltless of the faintest acquaintance with the work which he undertakes to guide, and though his claim to the situation be merely some Parliamentary service which it is necessary to reward, or the possession of debating abilities which it may be dangerous to drive into opposition.

Pieced together as the members of the Cabinet are, upon such terms as these, we are not surprised afterwards at any fresh redistribution of seats which may take place in them. We see noble lords and right honourable gentlemen shifted from one department to another—a Colonial Minister goes to the War Office or the Foreign Office, an Irish Secretary to the Board of Trade, either as if these high officials had been trained into omniscience and were masters of every subject which could be entrusted to them, or as if they were like the Tulchan bishops in Scotland, stuffed figures, intended to do nothing but draw their salaries and impose on the simplicity of fools, while the most singular part of the business is that all this passes as a matter of course. It is one of the outcomes of the most perfect constitution which the world has ever seen, and we are so unreasonable as to expect that public business shall be conducted successfully under a system which would bring a private commercial company to immediate ruin.

If Sir William Armstrong requires a manager at one of his foundries at Newcastle he does not pick out a man who knows nothing of mechanics; the captain of a Cunarder is at least expected to understand navigation; but a noble lord may be set to preside over the War Office who at the date of his appointment did not know the difference between a brigade and a company. In a few months, when his work has become less entirely strange to him, he is removed perhaps to the India Office and made supreme ruler of our Eastern Empire. How India may fare under his administration no one cares to ask or think: so long as he can be crammed by a subordinate, and skilfully reply to inconvenient questions in Parliament, he answers every purpose which either his chief or his country expects of him.

The consequence of this method of managing public business is precisely what might be expected; and now the British public, which looked upon it as natural and reasonable, is oddly surprised at the inevitable result. The state of the army is at present distracting us. We spend fifteen millions annually upon it—more than France spent under the Empire—a great deal more than Prussia spends—and the result is, or was a short time ago, a mob of Militia and Volunteers, fifty thousand really available troops, and malice says, perhaps with some exaggeration, six batteries of field-guns. What else could we expect? The Army indeed is distinguished above all the departments by the singularity of its management. The Army has two chiefs—one, selected as other Cabinet Ministers, a civilian, who by the nature

of the case can know nothing of his duties; the other —well, there is no occasion to say anything of the other. But if England requires a real army she need not vote another shilling, but she must abolish once and for ever all leaderships of incapable or gilded phantoms: she must look for the ablest soldier that she possesses, who has devoted his life to his profession. She must not ask him if he can make a speech in Parliament: she should rather insist that he and Parliament should be held as far apart as possible; she must require only that he understand thoroughly in all its parts and requirements the business of war; and, being satisfied on that point, she must give him authority to carry out what may be necessary without the liability of being called to account on every detail by the amateur critics of the House of Commons. She must resolve, or she must allow him to resolve, upon an organized method which has been thought out in all its parts, and when decided on shall be strictly adhered to—not chopped and changed from session to session to suit the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or catch the votes or the applause of the million.

There would then, it is said, be no responsibility. Rather, responsibility would then for the first time come really into being; the country would know the person to whom it had distinctly delegated its powers, and could call him to account for the use which he had made of them. She would not displace him when he was doing his work effectively because the Prime Minister happened to be defeated in the House of

Commons on some irrelevant question. She had appointed him to his post to create an effective Army. If he had provided the Army; if it was there in adequate numbers, with its appointments in sound condition, ready to take the field at home or abroad when England required its services, she would know that she had the right man in the place, and, having got him, would keep him there. If after time given there was still no Army, but only the expenses of an Army, with nothing realized but promises, imaginations, and expectations, then she would put him away, punish him if necessary for having abused her confidence, at any rate remove him and put a better man in his place.

The Army just now is our most pressing consideration; but the War Office is only one department out of many in which organization and authority are alike imperatively demanded. The present theory of England's duty in the world is that we should attend to our own business, and keep out of our neighbours' way so long as they will keep out of ours. And the notion is that we are a people eminently qualified for self-government—that each and all of us separately and collectively have only to be left to ourselves, and the result will be universal harmony. We are supposed to have arrived at that high state of civilization that we approach the condition of the gregarious animals, where each individual of the community falls naturally into its place, and contributes automatically or instinctively to the general structure of society. Streams of omnibuses, carts, carriages, and pedestrians pass to and fro

at all hours of the day and night along Holborn and the Strand, meeting each other, evading each other, passing one another, without aid of the policeman, yet with rare collisions and rarer injury, unless, perhaps, to the few hundred children, old women, and decrepit persons who are annually run over and maimed or killed. Let the traffic be interrupted, however briefly, and the damming back of that enormous human tide would be as if a bank were thrown across the Thames. But there is no confusion and no disorder; every one goes on his way quietly, and arrives punctual as clockwork at the point at which he is aiming. The steamers go and come through the crowded Pool; their cargoes are loaded or unloaded exact to the hour or the minute; their days of arrival and days of departure from every port in the world are laid down and observed with astonishing precision. Our affairs seem to manage themselves, if only they are not interfered with; and thus the notion has risen that the functions of Government are zero, that it can meddle only for evil. Such a Government as we possess at present doubtless acts discreetly in keeping its hands off. The intrusion of it would work nothing but mischief; but if the details, for instance, of the management of the Cunard line are looked into, there is no lack of authority—rather there are stringent order and exact obedience, and when supervision slackens there is instant failure and confusion. Much indeed we are able to do for ourselves, but a juster inference from our managing capacity would be that there is no people upon earth who value organization more highly, or

among whom an intelligent Government, in that large department of things which will not manage themselves, could interfere with more ease or with more result.

Even if we were all honest, great multitudes of human beings cannot congregate together without intricacy of relations arising which individuals are unable to cope with, or without breeding positive mischiefs which they have neither leisure nor power to remove. Private persons and private companies look to their own interests. Cholera and cattle plague start up suddenly to teach us that the commonwealth has further interests of its own, which if neglected bring universal ruin.

But to leave matters of this kind, and confine ourselves to common honesty. The thing which we call self-government is driving some of us into considering whether, if life is not to become unendurable, we should not do better to collect our worldly goods together and move off to some other locality where scoundrelism has a less easy time of it. Past mutinies have been against tyrannical governments; but another and more respectable mutiny may break out one day against anarchy and no government at all. Every nation secretes its percentage of rascals, and the plea on which authority exists, on which it levies taxes on the subject, and is itself maintained in honour, is to hold such persons in some kind of check: yet it seems now-a-days as if Government was unable to recognize the rascal unless he takes the shape of the cut-throat, a burglar, or a forger, while the masters of the art thrive as they never throve before, carry about unblemished reputa-

tions, and, instead of finding their necks in the halter or the pillory, pile up enormous fortunes, make their way into the House of Commons, and live and die in honour.

We Londoners are poisoned in the water which we drink, poisoned in the gas with which we light our houses, we are poisoned in our bread, poisoned in our milk and butter, poisoned in our beer, poisoned in the remedies for which, when these horrible compounds have produced their consequences, we, in our simplicity, apply to our druggists, while the druggists are in turn cheated by the swindling rogues that supply their medicines. We have escaped, some of us, out of the hands of our grocers, for in despair we have set up establishments of our own. The grocers, we perceive, threaten us with actions for conspiring to defraud them of their honest gains. There was a time when drunkenness was as rare in England as it is now in France or Spain. A hundred millions a year are now spent among us upon wine and spirits and malt liquor, five-sixths of it perhaps by the working men upon stuff called beer and gin. The artisan or the journeyman, exhausted by the gas-poisoned air with which his lungs are loaded, and shrinking, when his day's work is over, from the stifling chamber which is all that society can afford as lodging for him and his family, turns aside as he goes home to the pot-house or the gin-palace. His watered beer is raised to double strength again by nux vomica and cocculus indicus, and salted to make his thirst insatiable. His gin is yet some viler mixture—a mini-

mum of pure spirit seasoned with white vitriol and oil of cinnamon and cayenne. Drunk, and with empty pockets, he staggers home at last to his wife, who must feed and clothe herself and him and his miserable family with the few shillings which she can rescue out of his weekly wages. She too often enough grows desperate, and takes to drinking also. The result is that half the children born in England die before they are five years old. It is found that the milk supplied to the London workhouses for the pauper children is shamefully watered. An honourable member speaks of it in the House of Commons as an 'exposure,' and calls for inquiry. Mr Stansfield, speaking for the Ministry, complains of 'exposure' as too hard a word, and denies that watered milk is adulterated, because water is not a deleterious substance. It is true that pure milk is to children a necessary of life, and those who are not supplied with it die. Such a death, however, is of course *natural*, and the parish is relieved of the expense.

There are laws, we are told, by which the men who do these things can be punished. *Quid leges sine moribus proficiunt?* or, rather, What are laws good for without a public prosecutor to enforce them? What can we unfortunates hope for when another right honourable gentleman, whose especial business it was to look after trade and commerce, could speak almost complacently of adulteration as a natural result of competition? The collectors of our gas rates and water rates laugh in our faces at our feeble remonstrances. The companies are bound by their charters to filter the

water and purify the gas. The collectors tell us it pays better to supply us with the present article. The shareholder prefers ten and twelve per cent. to seven. The brewing interests, the publicans' interests, the moneyed interests generally, are too powerful in the House of Commons for a Minister to dare to offend them. The Ministers in general too faithfully represent the body which gives them their being.

Or, indeed, the fault may be traced higher; and, when we see the true source of it, we may well sit down in despair. Under no circumstances, perhaps, could there be anything but misgovernment when the supreme authority, legislative and executive, was held by a miscellaneous body of six hundred and fifty gentlemen. But the House of Commons at present is a club, to which money is the sure and almost the only passport: the wolves are made the watchdogs of the sheep; and the sheep are so fond of being devoured, that there is scarcely a constituency in England which, if offered a choice between St Paul and Dives, would not return Dives by an overwhelming majority. The voters may themselves be poor; they may know that they can never be anything except poor; but the rich man embodies the qualities which they honour at the bottom of their hearts. Great wealth is regarded with the self-surrendering and disinterested devotion which used to be felt for God Almighty.

But Parliament, however careful to tie the hands of ministers who might interfere with matters inconveniently at home, is less unconfiding or more indifferent

in concerns which do not immediately affect the personal interests of its members. The selections for every department are equally independent of considerations of specific qualifications. But the range of action which is permitted either for good or evil varies considerably and momentously. The home office is practically powerless. The Minister for India, if he chooses, may be almost as absolute as the Mogul whom he succeeds. The House of Commons, when the dominions of the Company were transferred to the Crown, became the Sovereign of the Eastern Empire. It received two hundred millions of human beings as its subjects, with fifty millions of revenue; yet a debate on the game laws creates ten times more excitement at St Stephen's than the discussion of the most momentous question connected with India. When an Indian matter is brought forward the House subsides at once into apathy, and would endure perhaps with more fortitude to hear that we had abandoned our entire Eastern possessions than that it had been found necessary to suppress Tattersall's or abolish the Derby. Thus as to India the Minister is secure from interference; and if the result were only that the fittest person who could be found was sent to Calcutta, and left free to act by his own and his Council's judgment, the indifference of Parliament would be the surest guarantee for good administration. The Government of a conglomeration of nations of various creeds, races, and temperaments, agreeing only in a fundamental difference of character and habit of thought from Europeans, can be conducted

only with the slightest hope of success by men who have had experience of the Asiatic temperament, and who are on the spot to decide at any moment upon measures which may be immediately necessary. Yet over the head of the Viceroy and Council it has been thought a wise and intelligent thing to place a minister at home—a noble lord or right honourable gentleman, who three months ago may have been in the Privy Council, and two months hence may be at the Post Office—whose unacquaintance with the duties of either of these offices may only be equalled by his self-confidence, and who is left practically to himself to do whatever he pleases. The Electric Telegraph, it was said a few years since, would make us safe in India. Any threatening danger would be instantaneously known, and the army could be instantaneously reinforced. On the other side it is no less true that if we lose India the electric telegraph will lose it for us.

A Cabinet Minister is at present the representative of some temporarily prevailing form of public opinion —opinion formed in England, in the spirit of the philosophy of the hour, formed lightly and hastily, not on fundamental and circumstantial acquaintance with the facts, but under the influence of the theories or emotions which happen for the moment to be fashionable. Himself the creature of opinion, he becomes the exponent of it in act. He is doubtless clever. Talent of some kind is to be presumed in any man who has made his way into the first rank of English statesmen. He believes in the system out of which he has sprung;

he acts boldly and confidently in the spirit with which he personally sympathizes; and thus the instructed insight of the Indian Government is liable to be overruled in details at every moment by a statesman ten thousand miles off, to whom India was but lately a name, and their public policy controlled by the half-informed or entirely ignorant crudity of our domestic popular sentiment. At present in our enthusiasm for self-government we imagine that our Eastern subjects are by-and-by to learn to govern themselves as we do. We are their trustees while they are in their political infancy. Our duty is to train them in our own image, that when they are fit to receive their inheritance we may pass it over into their own hands. The Asiatic, we are persistently told, is the inferior of the European only in the disadvantages with which he has been surrounded. If he be educated, educated as we are educated, lifted gradually into freedom, with his rights and his powers enlarged as he shows himself capable of their exercise, we shall elevate him into an equality with ourselves, and our own mission will be ended. The secret of superiority being intellectual cultivation, we must teach him in schools like our own: as he shows proficiency, we must open out the avenues of power to him—admit him to the privileges and authority of our own civil servants. The competitive examination system is the idol of modern progress. We believe ourselves to have found it the most perfect method of sifting out our own best men. The experiment, it is true, has been tried among Asiatics in China

for a thousand years, and has produced the weakest and most corrupt government which the world has ever seen. But

'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;'

better the doubtful and incomplete experiences of one generation at home than the broad results painted upon history. What is good or determined to be good among ourselves must be good universally; and therefore, not only has popular opinion, expressing itself through the India Office, decided that the Hindoos shall be admitted to share in the government of our Eastern Empire, but they shall be admitted by the road of competitive examination. The introduction of them, it is held, will be a guarantee of the excellence of our intentions—will strengthen our present tenure, and facilitate the transfer when the hour for its accomplishment shall have struck. We dream that we can teach Asiatics to appreciate constitutional liberty, and submit hereafter willingly to their intellectual fellow countrymen whom we are educating to be their future masters.

Those who have formed their opinions on the spot, and not in England, tell us that the cultivated Bengalees, who beat our own students in metaphysics and philosophy and mathematics, would have as much chance of governing India, if the arm that supports them were withdrawn, as a handful of tame sheep of ruling quietly over a nation of lions. A single Sikh horseman would drive a thousand of them with the

butt end of his lance from one end of the Peninsula to the other. Native officials selected by competition, as they can hope for no future when we are gone, so add nothing to our stability while we remain, but are one more superadded source of weakness. The warlike races of India may hate Englishmen, but cannot despise them, for in their own arts we are stronger than they. These weak beings, with the heads of professors and the hearts of hares, they both despise and hate, and hate us with increased intensity for imposing on them the authority of wretches whom they disdain as slaves. Yet it may easily be—rumour says, we hope untruly, that the system is already begun—it may easily be that the Indian Minister, with his sails blown full by English vapour, not only may persist in admitting these people to high offices of state by the examination method, but may lend them additional and peculiar facilities for distancing competitors from home.

Our Indian Empire was won by the sword, and by the sword it must be held; and to suppose that we can ever abandon it except in defeat and disgrace is to surrender ourselves wilfully to the wildest illusion. Dilettante politicians, armed with an authority which they ought never to have possessed, meddling with matters which the modesty of true intelligence would have forbidden them to touch, may tie the hands of the true rulers of that empire—may be carrying out their 'ideas' to the last consequence, overweight our strength, make our tenure impossible, and compel us to leave the Peninsula to the Mussulmans. If we keep

it, we shall keep it by sweeping our brains clear of dreams—by giving power to those only who know how to command, and returning to the plain principles which won the empire that we are now making the plaything of amateurs.

'You English,' said General Jacob, one of the ablest officers that the Indian service ever produced, 'you English imagine that liberty means the same thing in all parts of the world, and that all mankind equally desire it. You could not make a greater mistake. Liberty with you means that you have a right to govern yourselves, and that it is tyranny to govern you. Liberty with an Asiatic means that he has a right to be governed, and that to make him govern himself is tyranny. If the people of India were your equals, you would not be here—your mission is to govern them; and you must govern them well, or they will cut your throats.'

Cartloads of sonorous despatches from the India Office contain less wisdom than this single sentence, which is indeed the summing up and epitome of our relations with our splendid dependency. For the present the Right Honourable gentlemen will have their way; and when another catastrophe comes—as come it will—we shall call in our Jacobs to recover us, and then begin again on the same road.

Stripped of its verbiage, and the fine-sounding phrases by which its true intention is concealed from us, the real meaning of the cant about self-government is, that our modern administrators are partly conscious

of their own inability to rule, and partly weary of the effort. They will not acknowledge their own weakness. The descendants of a once imperial race have accepted and taken to their hearts the economist's theory, that every man's first duty is to attend to his own affairs—follow, in other words, his own pleasure. Philosophical platitudes are made an excuse for apathy. A few fine phrases in which no one really believes are admitted as if they were laws of nature, and we drift on under a self-made destiny through imbecility into anarchy and collapse.

The same helplessness, disguised behind the same mask of pretending sagacity, discloses itself in the present Colonial policy. Twice already in this volume I have spoken of the so-called Colonial Question. If I return to it again, it is because the Colonies are infinitely more important to us than even India—it is because the entire future of the English Empire depends on our wisely availing ourselves of the opportunities which those dependencies offer to us. When we consider the increasing populousness of other nations, their imperial energy, and their vast political development; when we contrast the enormous area of territory which belongs to Russia, to the United States, or to Germany, with the puny dimensions of our own old island home, prejudice itself cannot hide from us that our place as a first-rate Power is gone among such rivals unless we can identify the Colonies with ourselves, and multiply the English soil by spreading the English race over them. Our fathers, looking down into coming times,

proud of their country and jealous for its greatness, secured at the cannon's mouth the fairest portions of the earth's surface to the English flag. They bequeathed to us an inheritance so magnificent that imagination itself cannot measure the vastness of its capabilities. Let the Canadian Dominion, let Australia, the Cape, and New Zealand be occupied by subjects of the British Crown; be consolidated by a common cord of patriotism, equal members all of them of a splendid Empire and alike interested in its grandeur, and the fortunes of England may still be in their infancy, and a second era of glory and power be dawning upon us, to which our past history may be but the faint and insignificant prelude. The yet unexhausted vigour of our people, with boundless room in which to expand, will reproduce the old English character and the old English strength over an area of a hundred Britains. The United States of America themselves do not possess a more brilliant prospect.

It is no less certain that if we cannot rise to the height of the occasion, the days of our greatness are numbered. We must decline in relative strength. decline in purpose and aim, and in the moral temperament which only the consciousness of a high national mission confers.

And yet, notoriously, the permanence of our union with the Colonies is regarded with indifference by our leading politicians. They refuse, all of them, to look beyond the exigencies of the present moment. They are contented to leave the next generation to solve

their own problems, and sink or swim as their skill or luck may order, provided only they can themselves maintain their own supremacy from year to year by humouring the so-called interests of the capitalists and manufacturers. The conditions of the situation are so plain that the most wilful perversity cannot refuse to see them, yet there is no longer statesmanship or courage among us to encounter and frown down the hostility of paltry selfishness. The men of money are afraid that a closer connection with the Colonies will affect the labour market and raise wages. The economist, whose farthest horizon of vision is the next budget, sees that the Colonies cost us at present a few hundred thousands of pounds annually, and without caring to think what they bring in, cries out that they are a burden on the taxpayers. The working classes have fastened their imagination on the division of the land at home, and regard an invitation to remove elsewhere as a snare to lead off their attention. The landowner, contemptuously indifferent to the danger, sees that the thicker England is peopled the more his estates increase in value; and thus the interests of the empire are for the present thrust aside.

The working man will wake from his dream. He will discover at last that a hundred acres in Canada would be better for him than five at home, even if he could succeed in obtaining them. Nor will he be contented to swelter on upon intermittent wages, in the poisoned atmosphere of our huge and hideous towns. Hard times will come again. The best and manliest of

our artisans will turn their backs upon us as the Irish have done, and the question will then be whether we shall have soil left to offer them over which our flag is flying, or whether they will not rather be casting in their lot with young and vigorous nations whom we shall have forced away, from the unworthiest of motives, into an independence which they did not desire.

The administration of the Colonies has fallen very unfortunately into the hands of the aristocracy—of the class of persons most unfitted by association and temperament to deal with them successfully. The colonists are men seeking their own fortunes, proud, self-dependent, and unaffected by the traditional reverence for rank by which the greatest levellers among us are irresistibly influenced at home. They are jealous of their liberties, conscious of their growing strength, in want of nothing which could induce them to meet these high persons on terms of compromise. While they would bear it, the Colonies were used as sewers to drain off our refuse population; when they declined to receive our burglars and paupers, they still gave opportunities of patronage. Cadets of noble families, or men who had laid their 'party' under obligations, were quartered on the colonial revenues, or received grants from colonial lands. When this resource dried up also, the Minister for the Colonies became tired of his thankless office. Unable to rise to an Imperial conception of their duties, the noble lords saw no reason for extending to the colonists a share in the honours and prerogatives of the mother country. If they were incor-

porated in the Empire, the democratic element would receive an increase dangerous to their own privileges; and thus the economist's theory was accepted as a welcome expedient. The Colonies were to be left to themselves to bear their own expenses, and, if they pleased, to assert their independence. No anxiety was felt for a connection which was no longer to be utilized to provide for friends and dependants.

That separation is or has been the drift of the colonial policy of the present Ministers there is no occasion to argue. The universal impression which they have created throughout the Empire outweighs their own feebly uttered and stammering denials. Had they been sincere in these denials, they would have made haste to clear themselves of suspicion by an unequivocal declaration of their real purpose; and we take leave to say that a policy tending to produce consequences so momentous ought not to have been introduced by a side wind. Lord Granville and Mr Gladstone were no doubt confident that the course which they were pursuing was a wise one, but they ought to have remembered that these separatist opinions are of recent growth, lately adopted even by themselves, and diametrically contrary to the views held by the men who were the founders and builders-up of England's political greatness. A false step taken in such a matter cannot be recalled; our Colonies once gone are gone for ever; and therefore, before they acted even in the slightest degree on the new conclusions at which they had arrived, they were bound to consult the country without evasion

or reservation. The disintegration of an empire, the reduction of Britain to the ancient limits of her own island shores, is at least a matter of as much consequence as a Reform Bill, or the dissolution of the Irish Church. The people have not been treated fairly. They have been told that there is no question of separation at all; that a better mode of management has merely been substituted for a worse; that the Colonies are wealthy enough to bear their own expenses; and, as they choose to lay duties on English goods, the English taxpayer is not to be expected to contribute to their defence. This is not an honest statement, either of the case in itself, or of the purpose of our late Colonial policy. Whatever Ministers may think now, it is certain that they did contemplate, and did most ardently desire, that at least Canada should declare herself independent. Young communities have heavy expenses thrown upon them in making roads and railroads and canals to open up their countries for us as well as for themselves. They cannot raise a revenue except by custom duties; and, as they direct their whole trade to the mother country, they no doubt cannot help laying taxes upon English produce. But, in proportion to their numbers, the colonists are the largest consumers of our manufactures in the world. Successful settlers come home to reside in England, bringing a stream of wealth with them broader and deeper far than the trifling sum which England has been called on to spend. The outlay of the mother country on the least advanced of her Colonies is but like the sinking capital upon an estate in

drains and fences. Canada and Australia which have long ceased to cost us anything, fifty years hence—or twenty years hence—will be helping to bear the burden of the maintenance of the Empire, if they are permitted to continue a part of it.

Busy about their own concerns, the English people are at present indifferent. They take their statesmen at their word, and refuse to believe that they mean mischief. Let the ripe fruit fall, let a single colony 'cut the painter,' and, if I know anything of the temper of my countrymen, a storm will rise from which those who have provoked the catastrophe may well call on the mountains to cover them.

We look to the Colonies as the immediate refuge for millions of our people, as offering at once a complete and the only solution for our social difficulties, and as giving us an opportunity of recovering the esteem of the world, which we are so uneasy under the conception of having lost. We believe that our power is despised; and, though we hate war, we almost bring ourselves to wish for it that we may redeem our reputation. It is well that we should be prepared for all possibilities We spend fifteen millions a year on our Army, and we have a right to insist that some sort of an army shall be forthcoming. If other nations interfere with us while we are about our legitimate business, we must so bear ourselves in the quarrel that they shall beware of meddling with us for the future. But if we wish to win back their respect by making war ourselves, there is a campaign which we might open like no other

—a campaign against administrative incapacity, against swindling and cheating, against drunkenness and uncleanness, against hunger and squalor and misery; against the inhuman vices which are bred as in a hot-bed in our gigantic cities, against the universal root of the disorders which are preying upon us, the all-pervading, all-devouring love of money. We desire wealth and honour and long life. Be it so. There are conditions on which 'all these things shall be added to us.' If we refuse the conditions, and desire these things for themselves, we shall find ignominy for honour, for long life all-pervading misery, and along with the riches a curse which shall render them for ever unprofitable to us. The business of Government, truly enough, is to watch over the nation's 'wealth;' but not wealth in the modern meaning, which in itself betrays how far we have travelled on the down-hill road; rather the well-being, the bodily and moral health, of the people of which the nation is composed. Admit this (not in words; every politician, from Mr Gladstone downwards, will repeat it in words as glibly as a school-girl repeats her catechism), accept it as the first principle of action, and the plagues which are consuming us will melt away of themselves. It will no longer be found impossible to make war on drunkenness for fear of offending the brewing interest, or swindling for fear of diminishing the profits of trade. We shall hear no more of impossibilities, for in the pursuit of a noble object nothing is impossible. We shall cease to watch our export and import list with a feverish

anxiety, or exult over an increase of population as increasing our means of multiplying cheap manufactures. We shall rather labour to prevent this enormous festering crowd from growing upon our hands. We shall seek to provide for further additions to our numbers in countries where a happier and purer life may be possible for them.

Political economy, we are told, forbids it. When the Irish landlords woke, under the teaching of the famine, to a consciousness that they had allowed Ireland to become overpeopled, political economy did not forbid them to give free passages to America to hundreds of thousands of starving poor. We, too, in mere greed of gain, have permitted England to become overpeopled: is it an injustice to ask that out of the huge piles of money which cheap labour has heaped up for us, a small fraction shall be taken to save the families of those who have toiled for us from being swamped in wretchedness? Mr Fawcett exclaims that if we open an easy road to the Colonies our best workmen will leave us. Let us hope, rather, that by relieving the ever-growing pressure we may make England more endurable to them. But if it be so, why should we wish them to stay? Let the Colonies remain attached to us, and wherever our people thrive best they will conduce most to the strength of the Empire, of which they will continue as much subjects as before. If our manufacturing towns were shrunk to half their present size, if the floating tide of humanity which surges and eddies round the London suburbs were all gone, if the

millions of English and Scotch men and women who are wasting their constitutions and wearing out their souls in factories and coal mines were growing corn and rearing cattle in Canada and New Zealand, the red colour would come back to their cheeks, their shrunken sinews would fill out again, their children, now a drag upon their hands, would be elements of wealth and strength, while here at home the sun would shine again, and wages would rise to the colonial level, and land would divide of itself, and we should have room to move and breathe. The manufacturers would reap lighter profits; the landowners would find their incomes shrink to the level which satisfied their grandfathers; the evil sisters luxury and poverty would move off hand in hand; but the health and worth of the English nation would be increased a million-fold.

I speak of what cannot be—cannot be at least till in many a long year of painful discipline we have unlearnt the most cherished lessons of modern politics. One thing, however, is possible, and ought immediately to be done. The Colonies will not take our paupers; and as we make our beds, we must lie in them; but we can prevent pauperism from growing heavier upon our hands. If we send out able-bodied men with their families to settle upon land, we must support them also till their first crops are grown. If we advance money for other people's benefit, we expect to be repaid, and cannot see our way to obtain security for it. But there is not the same difficulty in providing for the young. When Mr Forster's Education Bill is fairly in work, in

one shape and another we shall have more than two million boys and girls at school in these islands, of whom at least a fourth will be adrift when their teaching is over, with no definite outlook. Let the State for once resume its old character, and constitute itself the constable of some at least of these helpless ones. When the grammatical part of their teaching is over, let them have a year or two of industrial instruction, and under an understanding with the colonial authorities let them be drafted off where their services are most in demand. The settlers would be delighted to receive and clothe and feed them on the conditions of the old apprenticeship. If the apprentice system is out of favour, some other system can be easily invented. Welcome in some shape they are certain to be. A continued stream of young, well-taught, unspoilt English natures would be the most precious gift which the Colonies could receive from us.

If the Colonial Office has no answer but the old 'impossible,' a word which sounds in our ears like the despairing wash of the waters of Lethe, then, in the name of common sense and humanity, let the Colonial Office be dissolved. Let the noble lord or the honourable gentleman for whom it is necessary to find a seat in the Cabinet be provided with some titular position to which that honour may be technically attached. Let us have ministers *in partibus*, with no department to paralyze or mismanage. And for the administration of the Colonies, and the readjustment of England's relation with them, let there be some Council established

where the Colonies as well as the mother country shall be represented, in whose eyes the interests of the Empire will be of more consequence than the supremacy of party.

It is not our supposed unreadiness to fight which has lowered, and is still lowering, England's reputation. We have not allowed any occasion to pass by when our honour or our interest distinctly called us to arms—we are disesteemed because, as a nation, we no longer seem to live for any high and honourable purpose. Communities as well as private persons always set before themselves consciously or unconsciously some supreme aim towards which their energies are bent. Military power, extension of territory, political unity, dynastic aggrandizement, or the maintenance of some particular religious creed, have been at various times the all-absorbing objects on which the minds of great nations have been bent; and as none of these has been entirely good, so none has been entirely discreditable. The noblest object, which all honour and few pursue, is the well-being of the people; the worst and meanest is that to which we in England are supposed to have devoted ourselves—the mere aggregation of enormous heaps of money, while we are careless what becomes of the 'hands,' as we call them, by which all the money is created.

We have a vast empire—we have infinite land waiting only to be occupied—we have a population larger than we can employ, even on our own theory of the manner in which we should wish to employ them,

crowded into lanes and alleys and cellars, seething in drunkenness and pollution; of the children born in these places the fate of those that die being more blessed a thousand-fold than of those who survive. We have or we had a teeming Ireland, from which millions had to be removed to escape starvation—we let the Irish go to the United States, careless of consequences so long as the immediate value of the landlord's property was not affected. We deliberately refuse to carry the overflow of our own people to lands which are crying out to be tilled, where they can live in health and abundance, and where the death of a child, instead of a relief, is a material loss. We will not lift a finger to save our voluntary emigrants to our own Crown, or those who remain from the drink-shops, or our national good name from the reproach of commercial dishonesty. We profess a righteous horror of slavery; but the English farm labourer who has been rash enough to marry is as much a slave under the lash of hunger as the Negro under the whip, and is so much more unhappy than the slave that he has no refuge but the workhouse in sickness and old age. He is told, in insolent irony, that he is a free man, and may go where he pleases. Rather, he may go away if he can; and those who mock him with the name of freedom, know well that he lies in an enchanted circle of necessity—that he must stay passive under the barest wages which will keep life in him and his, under penalty of starvation if he resist to make an effort to escape.

This it is which has lowered English credit—that

we have grown oblivious of all generous principles, that patriotism has become a jest, and that nothing is considered worthy of a serious man's attention but what will put money in his purse. Words travel far in these days of newspapers. When a great capitalist said of emigration during the last stagnation of trade, when millions were starving, 'Keep our men at home—we shall want them when trade revives,' the world heard of it, and made its comments. English working men, it seems, exist only to fill rich men's pockets. The House of Commons cheered a well-known speaker when, as a crowning argument against assistance to emigrate being granted by the State, he argued that it would displease the Americans. An English politician declares that he is afraid of helping men and women in search of employment from one part of the Queen's dominions to another for fear a foreign Power might not like it. Parliament approves, and we are surprised that we are no longer respected. Wonderful consideration for American sensitiveness!—wonderful new-born consideration, of a kind however which they are so little inclined to appreciate! Let us take courage. Were we suddenly to show ourselves practically alive to the condition of our people, and set apart for the sake of them some small portion of our enormous income, the Americans would forgive us as soon as they had recovered from their astonishment, even if it took the form of sending families to Canada.

'You will increase taxation,' shriek the economists. 'Money must be taken from those who have it, and laid

out upon those who have not.' Be it so. We lay on taxes without scruple for a war, and it is a war which we are advocating. When the interests of the nation require killing and burning and destroying, we are all called on to contribute, and are ridiculed if we complain. In the same interests of the nations we may tax ourselves for a war on misery and vice and over-population. Is it not as honourable to save life as to destroy —to rescue millions from wretchedness as to plunge millions into mourning and woe?

IRELAND SINCE THE UNION.

BEING THE LAST OF A SERIES OF LECTURES DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES,

IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Those who would estimate rightly the political or economical condition of any province or country, ought not, in my opinion, to fix their chief attention on the form or constitution of the governing body. They should look rather at the material and spiritual condition of the masses of the inhabitants. They should consider under what special evils, if any, those inhabitants are suffering, and whether the measures adopted towards them are well calculated to remove those evils. If national happiness was uniformly proportioned to the share possessed by the people in managing their own affairs, political problems would be simpler than nature has been pleased to make them. It is notorious that forms of government which suit one race well, suit others equally ill. Under the freest of constitutions a country may be miserable. Under a monarchy, provided (it is a large proviso) your

monarch is as wise as he is powerful, a nation may be happy, may be prosperous, may possess the reality of freedom instead of the shadow, because those only are interfered with who deserve interference.

At all times, the first question is whether a country be ruled justly, whether each individual receives good or ill, according to his personal merits. Just laws alone make possible either national health or material prosperity, and free governments are admired and valued above despotisms, aristocracies, or any other form of political constitution, only because the judgment of any one man, or limited body of men, is supposed liable, however excellent their intentions, to be distorted by self-interest.

When a people are united, enlightened, and high-minded, they can be trusted safely with the administration of their own affairs; when a people are divided and ignorant, when they are liable to be duped by demagogues, led astray by their emotions, or corrupted by ignoble influences, the more popular the constitution the worse will be the result. We suppose we have discovered a panacea for political ills by giving every man a vote. If the result of the voting commends itself on its own merits, then the voting answers well. If the voting, as sometimes happens, represents ignorance and folly, then it does not answer well, and other means have to be called in. There are brave men, and there are cowards, and the wise man is generally braver than the fool. Suppose in any community, two-thirds who are cowards vote one way, and the remaining third

will not only vote, but fight the other way. What becomes of the voting theory? The brave and the determined minority will rule the timid and the undetermined.

Well for us that it is so, for in this lies the only security for healthy progress. In average times, a majority of votes may be a rough test of what is right. It is no less true, that all great reforms, since the world began, have been the work of determined minorities. Where there is a general good disposition, the minority may convert itself into majority by argument and patient persistence. When for any reason the majority is obstinately wrong and obstinately tyrannical, resistance may become the most sacred of duties.

Thus, as I said, above all questions of forms of government lies the higher question—what is right and what is wrong. Let men fix their minds on a wrong to be redressed, on a right to be asserted; the chances are that if they are resolute in demanding justice, justice will not long be refused. If the government, whatever it be, determinately persists in a false course, then, and not till then, it is time to attack the Constitution. A Constitution is evil not when it is democratical or when it is oligarchical, but when it upholds iniquity. A revolution is beneficial when it is undertaken as a last resort with a defined object. The wrong complained of will then disappear, when the tyranny which maintained it is overthrown. But reverse the process. Begin with political agitation, with no clear idea why a change is desired; transfer the power from kings to nobles, from

nobles to the middle classes, from the middle classes to the people, from the people back to kings, without inquiring first what kings, or nobles, or middle classes are to do, which the others would not do, and the result is nothing but aimless convulsion, power wasted in beating the air, and the multiplication of practical misery from confusion and anarchy.

In these positions you have the key to the failure of so many efforts to obtain what has been called justice for Ireland. No sooner has a wrong been admitted, and a beginning made towards redress, than the Irish have kindled into a blaze like faggots of dry sticks. They have left the road of practical reform to clamour for political emancipation. From agitation they have fallen to conspiracy, from conspiracy to rebellion. The fire burns out, the rebellion collapses, resentment follows, and ill-will, and perhaps fresh tyranny. The stone of Sisyphus has rebounded to the bottom of the hill, and the weary work has to commence again from the beginning.

Had there been no rebellion in 1690, the Catholics could have secured the most ample toleration. There would have been no confiscations, no penal laws, and no commercial restrictions. After ninety years of misery, the work of reformation was again taken in hand, free trade was restored, the laws against Popery were relaxed. Catholics were admitted to the suffrage; measures were pushed forward for the payment of priests; Maynooth was established and endowed for the education of the Catholic clergy. Trinity College opened its doors to

the Catholic laity. The Irish only concluded that England was afraid of them, and the reward of concession was the insurrection of 1798.

This time England did not allow herself to be provoked into retaliation. The Act of Union it was hoped had for ever closed the era of political agitation. In the United Parliament, Ireland's material wrongs could be temperately considered, and rational redress discovered for them.

It was too late unhappily for complete remedies. The most cruel blow to Ireland, the destruction of her woollen manufactures, was irreparable. Steam engines had superseded water-power and hand-labour. Ireland has little accessible coal, and rivalry with England on that platform was thenceforward impossible. The linen manufactory in Down and Antrim, carried on as it was by energetic Scotch and English Protestants, expanded of itself; but the hope was gone of training the Irish population of the southern provinces to skilled manufacturing industry.

What other evils were there then of which Ireland complained, which legislation could remove? What was there now amiss with Ireland? That something had been amiss no one could be so hardy as to deny. An entire population, even of Celts, does not mutiny without some provocation. As Mirabeau said, 'When the people complain, the people are always right.' Whatever theologians may say of mankind, they are a much-enduring race. The lot of the multitude, under the happiest circumstances, is a hard one. They bear

it without complaining, if they see that they are not treated unjustly. It is injustice only which gives to suffering its venom and its poignancy.

We will suppose some one to have been travelling through Ireland in 1802, when the Constitution after the Union was finally at work. What would have been his experience? He would have seen three-quarters of a country, richer naturally than Scotland, as rich as the best parts of England, lying a wilderness, dotted with potato gardens; districts as large as counties mere wastes of morass; a peasantry ragged and miserable, living in houses in which an English gentleman would not keep his sporting dogs; families—the Irish are the most prolific people in the world—families of twelve or thirteen huddled into hovels, more like caves in the earth than human dwelling-places; without windows, with a hole in the thatch to let the smoke out; for furniture, an iron crock and perhaps a stool; a heap of straw or heather for beds; in wet weather, pigs, cows, poultry, and human creatures, all tumbled in together into a space twelve feet long and eight feet wide; the fat sow perhaps the pillow of grown up girls, the little ones burrowing in the turf stack; the food potatoes and butter-milk; the clothes of the father and mother a bundle of rags; the clothes of the children those which nature gave them. Their holdings were perhaps an acre or two of potato ground, for which they were paying the old rack rents, five or six pounds an acre. The pigs and the cow paid the rent and the priest's dues. The wages, sixpence a day for half the year, and nothing the

rest; found a coat and a pair of shoes for the man, a cloak for the wife, and a coloured handkerchief or two for the girls to appear in at mass on a Sunday.

This was the condition of the working peasantry of one of the three kingdoms which composed the wealthiest of existing communities. They were not unhappy. They were light-hearted, and as long as the potato lasted, and while they were undisturbed in their miniature farms, they were fairly contented. Their chief alarm was that they were at the landlord's mercy. If another tenant bid above them, or if the landlord wanted the farm, they might at any moment find themselves adrift. No matter that the very ground they occupied owed its value to them. They had drained and fenced and tilled it after their fashion. They found it barren moor, they made it able at any rate to grow food for a dozen human creatures. The landlord called it his, and if it so pleased his mightiness he could turn them into the ditch to starve.

The landlords themselves were of three sorts—the magnates who lived in splendour in London and managed their estates by middlemen; a few cultivated and distinguished resident noblemen and gentlemen; and the squires and squireens who spent their lives in hunting, gambling, drinking, and fighting duels, themselves out at elbows, idle, extravagant, in debt and haunted by the bailiff, their lands often in the hands of creditors who, of course, squeezed out of the tenantry the last obtainable penny. It is curious that as long as there were no evictions the last sort were the most popular.

There was a community of recklessness and good humour in which landlord and peasant fraternized. If the landlord wanted more rent his readiest road to it was to fall in with the inclinations of his dependents. He had but to subdivide the holdings on his property, allow a son or a brother of one of his tenants to squat beside him on the mountain, throw up a turf cabin, plant an acre or two of potatoes, marry, and beget another family to live in the same style.

The real enmity was against the improving landlord. An Englishman would buy an estate, seeing the capabilities of the soil if properly cultivated. He would establish large farms, build barns and cattle sheds, put his capital into the ground, draw the water off and plant and manure. Finding his property littered with paupers he would clear them away at the year's end, bring in a Scotch or English bailiff who understood his business, and farm on scientific principles.

It might be well for the purchaser and well for the estate. The estate could not be improved till the vermin were removed. But these vermin after all were human beings. Their families had lived for centuries on the same spot: it was their home, and they loved it. Thriftless they might be, ignorant, wretched; but they knew no better, they desired no better. According to both priest and parson they possessed immortal souls; were they not of more consequence than a drained bog or a planted hill-side? To them the improving landlord was no better than a barbarian conqueror, trampling down the denizens of the soil. They took to pike and

blunderbus to defend their rights. The landlord or the agent or the new bailiff would find his door burst open some dark night, himself dragged out, seton his knees, and shot through the heart; lucky if his wife and children escaped the same fate.

Such Ireland remained after the Union, after England had been pretending to govern it for six hundred years.

Engaged as England was in a death-wrestle with Napoleon, the United Parliament had no leisure for the moment to attend to internal reform. With the return of peace it was perfectly certain that the state of Ireland must form one of the first questions to demand attention.

In laying the foundations of a better order of things four main points had to be considered.

First, there was the character of the Irish people. They were what they were as much from circumstances as from faults of their own. They had been trained under a system which was compounded of anarchy and injustice. The law had been their enemy, and therefore they were lawless. They could gain nothing by being industrious, and therefore they were idle. Time only, with a better education and a better administration, could remedy an evil so deeply rooted.

Next, a more effective police was wanted. The most rudimentary civilization was incompatible with the private use of pike and pistol. No country could thrive where the people had a code of laws of their own, which they enforced with secret tribunals and by organizing assassinations over the whisky bottle.

But again, it would not answer to repress crime, and leave the laws standing which provoked the crime and almost made it justifiable. If authority was to assert itself, authority was bound to be evenhanded and protect the rights of the poor when it forbade them to protect themselves. England had taken the land from the old Irish owners under the plea of providing better rulers for the country than the native chiefs. If these rulers had broken their implied covenants, or in any way had failed in the work assigned to them, the object was defeated for which they had been planted in Ireland. The whole condition of Irish landed tenures required to be revised, and the landlords forced to recognize the duties attaching to their offices, if the power which they had abused was not to be taken from them.

Lastly, there was the religious difficulty. A half-reformed Episcopal Church had been established in Ireland. It had been endowed like its sister in England with the tithes and the lands which before the Reformation had belonged to the Catholics, in the hope that the compromise which had answered in one country would also be accepted in the other. That hope had been disappointed. Four-fifths of the people were Catholics, and were likely to remain so. Of the Protestants little more than half belonged to the Establishment. The rest were Presbyterians, yet a handful of churchmen monopolized everything.

If I attach less importance to this last grievance than is usually assigned to it, it is not because I undervalue religious liberty; it is not because I do not know how

deeply differences in religion have embittered all other difficulties which have risen between ourselves and Ireland; but because I am in search chiefly of the points where England has been unjust, and because I think there is less ground to accuse England of unfairness in the treatment of Irish Popery, than in other charges which can be brought against her. I am not blind to the preposterous shortcomings of the Anglo-Irish Established Church, its grand professions, its practical inefficiency. I do not question the enormous power for good—good of a certain kind—which has been exerted in Ireland by the modern Catholic priests. Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe. There is less theft there, less cheating, less housebreaking, less robbery of all sorts, than in any country of the same size in the world. In the wild district where I lived we slept with unlocked door and open windows, with as much security as if we had been—I will not say in London or New York, I should be sorry to try the experiment in either place—I will say as if we had been among the saints in Paradise. In the sixteenth century the Irish were notoriously regardless of what is technically called morality. For the last hundred years at least impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. And this absence of vulgar crime, and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character, are due alike, to their everlasting honour, to the influence of the Catholic clergy.

I do not know that the priests are called on to use the power of the confessional to put down agrarian con-

spiracy. If they have not been politically loyal to England I am indisposed to blame them for it. Neither, however, can I hold England to have been materially in fault in the jealousy with which she so long regarded the priests. The fault, as I conceive, lies in the attitude which the Roman Church was pleased to assume long ago towards the Reformation. From this fountain all else has flowed. If the waters have been bitter, the bitterness was in the spring from which they rose. By Rome's own showing, her discipline at the beginning of the sixteenth century had fallen to pieces throughout Europe. Her moral degeneracy led men to look into her doctrines. Germany and England and other countries declared that many of her doctrines were false, and she set to work with all the force that she could make to punish the attacks upon her as rebellion. For nearly two hundred years she had burnt heretics, when she could catch them, at the stake. She stirred up kingdom against kingdom, sovereigns against subjects, and subjects against sovereigns. The history of the struggle for religious liberty is written in characters of blood which are not to be forgotten. So long as the Popes retained a hope of recovering their power, no Catholics were permitted to be loyal subjects of Protestant princes, and, in countries which had established their spiritual independence, and were determined to maintain it, it was inevitable that the Catholic Church should be watched strictly, and even hardly dealt with. Ireland was within the English dominion. When England revolted from Rome, the Pope answered with an invita-

tion to all English and Irish subjects to throw off their allegiance, and the Irish held that their duty was to the Popes and not to the English sovereign.

Was the English sovereign to stand by to let treason walk abroad unharmed, because it robed itself in the mantle of religious obligation? As much as Prince Bismark is called on to allow the Jesuits to undo the German Confederation. Either subjects owe allegiance to the lawful government of the country to which they belong, or the Pope of Rome is monarch of the world.

In the face of the Pope's attitude, the English princes were not permitted only, but were obliged to exact from all subjects, Irish and English, an abjuration of the Pope's pretensions. Was England to have left the Catholic prelates and nobles in possession of wealth, and power, and influence, while they were avowed subjects of her most active enemy? So far as was consistent with political security, Irish Romanism was handled with especial leniency. It was not till after half-a-dozen rebellions, not chiefly till after the Irish St Bartholomew, the massacre of 1641, and the long, desperate, religious war which followed, that either the creed or its priests were proscribed. Even then the persecution was short-lived. Toleration came back with Charles the Second; and indulgence was again abused. Another civil war followed—another desperate effort to make Ireland Papal. I say it could not be—after such experiences it could not be—but that strong efforts should have then been made to rid the country of so dangerous an element. I consider for myself that far more

blame rests with England for her treatment of the Irish Nonconformists than for what she did towards repressing Romanism. Rather, it was due to England's interference that, after the battle of Aghrim, Romanism was permitted to survive. Had not England tied the hands of the Protestant gentry they would then have made complete work with it, and have driven the last priest out of the island.

With the peace of Utrecht and the accession of the House of Hanover in England Europe entered upon a new era. The Roman Church changed its attitude if not its secret aspirations. Religion was no longer available as a pretext for war or revolution. The pretension of putting men to death for a difference of opinion was quietly abandoned. It came to be understood that a Catholic was not to plead allegiance to the Pope as a pretext for disloyalty. And, from the moment that this confession was sincerely made and acted on, the Catholics became as much entitled to the full privileges of citizens as the members of any other community.

From that moment, at the close especially of the eighteenth century, when the dangers to society were no longer from religion but from revolution, the first desire of English statesmen was to remove the last trace of disability and place Catholics in all respects on a level with other subjects. They had been already admitted to vote, and their material hardships had been removed before the Union. For myself I consider it of so much greater consequence what laws men live

under than who are to make them, that their admission to parliament might well have been postponed till the peasants' complaints had been attended to.

This, however, was not the opinion of Mr Pitt. Pitt was more occupied with the dread of revolution than with the grievances of the poor Irish tenants. Likely enough he considered that if he could conciliate the Catholic clergy he would have less to fear from the discontent of the people, and could afford to neglect it.

Pitt would have admitted the Catholics to Parliament before the rebellion of 1798 if the king would have allowed him. When the war with France was over, and there was breathing-time for internal reforms, Catholic emancipation was the first important political question which came to the front. It could not be carried immediately. We have no dictators in England. Before a good law can be passed or a bad law repealed, the majority of 658 more or less prejudiced gentlemen has to be persuaded to consent. The constituencies which they represent have prejudices also which claim to be respected; and thus we say in England that there is a chance of getting a thing done in about forty years after every intelligent person has made up his mind that it must be done. It is the price we pay for popular government.

The Catholics, however, were not made to wait for their emancipation for these forty years. They found a champion in the great O'Connell, the Grattan of the Celts. The peasantry, good, credulous people, were taught to believe that if they could be represented by

Catholics in Parliament they would have good houses over their heads, good coats on their backs, good food in their stomachs, and be rid of bailiff and agent for evermore. They got their pikes and muskets again. A few hundred thousand of them were said, as usual, to be ready to fight. Protestant prejudice gave way, and emancipation was conceded.

It was a proper thing to do, though, as it neither produced any of those effects which the people expected, nor had the least tendency to produce them, I cannot look on it as a triumph, or as of any considerable importance at all. It returned to Parliament a number of persons who obtained patronage, after the old Irish fashion, by making themselves troublesome. It raised the Catholic bishops and archbishops to social consequence. They were invited to dinner by the Lord-Lieutenant. They were given rank beside the bishops of the Establishment. Cardinal Cullen, I believe, at present walks into the dining-room before a duke.

For all else it was 1782 once more. The most glorious expectations issued in blank disappointment. The Irish peasant remained the same down-trodden, forlorn being the world had known him—as ill-fed, as ill-clothed, as much at the mercy of the landlord as before. In some respects he suffered more, for he was now between the hammer and the anvil. His landlord, in nine cases out of ten a Protestant, said to him, You shall vote as I tell you, or I will turn you out of your land. The priest said to him, You shall vote as I tell you, or I will damn your soul. The promised millennium

still hung fire. The people, again possessed with the idea that it was political reform which they needed, plunged into a fresh agitation. The more they clamoured, the heavier grew their burdens, till they drifted once more into famine and mutiny and the rebellion of 1848.

It is high treason to say a word against O'Connell. Very well, I must be a traitor then. O'Connell was for eighteen years all but omnipotent on Irish subjects. Had he cared to use his enormous influence to pass a land act he might have stopped unjust evictions a generation before Mr Gladstone stopped them. On O'Connell's own estate 'the finest peasantry' in the world were as hunger-stricken as in any other part of the island. O'Connell cared as much for these poor creatures as Shan O'Neil or Tyrconnell had cared for the earth-tillers of an earlier generation. It was enough for him, and a great deal pleasanter, to keep the government afraid of him by insincere clamour for repeal, and secure the disposition of government patronage.

Two measures only of real value to Ireland were passed under the reign of O'Connell, but they were the work, not of him, but of Sir Robert Peel and the English Liberals.

A body of ten or twelve thousand of the peasantry were armed, drilled, and made into the well-known Irish police.

Composed, as they were and are, of the same elements as the wildest Fenian mob, their entire nature is metamorphosed under military discipline. In the whole

empire there is not a force more loyal, more trustworthy, or more efficient.

That was one essential step toward improvement. Another was the establishment of the national school system in Ireland.

Education, excellent in quality and unsectarian in character, was provided in every corner of the country, open to the poorest, free alike to Catholic and Protestant, where children of both creeds are brought up together, and learn, for one thing, that they are made of common flesh and blood, and may as well leave off hating each other.

The priests don't like it. They consider their young people to be tainted by companionship with heretics. They wish to re-establish, if they can, the hard and fast line which divides the sheep from the goats this side of the day of judgment, and to kindle up again the theological malignity which is beginning to wane. Some of our English philosophers are so fond of liberty or so fond of priests that they are inclined to indulge them. One eminent Radical consoles himself with remembering that Voltaire and Diderot were bred by the Jesuits, and that a Catholic education is the road to practical Atheism. Even for such a beautiful result as this I should be disinclined to run the risk. The world has suffered enough from sectarian bigotry, and no wise statesman, if he can help it, will again countenance the splitting of a nation into hostile camps about matters of which one of us knows as much as another, and all know next to nothing.

These two measures—the establishment of the Irish police and the establishment of Irish national education—were in every way admirable. But the sorest difficulty, which remained untouched, was the system of landed tenures. A third of the Irish soil was still owned by absentees. Half the rest belonged to needy, unthrifty gentlemen, whose estates were mortgaged to the brim, who were out at elbows like their tenants, without a shilling to spend on drains, or fences, or cottages, or farm-buildings. If they were themselves disposed to be indulgent, their creditors, the money-lenders, exacted the last ounce of their pound of flesh. The peasantry had multiplied astonishingly. In 1782 there were but three million inhabitants in Ireland. In 1846 the three millions had become nine. In the good old times their lawless habits had kept their numbers down. English administration, if it had done little else, had put an end to private war and plunder; and, deprived of its natural check, the Irish race had trebled itself in three-quarters of a century. The Catholic clergy encouraged early marriages because they prevented immorality. Landlords made no objection, for the more people there were, the higher the rents. There were then no poor-rates in Ireland. A young lad and a young lass fell in love. The agent assigned them an acre or two of unreclaimed mountain or bog. They threw up a few sods for a house, set a few potatoes in the peat, started a pig and a cow if they had a five-pound note to begin life with, and they were as well furnished as any of their neighbours. They produced

their dozen children with the most pious confidence that God Almighty sent them, and that God Almighty would somehow provide for them. The Irish are intensely affectionate. Father and children, brothers and sisters, cling to one another, and cling to the spot where they were born. A farmer with four-and-twenty acres and half-a-dozen boys, cut his acres into half-a-dozen divisions, and on a farm which would barely maintain one family in comfort and decency you had six families, all living on the eternal potato.

So it went on. Of the nine millions it was reckoned that there were at last two million beggars—creatures who were absolutely idle, who wandered from cabin to cabin asking charity for the love of God, and never asking in vain. Wonderful commentary on Catholic emancipation and the government of Ireland by O' Connell.

Those of us who have reached middle life remember how terribly all this ended. In the entire globe there was scarce a spot where the keen of despair was unheard which arose from the famine-stricken island. The note of warning had been sounded. Cobbett long before had dwelt upon the madness of allowing an enormous population to spring up like mushrooms, depending for their lives on a single precarious root. But no one listened to Cobbett. Not O'Connell, for O'Connell's glory was the multiplication of the Irish people. He produced his grandest rhetorical effects when he could say that he was speaking the thoughts of 'eight millions of his countrymen.' Not England; for England had fallen

under the dominion of Adam Smith's new gospel, and was learning that the chief business of government was to do nothing. That was the best government which most left every one alone. Irish landlords and Irish peasants were the best judges of their own interests. It was no business of Ministers or Parliament to interfere with them.

Do you think if there had been repeal there would have been more wisdom in a native Irish Parliament? Of whom would an Irish Parliament have been composed? Of Irish landlords, of Irish attorneys, and merchants meaning to be landlords—all interested, so long as the potato lasted, in letting the population grow. Half, perhaps three-quarters, of the number would have been nominees of the priests. Did the priests ever show a fear that their flocks were growing too large? Was it likely that they should? English politicians now and then shook their heads. Can a single Catholic Irishman be pointed to who expressed any word of alarm? who showed any glimmer of foresight as to the possible consequences of the excess of population over the means of support? Yet it was this negligence, and this only, that brought on the last wave of calamity which desolated Ireland.

The potato failed, and six million people were suddenly deprived of the main staple of their sustenance. Too much credit cannot be allowed to the patience with which the Irish bore up through those dreadful years. The Irish peasantry, from our first acquaintance with them, have shown a capacity beyond example for the

silent endurance of suffering. They resent agrarian wrongs after their methods where they are distinctly traceable to injustice. Broad masses of misery they have accepted as if allotted to them by an inscrutable Providence. When the famine came, they lay down and died uncomplainingly. A quarter of a million at least perished of hunger. The blow came so suddenly that there was no preparation to meet it. So little food had been usually imported into Ireland, that trade could not expand to meet the demand; nor had the people money to buy food if food had been there. Professional agitators raised the usual cries. A bishop of the Catholic Church assured me first that two millions had died, and then insisted that the death of every one of them lay at the doors of the English government. Wretched English government! 'Upon the king—all lies upon the king.' If the learned prelate meant that the rulers of Ireland ought not to have allowed a state of things to grow up which made such a misfortune possible, then I agree with him. But the causes lie too deep to be thus lightly touched on. They lie first in the political principles of modern times—dear alike to you and to us—which curtail the power of government, and leave every man free to do as he wills with his own. Such principles may suit you, with your huge continent and your enormous elbow-room. Old thickly-peopled countries, with narrow boundaries, will have to revise their theories in these matters, and to learn that knaves and fools cannot be trusted with the same freedom which may be allowed to the wise and disinterested.

But if the bishop meant that England was indifferent, it is not true. Fast as the administration could move, shiploads of corn were sent round the Irish coast. Agents were scattered over the provinces to distribute meal. Parliament voted ten millions of money to give the people employment and wages. Eight millions of it, I believe, were embezzled by intermediaries, and never reached the hands of those for whom they were intended; but that was not England's fault. Enormous sums were despatched by private channels. Half the wealthy families in England cut down their luxuries to send help to their starving fellow-citizens. America sent noble contributions. All the world was smitten with sympathy. The plague at length was stayed. It was not stayed, however, till every peasant's cottage had been searched by unspeakable agonies; and—as usual in this world—the blow fell heaviest on those who had least deserved to suffer. They ought not to have been there, the political economist will say. Ay, doubtless the citizen of Connemara ought to have been better instructed in his 'Malthus on Population.' Why does not the economist fall back upon Dean Swift, and recommend bravely that in such extremities the babies should be cooked and eaten? . . . . Long ago a famine lighter than that which desolated Ireland once fell on Palestine, and the Hebrew king fell upon his face in sackcloth, and cried: 'I have sinned and done evil; but these sheep, what have they done? Let Thy hand, O Lord my God, be on me and on my father's house, and not on my people, that they should be plagued.'

Of the famine I will say no more. I have to speak here of the consequences, the profoundly significant consequences. I will take them one by one.

The first, naturally enough, was a revival of the political delirium. Grattan was to have created a millennium. The fruits of his endeavours that way were corruption, Defenderism, potato gardens at seven guineas an acre, and the rebellion of 1798. Catholic emancipation was to have brought the millennium. The millennium came in the shape of a population starving on potatoes, two million beggars, and, last of all, the famine. O'Connell had said that the one thing lacking was repeal. The young Irelanders, maddened at the wretchedness which they saw around them, took O'Connell at his word. If repeal was indeed the remedy, then let the tall talk be made reality. The revolutionary fire had again burst out over Europe. The young Irelander re-lighted the torch of 1798 in the French conflagration. Insurrection was preached in a hundred newspapers and on a thousand platforms, and again we heard that four hundred thousand Irishmen were prepared to strike a blow for freedom.

I was myself in Ireland at that time. I was possessed with a romantic belief that the day of judgment was come for unjust authority. I conceived, as men under thirty are sometimes apt to do, that it was a simple thing to overthrow a bad social system and establish a new one; and I had gone over to see what the Irish could do. I cannot say that I expected much There had been too much blowing of trumpets, and I had learnt already that noise and action are usually in

an inverse ratio to each other. I cannot say, however, that I expected a collapse so ignominious, so utterly, so shamefully disgraceful. A scuffle in a cabbage garden and a handful of Irish police sufficed to end the hopes of the resurrection of the ancient glories of Ireland. Failure had been the invariable fate of Irish insurrections; but not till then had insurrection been ridiculous. Agitators had shouted, multitudes had roared, banners had waved; tens of thousands of young gentlemen and ladies had melted into patriotic tears as they joined their voices in the songs of their national poets—and that was all. Was it for want of courage? No one who knows the Irish will dare to say so. The whole movement was hollow. When I asked them what they would do when they had got power, not one of them could tell me. The delusion was from the lips outwards. It was the very shadow of a dream, which vanished at the first rattle of a policeman's musket.

Let that miserable exhibition perish out of memory, and be as if it had never been. The chief actors in it have long ago wiped the stain from their own escutcheons. Some fell gloriously under the American flag, and won honour for their country and themselves. Some have served loyally in the colonies the rule which they defied, and have learnt, in the welcome which England has given them, that she has a short memory for treason. One who was twice tried for his life is now, or lately was, a respected prime minister in Australia, holding office under Queen Victoria.

The other effects of the famine were more sub-

stantial. The English Parliament—the landlords' Parliament—resolved at once that the Irish land should support the Irish poor. Before a shilling of rent should go into a landlord's pocket, every human stomach in the district should at least be supplied with food; and a poor-law was passed, which in some parts of Ireland amounted to confiscation. The days of idleness and amusement for squires and squireens were over. Spendthrifts who had encumbered their estates with mortgages were ruined. Delicate ladies brought up in luxury were turned adrift to battle in the ranks for a livelihood. I was staying the year before the famine at a great Irish house. My host wished to show me the neighbouring gentry, and invited many of them to a pic-nic in the park. Two hundred of us sat down to luncheon, and I found next to myself a Scotchman, who had come over to try his fortune at sheep-farming. I remember now the wrinkles of his mouth as he said to me, 'There you see the gentlemen of the county of X——. In the whole of them there may be one, there are not more than two, who suppose they came into the world for any purpose but to ride fox-hunting, shoot snipes, and lose their money at races. They will find some day that was not God Almighty's purpose with them at all.' My friend's prophecy was fulfilled sooner than he could have dreamt of. The famine swept them all away, and the very memory of the class to which they belonged has died away out of Ireland.

This was one great measure of purgation. Another

was the exodus. There were nine millions in Ireland in 1846. There are now five millions and a half. A quarter of a million died: allow for the natural rate of increase, and you will find that between four and five millions have emigrated—half as many again as all the inhabitants of Scotland. In the first shock of the calamity they rushed away in hundreds of thousands. For many of them the passage-money was paid by the landlords; for others, subscriptions were raised here. The cost generally was borne by the poor creatures themselves, those who went first, sending home the savings of their wages to rescue their families. Were there nothing else to be said in favour of the Irish peasantry, the unselfish devotion and affection which they have shown in their long trouble would alone command for them eternal admiration.

Meanwhile, in Ireland itself there was a social revolution. The great landlords—those whose fortunes enabled them to weather the storm—changed their relations with their Irish properties. They had learnt their lesson at last. Skilled and trained agents took the place of the middlemen. Small holdings were discouraged. The rents were cut down; wages were doubled and trebled, and half the revenue of well-administered properties is now expended on the spot in improvements. On many great baronies that I know, where the famine bore the heaviest, the peasantry are more considered, and are better off a great deal than the English agricultural labourer. This poor fellow is lifting up his head at last; but if I had to choose be-

tween working for wages for an English farmer or holding half-a-dozen acres on a well-conducted estate in Munster, I should not be long in making up my mind.

The good landlords, it may be said, are few, and whether good or bad, free men ought not to lie at the mercy of other mortals. A free man should own no master but the law of his country, and depend on nothing but his own industry.

Perfectly true. England is proceeding on these principles as fast as it is safe to travel, but violent changes are proverbially short-lived. The first distinction to be drawn was between the good landlords and the bad. The good might be let alone. Of the others, there were at least some who could be immediately disposed of. Part were bankrupt; part were hampered with enormous nominal properties—half a county it might be—drowned in debt, yet unwilling or unable to sell. A law was passed for the sale of encumbered estates; a creditor holding a mortgage was enabled to compel the sale of the land on which he had advanced money.

I do not know precisely how many million acres have been disposed of in Ireland under this Act. The numbers have been enormous. Bitter prejudices had to be overcome before Parliament would consent—but Parliament did consent. Solvent landlords took the place of insolvent, and the revolution was advanced one step more, which will at last give back the Irish soil to the Irish nation.

The history of the working of this Act, however, is so remarkable and so characteristic of a particular class of people in that country that I must ask you to attend to it particularly. I wish you to see how far the peasantry, for whom I chiefly care, would be likely to be benefited if the thing asked for under the name of home rule was conceded. Before the famine and before the poor-law, the more families there were on the estates the higher the rent. After the famine, when, in times of extremity, the support of the poor was thrown on the land, and rates were levied on it for their maintenance, a large population was a serious encumbrance. There were very rarely leases in Ireland. Landlords liked at all times to hold their tenants in hand, that they might command their votes at elections. They had before encouraged the multiplication of them. They now turned round and said, There are too many of you. Four families of you are living on ground that will only support one, and we cannot allow you to remain. Especially this was the language used by the purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Act. In the first confusion, and while the memory of the famine was fresh, estates were sold sometimes at ten years' purchase, because they were burdened with so many poor tenants. The purchasers were chiefly Irish men of business, who had made money, and wished to invest it to advantage; and, as the worst tyrants of the poor in the eighteenth century had been the Irish middlemen, so now the Irish who bought under the Act became the hardest of landowners.

On estates so bought the rents were generally increased, and the superfluous families cleared off without remorse or hesitation. By the side of the *bonâ fide* speculating land buyers rose the speculating land adventurers. A man, starting from nothing, would buy an estate offered for sale at a low estimate, pay for it perhaps in a promissory note, double the rents, expel half the inhabitants, and then throw the same estate back into the market, sell it at the improved valuation, and pocket the difference. I have heard of men who began from nothing twenty years ago who have piled up handsome fortunes in this way. They have been nothing better than skilful thieves; and if every one had his due they would be uncomfortably situated. As it is, such men have lived in clover. Their wealth gives them social importance, and if their agents now and then got a bullet through their heads, they sent others to go on with the work, and they told the people they were not to be intimidated.

Great social changes are never unattended with misery. The misery unfortunately falls heaviest on the poor and helpless, who have done least to merit it. This is the constitution of the world. We cannot help it altogether, but we can help it in some degree, and we are bound to try. True it was that until Ireland could be better cultivated, there were more people there than could be safely allowed to remain. Political economy preached that the owners of property were the best judges of what ought to be done with it. From that new evangile, or message of good tidings,

the words justice and mercy have been erased as no longer possessing a meaning. These evicting gentlemen claimed the right of all men to do as they would with their own, and they turned the tenants, whom it no longer answered to them to keep, out into the roads. If they would not go, gangs of workmen were sent with crowbars to pull down the walls. Old and young, sick and healthy, out they went. In vain they pleaded that they had paid their rent; they had lived, from father to son, for hundreds of years, perhaps, on the spot. They were bidden simply to go—go to the devil if they could find no other place. So they came to America—and who can wonder at it?—in no gentle humour.

We peopled New England with Protestant Nonconformists, and we found the effects at Bunker's Hill and Lexington. We sent next a flight of Roman Catholics, and they too will pay us home if they have a chance. I confess that had I been myself expelled from my holding by a landlord's crowbar, I should not have felt particularly loving towards the government that allowed it. Men are seldom altogether reasonable under such conditions, and cannot be expected to be reasonable. It is absurd to hold England answerable for the necessity of the Irish emigration, but she might have played a nobler part than she did; and, had she availed herself generously of the opportunity, I conceive that, instead of enlisting Irish feeling against her, she might have established a claim upon Irish gratitude.

Had I been an English Minister, and had I been able to enchant Parliament into giving its sanction, I would have said to the Irish people—

It is true we cannot keep you all in Ireland. There has been mismanagement for many generations, and there can be no improvement till large numbers of you leave the country. We have lands, however, in our own colonies, lands of which not a thousandth part is occupied; lands which need but spade and plough to feed as many millions of you as please to settle on them. If you wish to leave us, if you have had enough of England and England's flag, and believe that you will be happier in the United States, we cannot blame you or hinder you. But if you like to remain ours, we will give two hundred acres to each family of you. We will take you out, free of cost, and settle you, and help you through your difficulties till your first crops are grown.

England might have said this, and might have done it. It would have cost her perhaps twice what she wasted over the Abyssinian war, or a quarter of what she sunk in the mud at Balaklava. And, if we look at the thing merely as an investment of money, I conceive it would have paid her better than either of those speculations. If the Irish exiles had taken her at her word she would have had her colonies by this time twice as productive as they are. She would have had a loyal Ireland at home and some millions of loyal Irish subjects in Canada and Australia.

If they had preferred the United States, as many of

them probably would, yet the offer made in good faith would have taken the sting out of their banishment. I never knew an Irish peasant who was not instantly conquered by generosity; I suppose because they have not experienced too much of it.

An English Minister said not long ago that if we had interfered with the natural current of emigration the United States would have been displeased. For my own part, I believe nothing would please the United States better than to see rich England forget her political economy, and think a little of what she owes to the poor.

It is needless to say that nothing was done of this kind. Economic formulas forbade it, and for a time seemed to forbid also an interference with the evictions.

Owners of land in Ireland appealed to the practice in England and Scotland. English landlords turned out their tenants when they pleased. Scotch landlords turned out their tenants when they pleased. Why not they? The economists shook their heads. It was a fearful thing to meddle with the rights of property. But, happily, there was one difference which admitted of being established. In England the cost of improvements upon land was usually paid by the landlord. The landlords raised the farm buildings, and advanced money for drains and fences. In Ireland, being usually embarrassed, they left these expenses to the tenants. The tenants either took their holdings in a state of exhaustion, or found them waste and mountain. They, by their own labour, turned the moor into pas-

ture and corn-field. They converted ground which was worth nothing into profitable fields. For the landlord to take possession of lands so recovered and made valuable was mere robbery. Tenants so evicted came to America at the cost of themselves or their friends, cursing the tyranny which had plundered them. Those who were left in Ireland formed themselves into secret societies for their own protection, with codes of laws of their own, and they enforced these laws with the only weapons which they could command, the pistol, the pike, and the bludgeon.

Crime is crime. The sin of murder remains what it was when the first curse was laid upon it by the Almighty. But I repeat what I said at the beginning, that, although men require to be governed in this world, and must be punished when they do wrong, so they must be governed righteously. Where the established laws are unrighteous the guilt of crime is shared by the society which provokes it, and the conscience of mankind is turned astray from its natural purpose to throw a shield over the wild justice which is rudely endeavouring to assert itself.

The right in these evictions lay with the Irish peasant. The wrong was with the oppressors, and therefore, with their own methods, the people flung a veil over the agrarian assassin. Witnesses would not give evidence, juries refused to convict, and the secret tribunals of Westmeath and Tipperary asserted powers which were too strong for all the efforts of the recognized authorities.

Parliaments in England are desperately slow of conviction. We do not lightly change the customs which have come down to us from our fathers; and one ill consequence is that reforms are delayed till they take the shape of concession to fear; when it is almost as mischievous to yield as to refuse. We must take our constitution as we find it, with its lights and shadows. There is an advantage also in the slow progress of change among us, that when we have taken a step forward we never recall it. We have large concerns all over the world; we can but attend to one thing at a time; but when the attention was once arrested by Ireland it was admitted universally that there must be a change in the land laws there. Public opinion in England is now omnipotent, and public opinion there is emphatically just.

The landlords would have had their hands tied for them sooner than in fact they were, but for the revival of the chronic mischief in Ireland—which starts up like an evil spirit to thwart or spoil every measure devised for its benefit—'political agitation.' The Irish whom we had driven hither, drinking in the air of the Republic, believed that, with other institutions, their own Ireland might be as prosperous as America. The creed of Wolfe Tone was revived. The remedy for Ireland's ills was to break the connection with England.

I do not blame the Fenians, any more than I blamed Tone, simply for desiring to see Ireland free. In all discontented nations there is a sacred right of revolution, provided they are strong enough to achieve it.

But an armed revolt, if it is unsuccessful, is a crime. I am not one of those who make light of political offences, and excuse a futile rebellion as the result of misguided enthusiasm. It is a last expedient, justifiable only when all other means have failed of obtaining justice—when the wrong is so deep, and the hopelessness of redress by other means is so sure, that intellect and conscience, as well as imaginative dreaminess, have passed over to the insurgent side.

Then and not till then is it permitted to call up the infernal spirits of fire and slaughter for the uncertain chance of independence.

And I will say that never was there any insurrectionary effort in Ireland which could plead so little justification of this kind, as these last movements of the Fenians. Many of them had fought bravely in your own wars. They trusted, or they pretended to trust, that the American eagle would stretch her wings across the Atlantic in return, and receive them under its shadow. I too appeal to America. I ask America, if the Irish have established, as I hope they have, a claim upon your gratitude, to pronounce frankly and freely, in the name of justice, what measures are necessary to give Ireland peace and content. The moral force of an opinion so pronounced is irresistible, and I for one have no fear of what you will say. America is no apostle of gratuitous anarchy. If there be anything which legislation can accomplish, which shall approve itself as just to the American mind, and if an English Parliament refuses or delays to consent, then I

will say — Go! Take upon yourselves the mission which once was England's own, as the friend of gallant nations struggling against despotism—deliver Ireland, and every free heart in England herself will bid you God speed! I speak of what is impossible. There is no rational or just demand which can be made of an English Parliament for Ireland's real good, which that Parliament is not eager to anticipate.

The rebellion of 1848 collapsed in a comedy. Did Fenianism succeed better? I put it to General Cluseret. A few attacks on handfuls of the police, or the blowing-in of the walls of an English prison, with the wanton destruction of a certain quantity of innocent life, may suffice for a scene or two in a melodrama, but they will not overturn an empire. Has Fenianism, either at home, in Ireland, on the Canadian frontier, or at Manchester or Clerkenwell, shown qualities which promise success in a revolutionary struggle? Fanians! *Fainéants!* Do-nothings. I do not blame them, however unwise I think them, for wishing their country *free*, as they call it. I do blame them for undertaking so grave a matter with so little insight into their own resources, with so many traitors in the middle of them, for their confident boasting and their futile performance, for conducting themselves like angry school-boys, breaking furniture to spite their pedagogues.

The effect of Fenianism was to re-awaken angry feelings, and to compel fresh measures of coercion. But England was determined at the same time, that if Ireland meant to rebel again, she should have no more

practical wrongs to justify her. England was willing even to strain the constitution to meet the exigencies of a difficult case; and when Mr Gladstone took office four years ago, to carry out Irish reforms, a larger majority was returned to support him than any Minister has for many years commanded.

I did not for myself admire the way he set to work. He denounced Protestant ascendancy. He called it a upas tree, or poison tree; he said it had three branches —the Church, the land, and the education—and his first measure was to lop off the Church. Well, I have no great admiration for the Irish Church, as you may perhaps have seen. But I object to the word Protestant as applied to an Institution so imperfectly reformed. I believe Protestantism to have done more good in Ireland than anything else has done, and I wish there was more of it instead of less. If the object was to satisfy the Catholics, the Catholics cared nothing about the matter. A Catholic friend of mine, an enthusiastic home-ruler, was talking to me the other day. I asked him what good home-rule would do, which the united Parliament wouldn't do. 'Ah!' he said, 'that's just your stupid Saxon way of looking at it. What do we care about good? There was the Established Church —sure it did us no harm. It was a great thundering grievance. When the world asked what ailed us, we could always point to the Church. You take away our pet grievance, and you call that "justice to Ireland!"'

The education too—the third branch of the upas tree! The national education in Ireland is at this

moment the best that exists in any part of the empire. The priests want to have entire control of it! All over Europe, even in Catholic countries, it has been found necessary to take the education out of the priests hands, and if Mr Gladstone tries to cut off this branch of the tree, I trust his axe will break in his hands.

The heart of the matter lies in the land. The land is the home of the Irish people. The land is the life of the Irish people. Agriculture is their only industry—and those who till the soil have the first right to the fruits of the soil. Of these rights, from immemorial time, under one plea or another, under chief's law and Norman law, under Scot and Saxon, under English agent and Irish middleman, the peasantry have been robbed; and it has been this systematic plunder which has deprived them of the natural motive to exertion, which has bred, as in a hot-bed, the unthrifty improvident habits that we all deplore, and has smitten one of the most beautiful countries in the world with barrenness.

The land question was the secret splinter in the wound, and the English Parliament set to work to remove it. The Irish Land Act, passed three years ago by Mr Gladstone, is the most healing measure that has been devised for Ireland during two centuries at least. It is not perfect. It prescribes as a rule what has been the custom for many years on all well-managed estates; and for myself, I would sooner have seen the authority of the landlord unimpaired, with a power of punishing him by confiscation, if he treated his tenants unjustly.

I should have liked to see the landlord placed towards the State in the position in which the agent stands to his landlord—trusted while in office with ample power, but removable if he abuses that power.

This is one of the old world ideas which I have contracted from studying earlier history. Of course now-a-days such high-handed measures are impossible. Mr Gladstone's Act did the next best thing, and extended a protection to the Irish tenant, which the farmers in England asked for hitherto in vain. Only the other day, one of the largest farmers in Scotland, a man who was sinking £5000 annually in manures and improvements, whose family had held the same ground for several generations, was sent adrift when his lease expired, because his politics differed from those of his landlord. In our little scrap of an island, so small that you Americans say you are afraid to go there for fear you should fall off—whole counties in Scotland have been depopulated to make room for the autumn sporting of lords and gentlemen. You too, I am told, are entering into the competition—one of your millionaries has taken a deer forest in Scotland—has come over to us, to our little crowded hive, to find an artificial solitude, preserved for barbarian luxury.

Nothing of this kind is now possible in Ireland—I wish I could say it was impossible in any quarter of the world. Ireland any way is specially protected. If a landlord tries a game of this kind, he is made to pay for his indulgence a higher price than he will easily afford. He cannot evict the meanest peasant now, with-

out compensating him for every stroke of work which he has put into the soil. He must pay a further fine for disturbing him. The enormous value of this measure can be no better evidenced than by the fact—I am not sure that I state the proportion accurately, but I am not far off the mark—the fact that agrarian crime has fallen at once to a tenth part of what it was.

If more is found necessary in the way of protection, more will be done.

The Irish are *not* yet contented. They demand home-rule. It has been their invariable custom whenever any practical measure has been passed in their favour. Why not grant it? you may ask: Ireland must understand best where her own shoe pinches.

First and foremost, I answer, because no Irish legislation would have passed the Land Act. If you had polled the resident landlords of Ireland, Catholic or Protestant, you would have found three out of four of them passionately opposed to it.

The peasants are not fools, you may say: they know their own interests, and if the landlords are opposed to them, they will choose other representatives. I say they will do nothing of the kind. An Irish legislature would be returned by the priests. It would consist of Catholic gentry who either owned land or aspired to own land; and a Parliament so composed would do justice to the Irish peasant at Doomsday in the afternoon, and not then if they could help it.

What have I seen myself? When the Land Act was known to be coming, a poor fellow came to me and

begged me to help him. He held his farm under a middleman, an Irish Catholic like himself. His rent had been paid punctually for twenty-five years. Neither on this nor on any other ground had he given cause for complaint; but the middleman had given him notice to quit. Why? Because the middleman was willing enough that a Land Act should protect him against his landlord; but he had no intention that the under-tenant should be protected against himself.

A priests' Parliament in Ireland will make the Catholic clergy happy, for it will yield to their most extravagant demands. The peasantry, for whom alone I care—for in my opinion they are by far the most deserving class in the country—will be told to learn to be contented in the state of life to which the providence of God has called them.

This is one reason why I object to home-rule; another is, that the Irish are not one nation, but two, and after we have abolished Protestant ascendancy, I do not wish to see Catholic ascendancy in the place of it. For good or evil we have planted a colony of Protestants in Ireland. There they are, a million and a half of them, but possessing five times the wealth, the intelligence, the energy, of the four million Catholics. I will not say we are bound to maintain them; I believe them to be perfectly capable of maintaining themselves; but we are bound not to place them in a position in which they may be driven to protect themselves by force against the votes of the Catholic majority. In an Irish Parliament they would be outnumbered three to one. The memory,

of the old confiscations is green as ever, and as sure as such a Parliament met, the scenes of 1690 would be enacted over again. In some shape or other the Catholics would make the Protestants feel that their turn had come to tyrannize, and if I know anything of the high-spirited, determined men in the north of Ireland, they would no more submit to be governed by a Catholic majority in a Dublin Parliament, than New England would have submitted to a convention of slave-owners sitting at Richmond. Within a year either England would have again to interfere, or there would be a civil war in Ireland itself; and if the Protestants were overborne by numbers, the English nation would not stand by and see them crushed—never! never!

Limit the functions as you please of a Federal Irish legislature, unless wholesale bribery is tried again, these results will follow if that legislature is more than a cypher. I at least most earnestly hope that the rash and dangerous experiment will never be tried.

What then ought to be done—or can any more be done? I am here rather to ask your opinion than to offer mine. Nevertheless I will not end without a few general words.

The land laws came down to us from a time when they meant something widely different from what now they have come to mean. The feudal nobleman might be lord of a county, but his duties were heavier than his privileges, and to look on land as an investment of money would not have occurred to him in his dreams. The chemists tell us that heat and motion are the same

force exhibiting itself in different forms. Out of heat you can generate motion. Motion you can convert into its equivalent of heat. What you gain in one you lose in the other. It is the same in the social economy, with power and wealth. If the higher classes in any country aspire to be powerful, they must be content, as they are in Germany, to be personally poor. If they care only to live in splendour and luxury their political importance will pass from them. Power is based upon respect. We respect those who despise idle indulgence and care for noble objects. Who can respect a Sybarite? A strong aristocracy is in its habits always Spartan.

The feudal lord had great authority, and but little money. He was an officer of state, set to govern the inhabitants of his baronry. Of the material profits of the soil he had as much as he needed, but the rights of his villains were secured as amply as his own. So it was throughout Europe, and it is a curious thing that in the countries where the political development was the slowest, those rights have been the best preserved. In Germany a very careful land law has made the cultivators of the soil virtually independent. Even in Russia slavery was not abolished without securing to every serf such portion of the soil as would serve for the support of him and his family.

In England, which led the way in political emancipation, the process of change was less happy and less satisfactory. Once, every poor man's cottage had its four or five acres of land attached to it. The working labourers, the descendants of the old villains, once

happy as copyholders in virtual independence, have drifted into the class known as agricultural labourers, wretched beings who drag through existence on a pittance scarce sufficient to keep them alive, while the profits pass to the landowners, whose duties have ceased to exist, and whose ownership consists now in nothing but the receiving of rent and spending it.

All over the world, the problem is now presenting itself how rightly to resolve the relations between capital and labour, between property and industry. Men dream that they can settle it by balance of rival interests, by strikes and revolutions. You might as well try to carve water with a knife as determine by these rude means how man shall discharge his obligation to his brother. The problem is most simple, while it is most difficult. Those who would hold the high places in the world, and claim to rule and guide, must understand that their rewards and perquisites do not lie in fine houses and retinues of servants, and champagne, and gilded wardrobes. If these are their objects they may have them, but with aspirations which can be so satisfied they must sit apart, like the Olympian gods, discharged of all authority to meddle or to mar in the busy workings of life. If this be all, the poor toiler with his hands, who forgets his weariness in the gin palace, is, in moral worth, the equal of the proudest of them. In all societies a class of gentlemen may be the noblest of elements. The armies of Germany are officered by nobles, poor in money but rich in honour and honourable feeling. In France the

guillotine destroyed the bodies of an aristocracy who, by their vices, had before destroyed their souls, and society has crumbled into a dust-heap. In Ireland, beyond all countries, the gentlemen ought to be preserved, if they would allow us to preserve them. The finest qualities in the Irish wait to appear till they are under rule and discipline.

Between an estate governed by an able agent moderately paid, with no temptation to make a profit of the tenantry, and an estate occupied by five hundred independent farmers, there is the same difference as between a disciplined regiment and a disordered mob.

The Scilly Isles, which you pass on entering the English Channel, were, thirty years ago, a warren of paupers. An English gentleman bought the islands. When I last spoke with him, he told me he had received little or no return in money from them, but he had reaped a harvest worth more than money there. He brought to the management of the people strong sense and determined purpose, with a desire to do his best for their improvement. And now, in no part of England, or Ireland, or Scotland, will you find a population so physically prosperous, so admirably educated, so thriving in all manly excellencies.

The young lads are bred to the sea. You will not find one who remains a sailor before the mast after his beard is grown. They are all mates and captains. The Scilly pilots are sought for beyond all others in the Channel. Many a hundred half-drowned wretches have

been saved by the Scilly lifeboats, when pilots less skilful had drifted them upon destruction.

Had Ireland been blessed with landlords such as this gentleman there would have been no Irish difficulty. Could the Irish landlords be suddenly converted after his likeness we shall ask for no extension of the Land Acts. But if they would recover their stability they must learn the meaning of their existence.

Idle gentlemen, who live for pleasure and indulgence, can be trusted no longer with discretionary power over the fortunes of other men. The time is coming, the time is already come, when, in our small crowded islands, the so-called owners of property must either revise their entire position, or they will cease to be. When all is said, it remains true that there are but three ways of living possible in this world—by working, by robbing, or by begging. To beg is infamous, to rob is criminal. If a man will not work neither shall he eat. How to apply this principle, how to apportion to each man his allotted task, how to see that he fulfils it, how to punish him if he is mutinous and negligent, this is the riddle which now lies before mankind to answer, and in the due solution of it lies the future improvement of all countries, Ireland among them. Let Ireland look to it. She has a fair start now. She has better laws than England has. Let her point to any other measure of practical advantage to her, and no matter what interests are affected, she will not ask for it in vain. If, instead of attending to her real needs, she wastes her energy

in clamouring for an independence which she cannot keep when she has obtained it, which she cannot use except to plunge herself into worse evils than those which now she suffers from, I trust the voice of America will not be heard encouraging her in a course which can but end, as it has ended a hundred times already, in disaster and destruction.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD APPLIED TO HISTORY.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I cannot but congratulate this country—my own country in which I was born and to which I am proud to belong—on the formation and the success of this Association. There was a time when Devonshire was, to use a modern phrase, the most advanced county in England. During the hundred years which followed the Reformation, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland, were the strongholds of old-fashioned opinions. They were places where everything that was old was consecrated, and new ideas were intolerable. Somersetshire, Worcestershire, Cornwall, Devonshire, were the chief seats of the staple manufactures of England. They were progressive, energetic, full of intellectual activity, taking the lead in what was then the great liberal movement of the age. The knights and squires of the North were wrapped up in themselves. They

rarely left their own houses. They rarely saw the face of a stranger, unless of some border marauder. The merchants of Plymouth and Dartmouth were colonizing the New World, and opening a trade with every accessible port in the Old. The Hawkinses, the Drakes, the Davises, the Raleighs, were the founders of the ocean empire of Great Britain; while, on the other hand—for mental energy is always many-sided—Devonshire, in giving birth to Hooker, bestowed the greatest of her theologians on the Church of England.

Times have somewhat changed. The march of intellect has moved northward. The soil up there, after lying fallow so many centuries, disclosed the reservoirs of force which were stored in the coal measures. The productive capacities of the island shifted in the direction where there was most material for them to work with, while Devonshire rested on its laurels. Improved means of communication—roads, canals, railways, the electric telegraph—have diminished the importance of the smaller harbours or towns, and thrown the business of the country into a few enormous centres. The agricultural districts have been drained of their more vigorous minds; while from the same and other causes local peculiarities are tending to disappear. There were once many languages spoken in this island. There are now but three. Even our own Devonshire dialect, which Raleigh used at the court of Elizabeth, is becoming a thing of the past.

Yet as one person is never quite the same as another person, as each has peculiarities proper to him-

self, which constitute his individual importance, so I hope the time is far off when the ancient self-administered English counties will subside into provinces—when London will be England in the sense that Paris is France. English character and English freedom depend comparatively little on the form which the Constitution assumes at Westminster. A centralized democracy may be as tyrannical as an absolute monarch; and if the vigour of the nation is to continue unimpaired, each individual, each family, each district, must preserve as far as possible its independence, its self-completeness, its powers and its privilege to manage its own affairs, and think its own thoughts. Neither Manchester nor Plymouth are yet entirely London, and I hope never will be. And it is for this reason that I welcome the formation of societies like the present. They are symptoms that the life is not all concentrated at the heart—that if we are carried along in the stream of national progress, we do not mean to float passively where the current leads us, and that in the present as in the past we intend to bear an intelligent and active share in the general movement of the age.

The contribution which I can myself offer on the present occasion is an extremely humble one. You include among your objects the encouragement of literature and art; but, from the nature of the case, science must hold the first place with you. Science thrives in the sunlight. Able men are engaged upon different departments of knowledge, but they are all dependent on one another—the geologist, the physiologist, the

chemist, each require the help of the other. The astronomer cannot stir without the mathematician and the telescope-maker. Not a single branch of inquiry can be pursued successfully alone. You meet, you read papers, you compare notes; and the discoveries of the spectroscope explain the composition of the stars.

Literature, on the other hand, is a thing of the closet. The writer of books must take counsel chiefly with himself: he must look as much within as without; and his work, if it is to be a book at all and not a mere compilation, must be in part the creation of his own mind. Even his materials no one else can collect for him. He must look for them *in situ*, with all their natural surroundings, or they will not yield to him their proper significance.

Nevertheless, there are certain principles common to all pursuits whose object is truth, and not mere amusement. History, the subject with which my own life has been mainly occupied, is concerned as much as science with external facts. Philosophies of history, theories of history, general views of history, are for the most part, as metaphysicians say, evolved out of the inner consciousness. History itself depends on exact knowledge, on the same minute, impartial, discriminating observation and analysis of particulars which is equally the basis of science; and I have thought that I cannot turn my present opportunity to better account than by sketching the conditions of historical study, and noting the various phases through which it has passed at different periods.

Historical facts are of two kinds: the veritable outward fact—whatever it was which took place in the order of things—and the account of it which has been brought down to us by more or less competent persons. The first we must set aside altogether. The eternal register of human action is not open to inspection; we are concerned wholly with the second, which are facts also, though facts different in kind from the other. The business of the historian is not with immediate realities which we can see or handle, but with combinations of reality and human thought which it is his business to analyze and separate into their component parts. So far as he can distinguish successfully he is a historian of truth; so far as he fails he is the historian of opinion and tradition.

It is, I believe, a received principle in such sciences as deal with a past condition of things, to explain everything, wherever possible, by the instrumentality of causes which are now in operation. Geologists no longer ascribe the changes which have taken place in the earth's surface, either to the interference of an external power, or to violent elemental convulsions, of which we have no experience. Causes now visibly acting in various parts of the universe will interpret most, if not all, of the phenomena; and to these it is the tendency of science more and more to ascribe them. In the remotest double star which the telescope can divide for us, we see working the same familiar forces which govern the revolutions of the planets of our own system. The spectrum analysis finds the vapours and

the metals of earth in the aurora and in the nucleus of a comet. Similarly we have no reason to believe that in the past condition of the earth, or of the earth's inhabitants, there were functions energizing of which we have no modern counterparts. Confused and marvellous stories come down to us from the early periods of what is called history, but we look for the explanation of them in the mind or imagination of ignorant persons. The key is to be found in tendencies still visible in children, in uneducated or credulous men, or in nations which loiter behind in civilization in various parts of the world. *Nec Deus intersit* is a rule of history as well as of art. The early records of all nations are full of portents and marvels; but we no longer believe those portents to have taken place in actual fact. Language was once held to have been communicated to the original man, perfectly organized and developed. It is now admitted that language grew like every other art. It had its beginning in a few simple phrases which extended as knowledge was enlarged. The initial process is repeated in the special words and expressions which clever children originate for themselves in every modern nursery.

At the dawn of civilization, when men began to observe and think, they found themselves in possession of various faculties—first, their five senses, and then imagination, fancy, reason, memory. All alike affected their minds with impressions and emotions. They did not distinguish one from the other. They did not know why one idea of which they were conscious should be

more true than another. They looked round them in continual surprise, conjecturing fantastic explanations of all that they saw and heard. Their traditions and their theories blended one into another, and their cosmogonies, and their philosophies, and their histories, are all alike imaginative and poetical. The idea of truth of fact as distinguished from subjective conceptions, had not yet been so much as recognized. It was never perhaps seriously believed as a scientific reality, that the sun was the chariot of Apollo, or that Saturn had devoured his children, or that Siegfried had been bathed in the dragon's blood, or that earthquakes and volcanos were caused by buried giants who were snorting and tossing in their sleep, but also it was not disbelieved. These stories had not presented themselves to the mind in that aspect. Legends grew as nursery tales grow now. There is reason to believe that in their origin the religious theogonies and heroic tales of every nation which has left a record of itself—of Greece and Rome, of India and Persia and Egypt, of Germany and Ireland—are but poetical accounts of the first impressions produced upon mankind by the phenomena of day and night, morning and evening, winter and summer. Pluto carries Proserpine to Hades. Her mother complains of the rape, and the gods decide that she shall reside alternately for six months in light and darkness. Proserpine is the genial spirit of warmth and long days and life and productiveness, locked away in winter in the subterranean world, and returning to earth with the spring. Seven and twelve are mystical

numbers, recurring continually in all legendary histories. 'Seven' refers to the five planets known before the invention of the telescope, and the sun and moon, the seven bodies which seemed to have a proper motion among the stars. 'Twelve' came from the twelve moons which made up the year. Meteorological phenomena were personified, passed into narratives of fact, and became the foundation of heroic poetry—the tale of Troy, or the songs of the Edda. Achilles, and Siegfried, and King Arthur are historical personages as much as, and no more than, the woods and fountains are the habitation of dryads and water spirits.

The original historian and the original man of science was alike the poet. Before the art of writing was invented exact knowledge was impossible. The poet's business was to throw into beautiful shape the current opinions, traditions, and beliefs; and the gifts required from him were simply memory, imagination, and music. Each celebrated minstrel sang his stories in his own way, adding to them, shaping them, colouring them, as suited his peculiar genius. The Iliad of Homer, the most splendid composition of this kind which exists in the world, is simply a collection of ballads. The tale of Troy was the heroic story of Greece, which every tribe modified or re-arranged.

Whether the facts were truer one way than the other—whether the troubles at Troy were caused by a quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, as the Iliad says, or between Achilles and Ulysses, as we find in the Odyssey—no one thought of asking, any more than the

child asks whether Red Riding Hood is true or Cinderella. The story in its outline was the property of the race; to vary the details of it was the recognized custom. When the minstrel touched his lyre in the banquet hall of the chief, the listeners were not expecting, like a modern learned society, to have their understandings instructed. They cared nothing for useful knowledge. They looked to be excited and amused; and if the artist had turned lecturer they would have flung their trenchers at his head. The heroic tales were to them what fiction, recognized as fiction, is to us —with this difference, that the modern poet or novel writer knows that he is inventing; the bard handed on the national tradition; controlled by it only in outline; untrammelled by adherence to details, yet unconscious of falsehood in varying them.

Thus we see at once that it is a mistake to ask, with respect to primitive myths and legends, whether the facts are true. There are two kinds of truths. There is the truth of fact, which we require in the man of science and the modern historian. There is the truth of nature and idea, which we demand of the poet and the painter. We may say correctly that the Iliad and the Odyssey are among the truest books that were ever written. Yet Agamemnon and Achilles may be as unsubstantial as Aladdin or Melusina. We mean no more than that Homer was one of the greatest of artists, and his picture of life in the heroic ages of Greece the most faithful.

An imperfect perception of the distinction has often

been the cause of singular confusion. The mythological poetry in the East and West alike was the foundation of national religions. While life grew more literal and prosaic, these early legends became consecrated. Poetical truth was made a guarantee for historical truth; and Pindar and Socrates, who questioned the reality of the strange stories of the Olympian gods, were accused of impiety. The popular opinion unconsciously betrayed the fallacy involved in it; for whereas historical conclusions in matters of fact are at best but probabilities differing in degree, the faith in the mythological tradition was expected to be complete and undoubting, extending with equal positiveness to the most minute details. Poetical truths may be accepted absolutely. Historical truths cannot. We have but to attend to the way in which these traditions rose to see our way through the labyrinth. Facts can be accurately known to us only by the most rigid observation and sustained and scrutinizing scepticism: the emotional and imaginative intellects of the old poets moved freely in their own world of gods and giants and enchanters, conscious of no obligation save to be true in genius and spirit. Mythic history, mythic theology, mythic science, are alike records not of facts but of beliefs. They belong to a time when men had not yet learnt to analyze their convictions, or distinguish between images vividly present in their own minds and an outward reality which might or might not correspond with them.

From the purely mythic period we pass to the semi-

mythic, where we have to do with real persons, but persons seen still through an imaginative halo.

Every one who has been at an English public school must remember the traditions current of the famous boys of a generation or two past: how one fellow had cleared a rail in the high jump, which he walked under with six inches to spare; how another had kicked the foot-ball clear over the big elm tree; how a third had leapt the lock in the canal; and a fourth had fought a bargee twice his own weight, flung him over the bridge-parapets into the river, and then leapt in after him to save him from being drowned. The boys in question were really at the school, for their names are cut in the desks or painted on the school walls. But examine closely, and you will find the same story told of half a dozen boys at different schools. Each school has its heroes. The air contains a certain number of traditional heroic school exploits, and the boys and the exploits are brought together. We have here the forces at work which created the legends of Theodoric and Charlemagne, of Attila or our own Alfred.

In the same way those who mix with the world hear anecdotes of distinguished people, witty sayings, prompt repartees, wise political suggestions, acts of special beneficence. The wit, at the beginning, of course was the wit of somebody—some human lips made the joke or spoke the sarcasm—in some human heart originated the act of charity; but so long as these things are trusted to oral tradition, they are

treated as common property. The same jest is attributed to half a dozen people. One great man is dressed with the trappings of many small ones. There is no intention to deceive; but memory is treacherous. The good things are recollected easily, while their lawful owner's name is no less easily forgotten. Conversation distributes them erroneously, but in good faith, according to the imaginative laws of association.

This is the process which built up the so-called histories of the early lawgivers, of Solon and Lycurgus and Numa; of Confucius and Menu; of Socrates and Pythagoras and Solomon; of every statesman and philosopher who committed his teaching to the memory of his disciples, and left posterity to construct his image after its own pleasure.

Again, we have all been familiar in these late years with the resurrection among us of the *Ars magica*. Witches and enchanters having been improved from off the earth, a new order of supernaturalism has started up which already counts its adherents by hundreds of thousands. Commencing with Cagliostro and Mesmer, there has appeared a series of persons professing to possess the secret of recondite spiritual forces, which, without strictly understanding, they can command for practical purposes. Clairvoyance and Mesmerism provide cures for inveterate and chronic diseases. A mysterious fluid streams from the tips of the fingers. First men and women are healed. A distinguished political economist operates next on a sick cow, and by-and-by makes passes over the asparagus beds.

Latterly the spirits, or whatever they are, have shown a special fancy for three-legged tables. They make them run round the room, pirouette on a single claw, hop, skip, dance to airs produced by invisible musicians. Finally they use them as the channel through which they communicate the secrets of the other world.

Probably the entire history of mankind contains no record of a more hopelessly base and contemptible superstition. Mumbo-jumbo and the African rain-makers appear to me to be respectable in comparison. Yet every one of us must have heard circumstantial accounts of such performances, time and place minutely given, a cloud of witnesses, and the utmost precaution said to have been taken to make deception impossible. It is the story of the witch processes over again. Once possess people with a belief, and never fear that they will find facts enough to confirm it. Never fear that they will so tell their stories that the commonest thing shall be made to appear marvellous; that unusual features shall be preserved and exaggerated, and everything which would suggest a rational explanation shall be dropped out of sight and hearing.

You have here a parallel with the enormous literature of ecclesiastical miracles, which for fifteen hundred years was poured out in perfect good faith over Europe, and which in some countries continues vigorous to the present hour. The resemblance passes curiously into details. In both instances the necessary quality is faith. Believe and you will see. Disbelieve and you shall be answered according to the hardness of your hearts

The incredulity which interfered with the wonder-working powers of the saints obstructs equally the successful action of the spirit-rapper. All precautions are taken, we are assured by the initiated, to expose fraud or prevent illusion—all but one—the presence of cool-headed, scientifically trained observers. The spirits do not like sceptics, and object to showing off before them. A famous mesmerist once said to me, in some impatience with my dissent, that I myself possessed the gift, and that I might convince myself of it if I would try the experiment at the first cottage by the roadside where there was a sick person. He checked himself, however, with an after-thought. 'Alas! no,' he added, 'the faith is wanting.'

When faith is present the mesmeric miracle and the so-called religious miracle approach each other in every feature. A mesmerized handkerchief produces the same effect as a relic at a shrine. A mesmerized glass of water is as effectual as a glass of holy water. Mr Home, when the room is sufficiently darkened, rises to the ceiling, and floats in the air. In a work published in Spain in the last century, under the sanction of the Church, for the instruction of spiritual directors, the elevation of the body in the air is spoken of as one of the commonest and most notorious symptoms in the spiritual growth of saintly young ladies. The phenomenon seems as familiar to the fathers confessors as measles or hooping-cough to an English doctor, and circumstantial rules are laid down for the edifying treatment of such cases. The author of the book was

no fool, and shows a great deal of strong common sense. The elevation is spoken of as an undoubted sign of grace—a favourable feature—but by no means one of the highest—compatible with many faults, and likely in the sex most liable to it to create spiritual vanity. The young ladies therefore are told, when they feel themselves getting light, to catch hold of the nearest post or rail, and keep themselves down; or if they find the attraction, or whatever it is, acting too strongly upon them, they are to run away and lock themselves into their rooms, and be lifted up where there is no one to admire them. I am not caricaturing. I am translating almost literally from the *Lucerna Mystica*. Nor ought we to impute bad faith to the compilers of these instructions. I as little believe that Spanish devotees were in the habit of floating in the air as I believe that Mr Home can float when there is light enough to see what is going on. The idea, I conceive, originated in the visions of Santa Teresa and Saint Francis, who in the delirium of transcendental emotion imagined that the accidents of the flesh had no longer power over them. The Spanish artists who illustrated their lives decorated every church and convent chapel in the Peninsula with pictures of these persons dancing upon vacancy, and the Spanish religious mind became thus saturated with the impression. It was accepted as an ascertained fact; it was generalized into a condition of a high state of enthusiastic love, and was spoken of and prescribed for as one might prescribe for small-pox or a stomach-ache.

I mention the thing merely as illustrating the tendencies of the believing mind in dealing with the facts of life, and as explaining the semi-mythical periods of history; where any eminent person was surrounded from his birth with extraordinary incidents, and the biographies of saints, confessors, martyrs, or national heroes are mere catalogues of miracles.

You remember Owen Glendower and Hotspur in the play of Henry the Fourth. Glendower says—

> At my nativity,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning cressets: and, at my birth,
> The frame and huge foundation of the earth
> Shak'd like a coward.
>
> HOTSPUR. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.
>
> GLENDOWER. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
>
> HOTSPUR. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, if you suppose, as fearing you it shook.
>
> GLENDOWER. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
>
> HOTSPUR. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
> And not in fear of your nativity.
> Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
> In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
> Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
> By the imprisoning of unruly wind
> Within her womb: which for enlargement striving,
> Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
> Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
> Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
> In passion shook.

Historical facts can only be verified by the sceptical and the inquiring, and scepticism and inquiry nip like a black frost the eager credulity in which legendary biographies took their rise. You can watch such stories

as they grew in the congenial soil of belief. The great saints of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, who converted Europe to Christianity, were as modest and unpretending as true genuine men always are. They claimed no miraculous powers for themselves. Miracles might have been worked in the days of their fathers. They for their own parts relied on nothing but the natural powers of persuasion and example. Their companions, who knew them personally in life, were only a little more extravagant. Miracles and portents vary in an inverse ratio with the distance of time. St Patrick is absolutely silent about his own conjuring performances. He told his followers, perhaps, that he had been moved by his good angel to devote himself to the conversion of Ireland. The angel of metaphor becomes in the next generation an actual seraph. On a rock in the county of Down there is or was a singular mark, representing rudely the outline of a foot. From that rock, where the young Patrick was feeding his master's sheep, a writer of the sixth century tells us that the angel Victor sprang back to heaven after delivering his message, and left behind him the imprinted witness of his august visit. Another hundred years pass, and legends from Hegesippus are imported into the life of the Irish apostle. St Patrick and the Druid enchanter contend before King Leogaire on Tara Hill, as Simon Magus and St Peter contended before the Emperor Nero. Again, a century, and we are in a world of wonders where every human lineament is lost. St Patrick, when a boy of twelve, lights a fire with icicles;

when he comes to Ireland he floats thither upon an altar stone which Pope Celestine had blessed for him. He conjures a Welsh marauder into a wolf, makes a goat cry out in the stomach of a thief who had stolen him, and restores dead men to life, not once or twice, but twenty times. The wonders with which the atmosphere is charged gravitate towards the largest concrete figure which is moving in the middle of them, till at last, as Gibbon says, the sixty-six lives of St Patrick which were extant in the 12th century must have contained at least as many thousand lies. And yet of conscious lying there was very little, perhaps nothing at all. The biographers wrote in good faith, and were industrious collectors of material, only their notions of probability were radically different from ours. The more marvellous a story the less credit we give to it; warned by experience of carelessness, credulity, and fraud, we disbelieve everything for which we cannot find contemporary evidence, and from the value of that evidence we subtract whatever may be due to prevalent opinion or superstition. To the mediæval writer the more stupendous the miracle the more likely it was to be true; he believed everything which he could not prove to be false, and proof was not external testimony, but inherent fitness.

So much for the second period of what is called human history. In the first or mythological there is no historical groundwork at all. In the next or heroic we have accounts of real persons, but handed down to us by writers to whom the past was a world of marvels,

—whose delight was to dwell upon the mighty works which had been done in the old times,—whose object was to elevate into superhuman proportions the figures of the illustrious men who had distinguished themselves as apostles or warriors. They thus appear to us like their portraits in stained glass windows, represented rather in a transcendental condition of beatitude than in the modest and chequered colours of real life. We see them not as they were, but as they appeared to an adoring imagination, and in a costume of which we can only affirm with certainty that it was never worn by any child of Adam on this plain, prosaic earth. For facts as facts there is as yet no appreciation—they are shifted to and fro, dropped out of sight, or magnified, or transferred from owner to owner,—manipulated to suit or decorate a preconceived and brilliant idea. We are still in the domain of poetry, where the canons of the art require fidelity to general principles, and allow free play to fancy in details. The virgins of Raphael are no less beautiful as paintings, no less masterpieces of workmanship, though in no single feature either of face or form or costume they resemble the historical mother of Christ, or even resemble one another.

At the next stage we pass with the chroniclers into history proper. The chronicler is not a poet like his predecessor. He does not shape out consistent pictures with a beginning, a middle, and an end. He is a narrator of events, and he connects them together on a chronological string. He professes to be relating facts. He is not idealizing, he is not singing the praises of the

heroes of the sword or the crosier—he means to be true in the literal and commonplace sense of that ambiguous word. And yet in his earlier phases, take him in what part of the world we please,—take him in ancient Egypt or Assyria, in Greece or in Rome, or in modern Europe, he is but a step in advance of his predecessor. He is excellent company. He never moralizes, never bores you with philosophy of history or political economy. He never speculates about causes. But, on the other hand, he is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials which he finds ready to his hand—the national ballads, the romances, and the biographies. He transfers to his pages whatever catches his fancy. The more picturesque an anecdote the more unhesitatingly he writes it down, though in the same proportion it is the less likely to be authentic. Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf; Curtius jumping into the gulf; our English Alfred spoiling the cakes; or Bruce watching the leap of the spider,—stories of this kind he relates with the same simplicity with which he records the birth in his own day, in some outlandish village, of a child with two heads, or the appearance of the sea-serpent, or the flying dragon. Thus the chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. It grows however, and improves insensibly with the growth of the nation. Like the drama, it develops from poor beginnings into the loftiest art, and becomes at last perhaps the very best kind of historical writing which has yet been produced. Herodotus and Livy, Froissart, and Hall, and Holinshed, are as great in their

own departments as Sophocles, or Terence, or Shakespeare. We are not yet entirely clear of portents and prodigies. Superstition clings to us as our shadow, and is to be found in the wisest as well as the weakest. The Romans, the most practical people that ever lived—a people so pre-eminently effective that they have printed their character indelibly into the constitution of Europe,—these Romans, at the very time they were making themselves the world's masters, allowed themselves to be influenced in the most important affairs of state by a want of appetite in the sacred chickens, or the colour of the entrails of a calf. Take him at his best, man is a great fool. It is likely enough that we ourselves habitually say and practise things which a thousand years hence will seem not a jot less absurd. Cato tells us that the Roman augurs could not look one another in the face without laughing; and I have heard that bishops in some parts of the world betray sometimes analogous misgivings. In able and candid minds, however, stuff of this kind is tolerably harmless, and was never more innocent than in the case of the first great historian of Greece. Herodotus was a man of vast natural powers. Inspired by a splendid subject, and born at the most favourable time, he grew to manhood surrounded by the heroes of Marathon, and Salamis, and Platæa. The wonders of Egypt and Assyria were for the first time thrown open to the inspection of strangers. The gloss of novelty was not yet worn off, and the impressions falling fresh on an eager, cultivated, but essentially simple and healthy mind, there were quali-

ties and conditions combined which produced one of the most delightful books which was ever written. He was an intense patriot; and he was unvexed with theories, political or moral. His philosophy was like Shakespeare's—a calm intelligent insight into human things. He had no views of his own which the fortunes of Greece or other countries were to be manipulated to illustrate. The world as he saw it was a well-made, altogether promising and interesting world; and his object was to relate what he had seen and what he had heard and learnt faithfully and accurately. His temperament was rather believing than sceptical; but he was not idly credulous. He can be critical when occasion requires. He distinguishes always between what he had seen with his own eyes and what others told him. He uses his judgment freely, and sets his readers on their guard against uncertain evidence. And there is not a book existing which contains in the same space so much important truth—truth which survives the sharpest test that modern discoveries can apply to it.

The same may be said in a slightly less degree of Livy and of the best of the late European chroniclers; you have the same freshness, the same vivid perception of external life, the same absence of what philosophers call subjectivity—the projection into the narrative of the writer's own personality, his opinions, thoughts, and theories.

Still, in all of them—however vivid, however vigorous the representation—there is a vein of fiction

largely, and perhaps consciously, intermingled. In a modern work of history, when a statesman is introduced as making a speech, the writer at any rate supposes that such a speech was actually made. He has found an account of it somewhere either in detail or at least in outline or epitome. The boldest fabricator would not venture to introduce an entire and complete invention. This was not the case with the older authors. Thucydides tells us frankly, that the speeches which he interweaves with his narrative were his own composition. They were intended as dramatic representations of the opinions of the factions and parties with which Greece was divided, and they were assigned to this person or to that, as he supposed them to be internally suitable. Herodotus had set Thucydides the example, and it was universally followed. No speech given by any old historian can be accepted as literally true unless there is a specific intimation to that effect. Deception was neither practised nor pretended. It was a convenient method of exhibiting characters and situations, and it was therefore adopted without hesitation or reserve.

Had the facts of history been like the phenomena of the physical world—had it been possible to approach the study of human nature with minds unprejudiced by passion or by sentiment—these venial tendencies to error would have soon corrected themselves. There would have been nothing to gain by misrepresentation, whether wilful or unconscious, and both writers and readers would have learnt to prefer truth to fiction.

They were far advanced on the right road, and they had only to follow out completely the method on which they had begun, and imagination would have been reduced to its proper function, of apprehending and realizing the varieties of character and circumstances on which the correct delineation of actions and events depend.

Unfortunately nations, like individuals, arrive at a period when they become self-conscious. When the boy becomes a man he forms theories of what he sees going on around him. He watches the action of principles, and he forms principles of his own, by which he tests and condemns those of others. The world does not move to his mind; he would have it otherwise. He sighs after the old times, or he aspires after a good time coming, and becomes a revolutionist. He no longer plays his part simply and unconsciously in the scene into which he is thrown; he reflects and judges, and, to the extent of his ability, makes himself a disturbing force. Nations in the same way, when they reach a certain point of civilization, become, so to say, aware of themselves. Hitherto they have lived by habit. They have moved in grooves, and when they have been troubled by internal convulsions, it has been from simple, obvious, and immediate causes.

But with intellectual expansion, habit serves no longer: new ideas, new thoughts, new desires, break upon them; life becomes complicated. Political constitutions are on their trial, and sometimes break down. Parties form representing opposite principles.

Some are for popular forms of government, some for aristocratical or monarchical; some are in favour of change or progress, some look back wistfully to a golden age in the past, and are for abiding in the old ways. Each sees the history of their country through the haze, no longer of imagination, but of passion; and when they study its records, it is not to learn, for their minds are made up, but to call up witnesses into the historical court, which shall maintain the truth of their particular opinions.

From Herodotus to Thucydides the transition is from era to era. Herodotus is the sunny, light-hearted, brilliant, intelligent boy. He had seen his country rise triumphant out of its desperate struggle with Persia; he had seen open before Greece apparently a boundless vista of glory and freedom. When a rare mood of melancholy overtakes him, it is but when he meditates on the universal condition of humanity, or the shortness of life, and the transitoriness of earthly things. Two generations had passed away. The mind of Athens had sprung out in the maturity of its powers, like Pallas from the brain of Zeus. It was the age of Sophocles and Aristophanes and Phidias, of Pericles, of Socrates, and the Sophists. In that rugged corner of Hellas there had appeared suddenly a constellation of the most highly gifted men ever seen together on this planet. Never at any single time had there been concentrated so much intellectual activity as in Athens during the seventy years which followed the Persian invasion; and behind it, after a brief day of splendour,

there had ensued a long and desperate war, with its train of internal dissensions, political feuds, proscription, anarchy, and ruin.

Thucydides, through whom the history of that extraordinary time is chiefly known to us, was on a level with his most highly gifted contemporaries; but the historian who can look calmly and impartially at the death-struggle of his own country must be more or less than human. The greater his nature the more intensely he must feel. Being an aristocrat by temperament, Thucydides saw the causes of the fall of Athens in the license of an unbridled democracy. He never stoops to caricature; he rarely expresses direct or formal censure. In the dramatic form which he employs he studiously labours to be just. Yet that very form and the excellence of his art reveals only the more completely his burning contempt for mob government and universal suffrage. We should have learnt but one side of the truth, had Lord Clarendon been the only historian of the great English Rebellion. We do not see the real Athens of Pericles in the pages of Thucydides or of Plato. We know what Thucydides thought; but we have not the facts complete before us. We have only his opinion about the facts.

From Livy to Tacitus there is a precisely analogous change. Livy wrote when the civil wars were over, and the Roman world, exhausted by bloodshed and anarchy, was recovering itself under the dictatorship of Augustus. The forms of the Republic were maintained in appearance unimpaired. Liberty, which had

been so frightfully abused, seemed rather suspended than lost. The Imperial system was acquiesced in as a temporary expedient, under which the wounds could be healed from which the nation was bleeding at every pore. Augustus, studiously simple in his personal habits, concealed the reality of a monarchy under constitutional disguises. Rome breathed once more; and 'the winter of its discontent' was made again into 'glorious summer.' But Roman liberty had destroyed itself by its own excesses. Despotism was the only form of government which a people, enervated by self-indulgence, was able to endure; and despotism produced its natural fruits in luxury and tyranny. Emperor followed emperor. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Otho, Vitellius succeeded one after another to the purple, and each added a deeper stain to the corruption with which it was soiled. The crimes of the Republic were forgotten in the darker crimes of the Empire, and noble-minded patriots looked back in shame to the austere virtues which had made Rome the sovereign of the world. Thucydides wrote to expose the vices of Democracy; Tacitus, the historian of the Cæsars, to exhibit the hatefulness of Imperialism; and he too—in himself one of the truest of men—has left behind him a record which, grand as it is, cannot be accepted as exhaustive. It is a picture of Rome drawn by the hand of a statesman who detested the Cæsars too deeply to do them justice. Circumstances stronger than the wills and caprices of individual men had made the Empire a necessity. Tacitus paints only the atrocities of it, un-

relieved by the fairer results which, beyond the confines of Italy, made it equally a blessing. The provinces were never perhaps administered more equitably than under the infamous Tiberius. To have restored the Republic would have redelivered Europe and Asia to fresh Mariuses and Syllas, fresh Triumvirs, and a fresh proscription.

I have spoken of the classical nations, for the history of Athens under Pericles, and of Rome under the first Cæsars, is in fact modern history. The phenomena of every nation which arrives at maturity are analogous, if not identical. Modern Europe, too, lived by habit from the sixth to the sixteenth century. The Italian Republics were exceptions, and in a less degree the great towns of the Low Countries. Commercial communities ripen more rapidly, and antedate the general progress. But, speaking broadly of England and France, Spain and Germany, the feudal system continued essentially unimpaired. The speculative movements which occasionally disturbed the peace of the Church were local, partial, and short-lived. The great masses of the Western nations believed the same creed, practised the same devotions, lived generally under similar forms of government. There were wars in abundance and civil convulsions, but the contests were between persons, not between principles; and the historical writers, therefore, during all those centuries preserve a uniform type. They pass from the mythic to the heroic, from the heroic to the chronicle, but the texture remains simple throughout. The facts are

coloured, but coloured by the imagination only. There is no introspection, no sick uncertainty, no division of spiritual opinion, or collision of political sentiment.

The Reformation came, and with it, as its cause or its consequence, a general dissolution of the organization of mediæval society. The old creeds and the old political constitutions decayed side by side, and Europe became a chaos of conflicting speculations, conflicting principles and interests. The imaginative elements—which had converted history into romance—dissolved before the more violent emotions with which the mind of mankind was disturbed; but one cause of falsification was removed only to give place to another and a worse. Religious differences took the lead in the confusion—first, as being the most intensely absorbing; and next, because the clergy had the monopoly of culture, and the writing of books fell chiefly into their hands. History became the favourite weapon with which rival theologians made war on each other. Protestants represented mediæval Europe as given over to lies and idolatry. Catholics saw in the Church the nursery of learning, the champion of the poor, the protectress of order, justice, and piety. To one party the Reformation was the struggle of purity and knowledge against barbarous superstition and brutal ferocity; to the other, it was the outbreak of anarchy and lawlessness against a paternal and beneficent authority. So wide is the contrast, so different the aspect of the same facts as seen from opposite sides, that, even at the present hour, it is enough to know

that any particular writer is a Catholic or a Protestant to be assured beforehand of the view which he will take of any one of the prominent characters or incidents of that debated period: an Alexander the Sixth, a Philip the Second, a Prince of Orange, a Luther, a Calvin, a Knox, a suppression of the monasteries, or a massacre of St Bartholomew. A certain school of people talk of a science of history. Men of science, properly so called, will have a poor opinion of our prospects that way till our subject-matter is in a more wholesome condition. To Catholic and Protestant succeeded in England Anglican and Puritan, Cavalier and Roundhead, Tory and Whig, Liberal and Conservative; and one after another they have each made history their pulpit, and preached their sermons out of it, on the respective values of authority and liberty, faith and reason, religion and science, protection and free trade; with the million minor issues which start up on every side in the application of rival principles. Read Macaulay on the condition of the English poor before the last century or two, and you wonder how they lived at all. Read Cobbett, and I may say even Hallam, and you wonder how they endure the contrast between their past prosperity and their present misery. Sir Archibald Alison, it is said, wrote his thirty volumes to prove that Providence is on the side of the Tories. To M. Lamartine, the French Revolution was an effort for the inauguration of the Millennium; the European coalition, a repetition of the ancient wickedness, when the kings of the earth stood up, and the

rulers took counsel together, and Vergniaud was a hero, and Robespierre the most respectable of mankind.

In our own age, and with matters passing under our own eyes, it scarcely fares any better. Witness Victor Hugo on Louis Napoleon; witness Mr Disraeli on Sir Robert Peel; witness *Blackwood's Magazine* on Mr Disraeli. We are as far as ever from forming impartial judgments, and facts partially stated are not facts at all. Hundreds of books have been written on the working of slavery in the Southern States of America. Probably the writers of every one of them had formed their conclusions before they looked into the facts, and they saw, or imagined, or believed exactly what fell in with their preconceived opinions.

An Irish Catholic prelate once told me that to his certain knowledge two millions of men, women, and children had died in the great famine of 1846. I asked him if he was not including those who had emigrated. He repeated that over and above the emigration, two millions had actually died; and, added he, 'we might assert that every one of those deaths lay at the door of the English Government.'

I mentioned this to a distinguished lawyer in Dublin, a Protestant. His grey eyes lighted up. He replied: 'Did he say two millions now—did he? Why there were not a thousand died—there were not five hundred.' The true number, so far as can be gathered from a comparison of the census of 1841 with the census of 1851, from the emigration returns, which were carefully made,

and from an allowance for the natural rate of increase, was about two hundred thousand.

So much for historical facts and the value of human testimony. Nor are patriots, or politicians, or divines the loosest or the worst manipulators.

Besides these, and even more troublesome, are the philosophers—giving us views of history corresponding to the theories of which so many have sprung up in these late days, purporting to explain the origin and destiny of human creatures on this planet. There is the philosophy of the German idealists, of which I was once a more ardent student than I have been in later years. Hegel was a supremely eminent man, to be spoken of with all possible respect. Hegel said when he was dying, 'that after all his efforts there was but one man in Germany who understood what he meant,' and then added, as a painful after-thought, 'and he does not understand me.' It is a notice-board warning strangers against trespassing on such uninviting premises: we live in an age when much that is real is to be learnt, and when the time to learn it is no longer than it used to be.

Coming nearer home, there is the traditionary and religious philosophy of history, of which the present Prime Minister is the latest and most distinguished exponent; and the positive or materialistic associated with the name of M. Comte, and more particularly among ourselves with that of Mr Buckle.

Mr Gladstone would have us believe that knowledge of the most sublime kind—knowledge of the most pro-

found moral truths and spiritual mysteries—was divinely imparted to the first parents of mankind. With knowledge we presume language was given also, for without language ideas cannot be communicated, or even distinctly impressed on the mind,—while the history of the different nations into which the human race was divided is the history of the many-sided corruptions which those ideas underwent. Greek mythology is a travestie of the Athanasian Creed; Apollo is a defaced image of the Son of Mary; and Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades are some relation to the Trinity. If this view is well founded it is at any rate an instructive commentary on the value of oral tradition for the transmission of spiritual truths.

The materialistic theory is that human creatures, whatever their first beginning, have emerged by extremely slow degrees from the condition of animals. All the knowledge that they possess has been accumulated by experience. Their creeds have been the successive opinions which they have formed on themselves and the phenomena surrounding them, and they have developed by natural laws according to the circumstances in which they have been placed—soil, climate, local situation, and the thousand other conditions which affect the human character.

But for the present I object to all historical theories. I object to them as calculated to vitiate the observation of facts without which such speculations are not worth the paper on which they are written. I said at the beginning that neither history, nor any other know-

ledge, could be obtained except by scientific methods. A constructive philosophy of it, however, is as yet impossible, and for the present, and for a long time to come, we shall be confined to analysis. First one cause and then another has interfered from the beginning of time with a correct and authentic chronicling of events and actions. Superstition, hero-worship, ignorance of the laws of probability, religious, political, or speculative prejudice, one or other of these has tended from the beginning to give us distorted pictures. A surface which is perfectly smooth renders back line for line the forms reflected in it; but what kind of notion should we have of the full moon and the stars, if we had seen nothing but the image of them on a lake which was rippled, however faintly, by a breeze?

Will it ever be otherwise? Three times, in Greece, in Rome, in modern Europe, the best of the chroniclers have made a near approach to being trustworthy. England, owing to the form which the Reformation assumed among us, was at the outset less fundamentally disturbed than France or Germany, and the intellect of the nation expanded healthily and uniformly to the end of the century. The supreme excellence of the Elizabethan literature is in its purely objective character; and the most perfect English history which exists is to be found, in my opinion, in the historical plays of Shakespeare. In these plays, rich as they are in fancy and imagination, the main bearings of the national story are scrupulously adhered to, and, wherever attainable, verbal correctness. Shakespeare's object was to exhibit,

as faithfully as he possibly could, the exact character of the great actors in the national drama—the circumstances which surrounded them, and the motives, internal and external, by which they were influenced. To know this is to know all. The reader can form his own theories. He may be Yorkist or he may be Lancastrian, rationalist or orthodox, a believer in kings and nobles, or in peoples and the march of intellect, he will find his own side of the matter represented more favourably than he could represent it himself. If he admires the shining qualities of courage, energy, address, and noble bearing, he has a hero drawn to his mind in the conqueror at Agincourt. If his sympathies lie with the more retiring qualities of gentleness, humility, and devotion, he has all that he desires in the sainted king who sat upon the hill-side watching the carnage of Towton Field, wishing that providence had given him instead of a sceptre a shepherd's crook, the sweet shade of the hawthorn bush for the embroidered canopy, and had left him free from mistrust and treason to bring his white hairs to a quiet grave.

No such directness of insight, no such breadth of sympathy, has since been applied to the writing of English history. Even Shakespeare himself, perhaps, could not have been the man that he was at any other epoch. And Shakespeare's attitude towards human life will become again attainable to us, only when intelligent people can return to an agreement on first principles—when the common sense of the wisest and best among us has superseded the theorizing of factions and

parties—when the few but all-important truths of our moral condition, which can be certainly known, have become the exclusive rule of our judgments and actions, and the speculative formulas into which we have mapped out the mysterious continents of the spiritual world have been consigned to the place already thronged with the ghosts of like delusions which have had their day and perished.

THE END.

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited, London & Bungay.

00087092

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hemendra Kothari
on 06 November, 2019